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THE NEW YORKER

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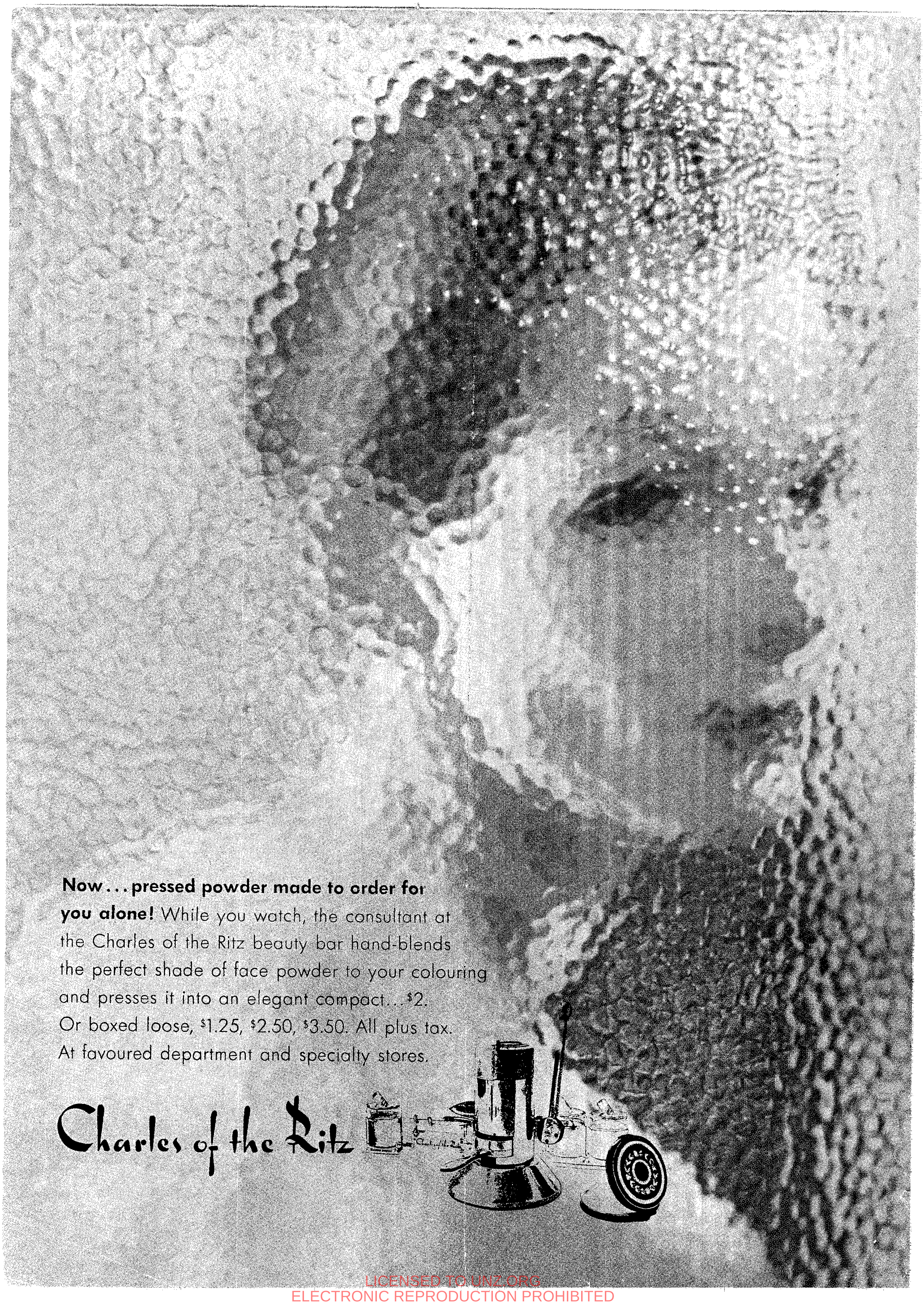

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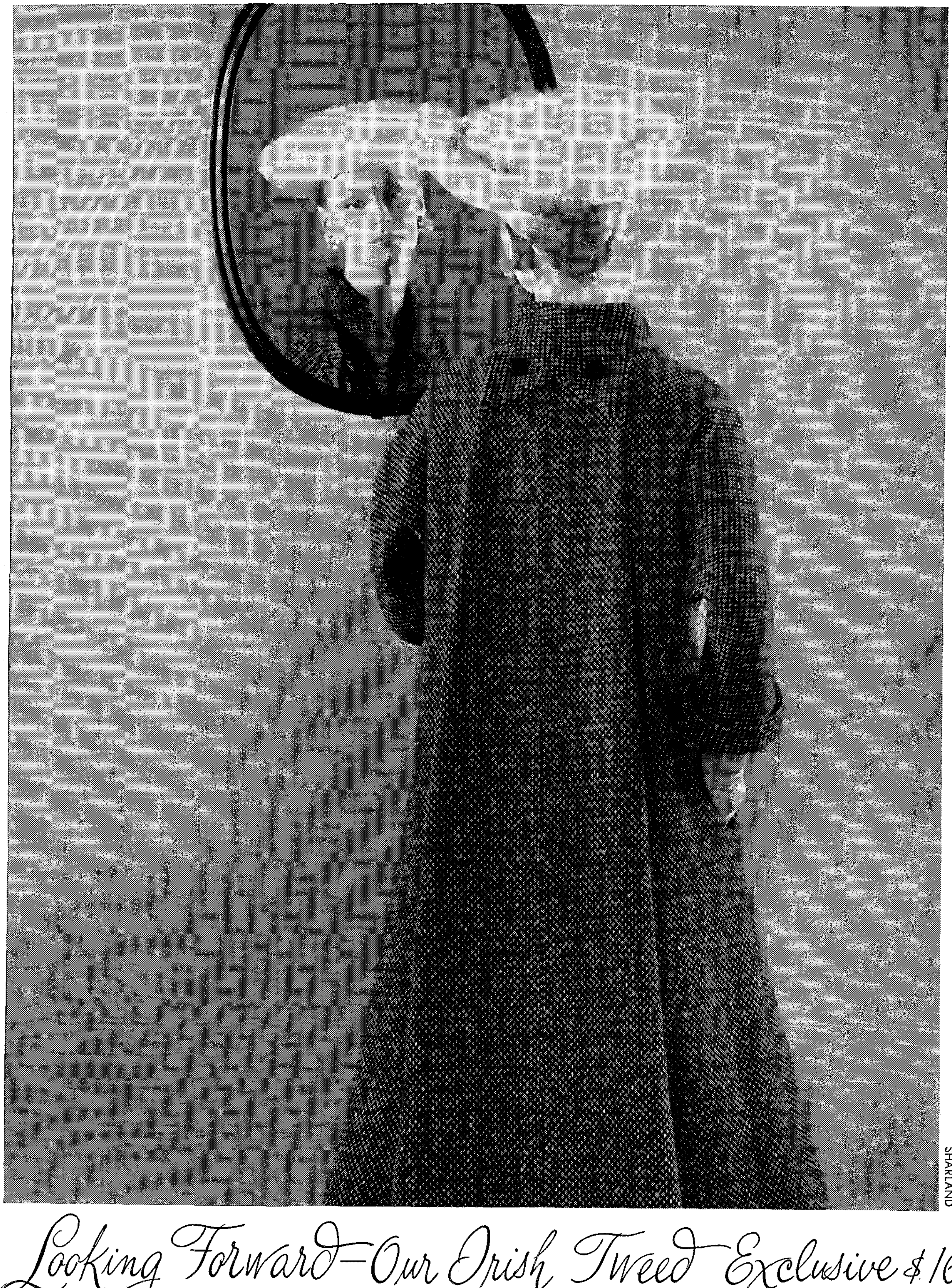

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

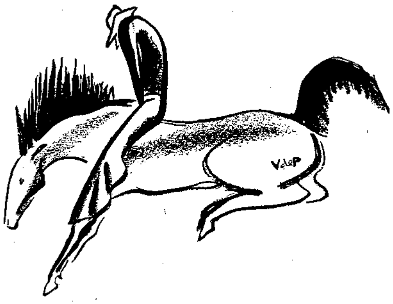
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF: The Tennessee Williams play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Currently with Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Susan Strasberg is the young girl and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A HATFUL OF RAIN:** A melodrama by Michael V. Gazzo, centering on a young drug addict and his heroic wife. Presently with Vivian Blaine, Mark Richman, Frank Silvera, and Henry Silva. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MATCHMAKER:** Ruth Gordon is the star of Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy, and Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760: Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall (Arte Johnson will succeed him on Monday, Oct. 1), Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?:** George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde. The cast now includes Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

MR. WONDERFUL—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the show seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Lew Parker, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

MY FAIR LADY—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most bewitching musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt (Viola Roache will take over her part on Monday, Oct. 1), and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW FACES OF '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FANNY:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Now with Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Julie Wilson, and Jack Goode are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE LOUD RED PATRICK—A comedy by John Boruff, taken from Ruth McKenney's novel of the same name. Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne are in a cast directed by Robert Douglas. Presented by Richard W. Krakeur, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Wayne. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HARBOR LIGHTS—Linda Darnell and Robert Alda in a play by Norman Vane. The director is Thomajan, the producer Anthony Parella. Opens Thursday, Oct. 4. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Sept. 28: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Colleen Dewhurst and Robert Elston in an adaptation by Henriette Metcalf of "Camille." Wayne Richardson is the director. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Sept. 30.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Lori March and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 7.)

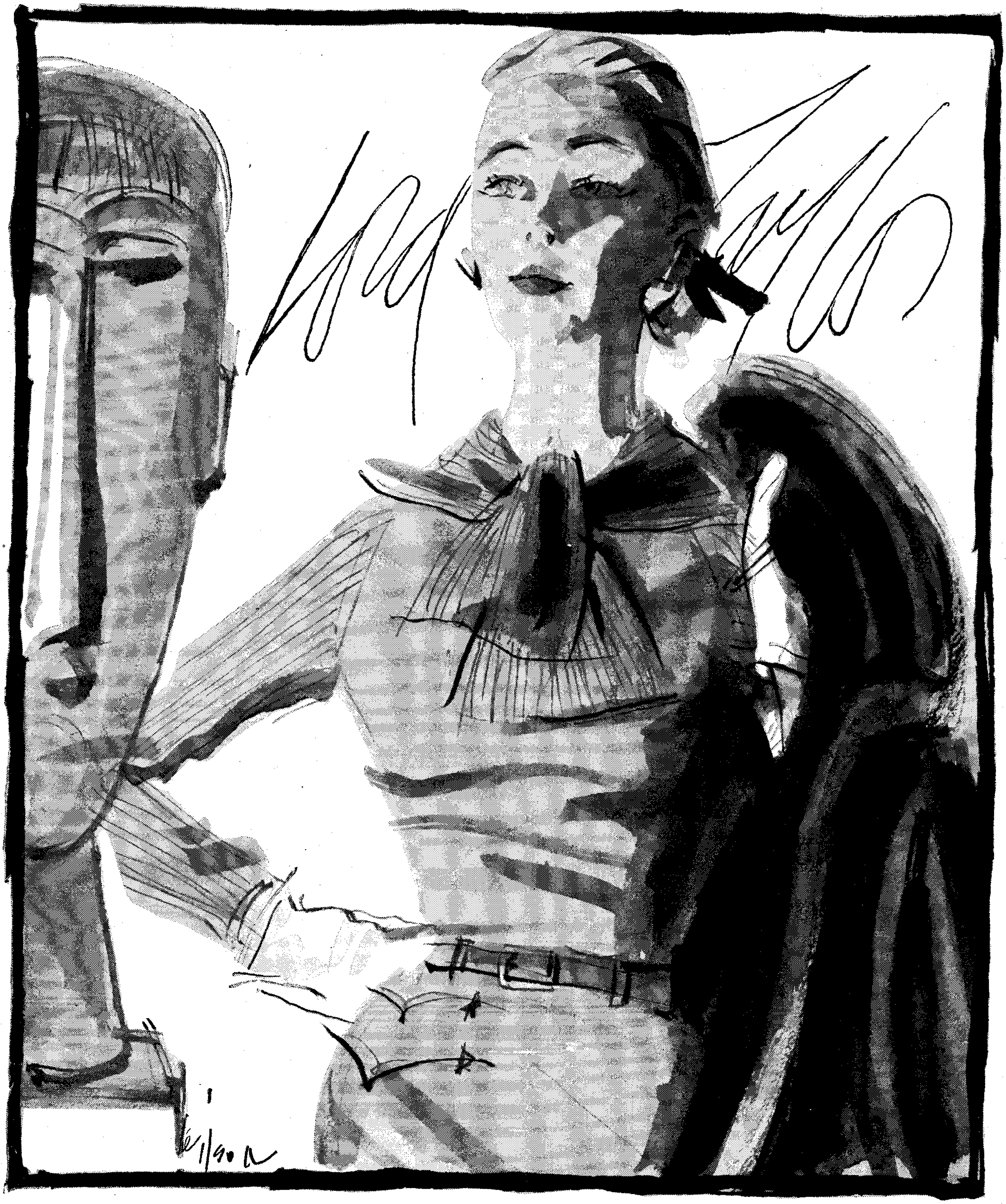
PHOENIX THEATRE—Siobhan McKenna has the central role in a rather self-conscious revival of "Saint Joan," Shaw's most famous play. The supporting cast includes Kent Smith, Ian Keith, Earle Hyman, Frederic Tozere, and Michael Wager. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill, who will give way on Tuesday, Oct. 2, to James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 27-28, and Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Konservatoriet," "Petrouchka," and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 30: "Konservatoriet," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 30: "La Sylphide," "The

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXII, No. 32, September 29, 1956. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1956, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Whims of Cupid," and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-9687. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Dramatic Readings—The last in a series of eight readings of Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Saturday, Sept. 29, and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Judy Garland—With Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, dancers, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Rodeo—This year, a dog (Rin Tin Tin) seems to be the featured performer. So far, horses have been kept out of dog shows. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the Park Avenue dude ranches, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room (remember it?), which has been equipped with a lot of its early—or F. Scott Fitzgerald—décor and Russ Morgan's band (remember it?), is once more a going concern, specializing in dinner music (Emery Deutsch's string ensemble) and dancing later on. This happens Tuesday through Saturday.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A movie studio devoted to the comedy of manners, which has undergone surprising changes in this generation. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba group provide floods of dance music.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre. Renato Rossini's interlude guitar will resound here for the last time on Saturday, Sept. 29.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The floor of the Persian Room, where the music issues from the combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, fashion plate and casual tenor, and the small band of Mark Monte, is occupied at dinner and supper by Lisa Kirk, a lady of no leisure at all and a batch of knowing songs to prove it. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard from in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, where dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band is buzzing industriously away in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, the wisest and most mellifluous of the Hollywood blondes, will be giving up her favorite suite, the Maisonette, on Wednesday, Oct. 3. Next evening, Ethel Smith, who began life as an organist but is now operating in a more verbal (and humorous) vein, will take on the dinner and supper assignment. In between her soirées, there'll be dancing, as usual, to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Swing, swing, swing, by one of its most adept practitioners, the band of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, for which Charlie Shavers blows the high notes. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The local warehouse for a well-known cigarette foundry and a perfume gusher. Two small dance bands occupy a corner of one room.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, for whom love is doom and doom is lovely, sings her Gallic laments with a sincerity and an authority no one is likely to question. She is audible at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after eight.

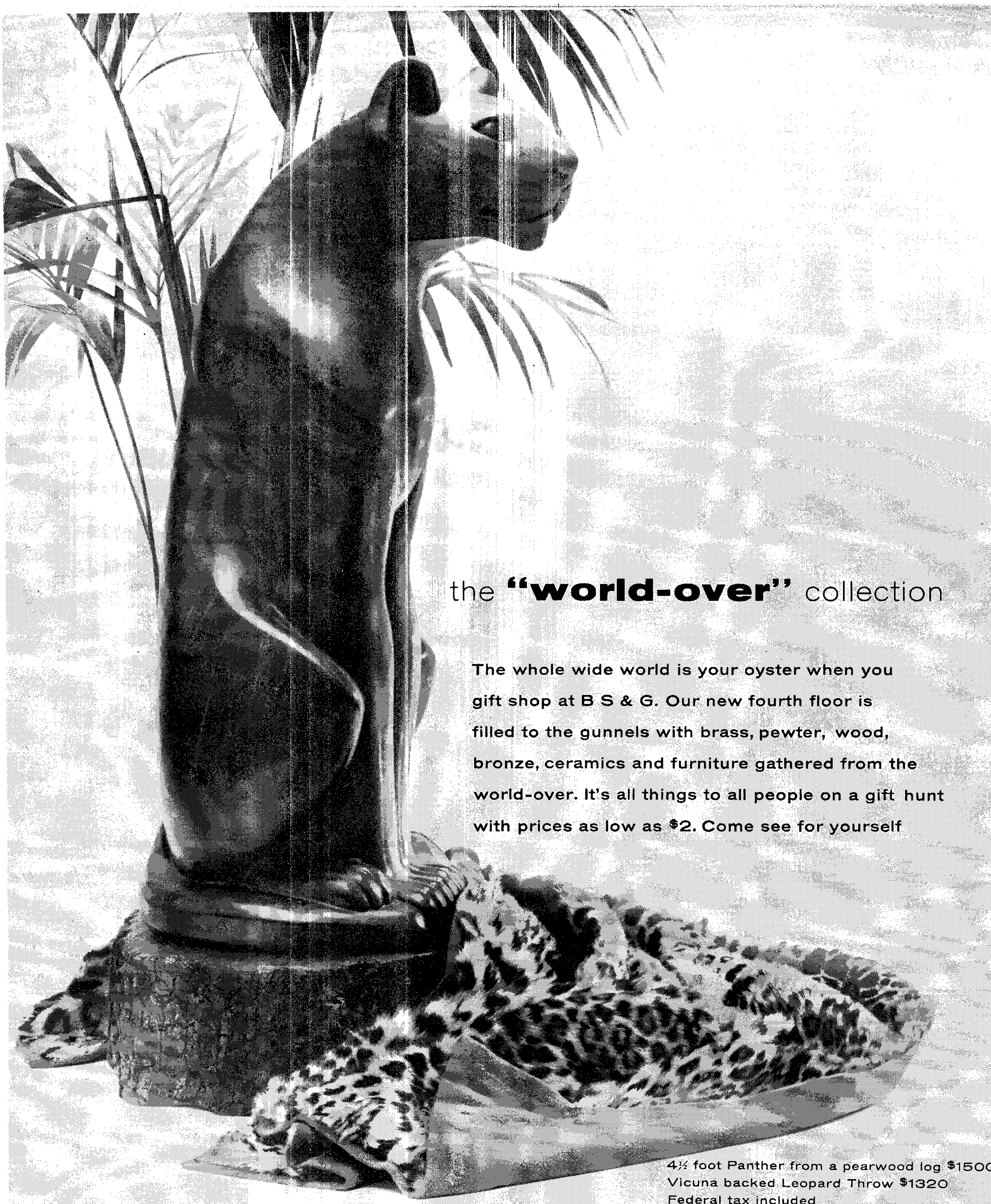
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, who shows up for dinner and supper in the Empire Room, is a silver-tongued orator indeed, even when, as sometimes happens, he doesn't make full use of his practically irresistible force. On the stand, for the guidance of dancers, are the bands of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Alan Logan, from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. Sundays, Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which is at the top of the town's longest ski tow, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the Racquet Squad holding open house. At the closed end of the house, Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays. . . . **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' merry-go-round is not for those who wish to be alone. The salient features are a long bar, an old-home-week *esprit*, and, after six o'clock, the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner. Wayne Sanders, who woos a gentler muse, is Mr. H.'s running mate at the keyboard after nine. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The mood is drawing room, the lights are low, and the music—Paul Schlesinger and Herman Honigsberg at, respectively, piano and violin—is the food of love as Chopin and Strauss prepared it. Closed Sundays. . . . **barberry room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar recalls hot nights of passion in the gardens of Granada, returns to this lofty hall of mirrors on Monday, Oct. 1. He'll perform from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **rsvp,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Don Evans gives his piano a pleasant going over from early evening until dawn's early light. Lovey Powell, a far-off-Broadway little theatre, starts singing her special chansons about special emotions, some sublime and some ridiculous, after ten-thirty. Brooks Morton joins in at the piano around then, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **café nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time and stays until after midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **le périgord café,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Manhattan piano from dinner through supper. . . . **little bohemia,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings make the night as bright as day. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A nice little



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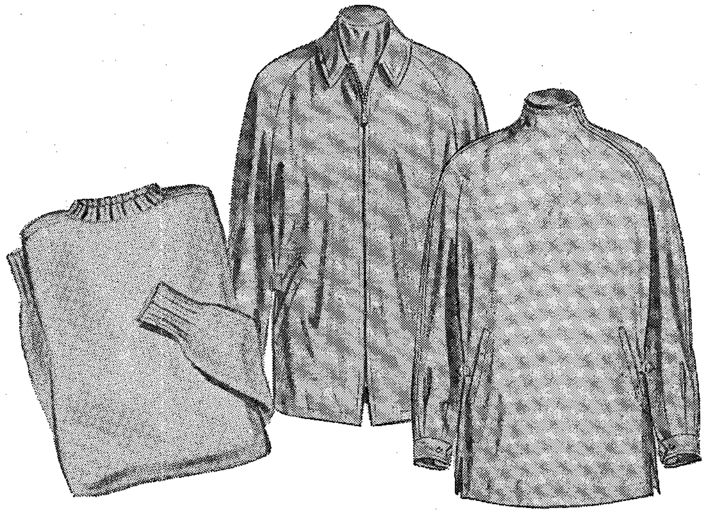

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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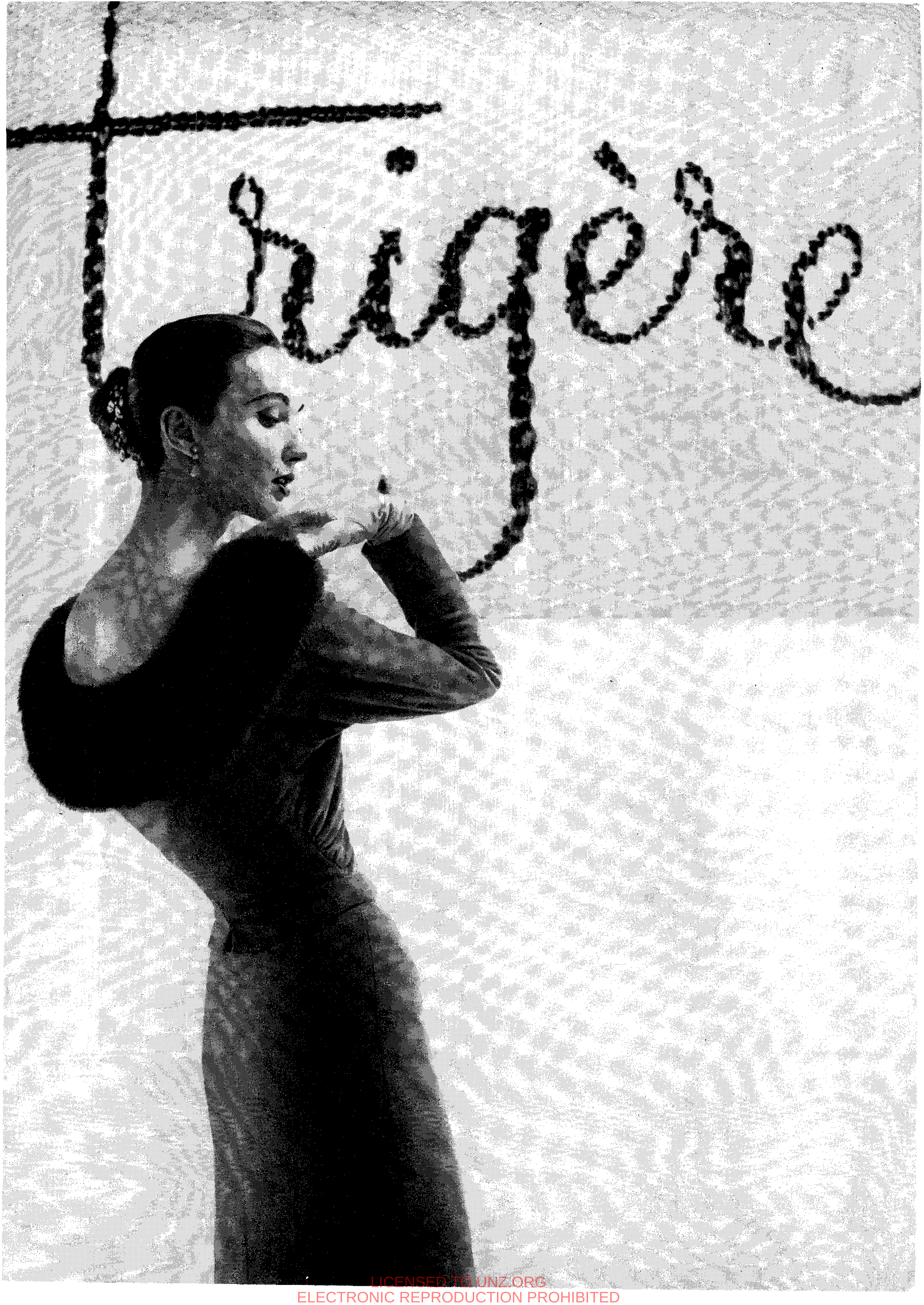
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): True stories of heroic bouts with wine, women, song, and race horses, told by Joe E. Lewis, a picturesque Orpheus who has lost more Eurydices that way. And dancing, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): T. C. Jones, a mask-and-wig man from "New Faces of '56," whose parodying of some illustrious ladies puts them unceremoniously in their place, is head of the crew that romps every night in the back room. Also among those present are Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is), whose ditties persuasively expound the theory that life is just a great big ball; Peggy Connelly, a pretty girl who's singing her first night-life carols; and Joey Carter, to whom funny things happen on his way to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. These proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Weekdays, Alex Fogarty provides quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Davis and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Enid Mosier, the Caribbean katydid, and her Trinidad steel band will be bowing out on Sunday, Sept. 30. Clarence Williams' dance trio and Bernie Nierow, interlude pianist, will remain in action. On Tuesday, Oct. 2, the new arrivals will be Helen Merrill, whose jazz singing negotiates the sharpest turns with the greatest of ease; Will Holt, dean of the sardonic balladeers; and Milt Kamen, a humorist chock-full of funny ideas. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A late-at-night block party that frequently takes leave of its senses. The reasons: Jorie Remus, a comedienne who goes through five or six complete changes of personality in as many minutes; the rowdy Tony and Eddie, parodists who have split plenty of ears between them; Portia Nelson, an expert nightingale and a fairly expert cynic; plus Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels, soloists, part singers, and tumblers. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, an entrepreneur who has launched a thousand faces, has assembled four of the brightest ones—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews—in another of his vest-pocket revues. The words are the work of such pillars of psychiatry as Ronny Graham; the music is the two-piano team of Bud McCreery and Stan Keen. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): This pleasant old playroom, now in new hands, has reopened with a cast of characters well equipped to restore its former glory—Phil Leeds, who is funny in a peculiar way; Bibi Osterwald, who is funny in a risible way; Josh White, who is still singing the pleasures of the Glory Road; and the Norman Paris trio, without which no Ruban Bleu show is complete. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the happiest of the season's class reunions is being staged by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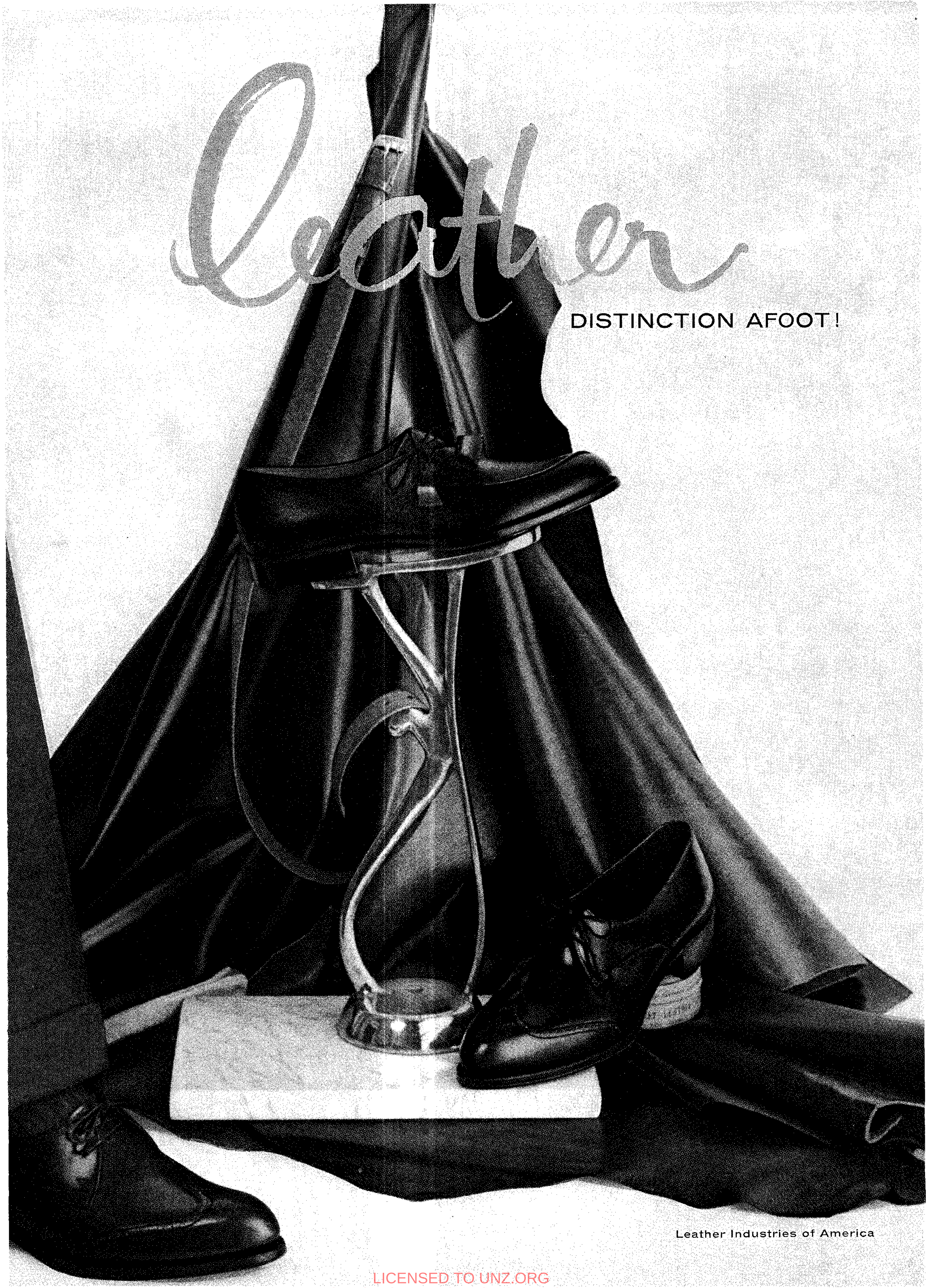
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those post-graduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of arias that have extrasensory perception begins after ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from ten or so on. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): On Sunday, Sept. 30, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of roustabout sprites, will steal noisily away from the barroom, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years. As of Tuesday, Oct. 2, the funny sayings (or what passes for them) will be the work of Helen Halpin, who performs every night but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments is led into action by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Al Hall, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon. The piano-and-drum team of Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin keeps the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest; Thursdays, Bud Freeman teams up with the Messrs. Wellstood and Drootin. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): No soft pedals on any of the instruments or antics employed by the quartets of Jonah Jones and Joe Venuti. Sundays, when these regulars are off, the floor is held mainly by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Home of the free, land of the brave, where there's always room for one more frontiersman. Visiting days this week are Friday through Sunday, Sept. 28-30, when the principal guests will be the Modern Jazz Quartet, an accomplished group of cryptographers. On Thursday, Oct. 4, Lionel Hampton's travelling circus will put into port. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (El 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way all of 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the bustling bar is a little Carnegie Hall, where up-to-the-minute chamber music wends its way o'er many a strange lea, many a green pasture. The trio of Billy Taylor, an incredibly facile pianist, and the quartet of Don Elliott, who loves to crawl inside a mellophone, are now on duty. The Taylors are off Sundays, the Elliotts Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **CAMEO**, 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Some pillars of the old Third Avenue "L" still wander across the back room. In between them, you can now see and hear Barbara Carroll's progression-with-compassion trio, which is usually well worth the seeing and hearing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The principals at the moment are the quintet of Julian Adderley, the orchestra of Claude Thornhill, and the quartet of Sal Salvador; i.e., a vast variety of moods. As of Thursday, Oct. 4, the principals will be the Terry Gibbs quartet, the Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet, and Jeri Southern, who sings like a great big angel. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Joe Castro's trio, a comparative newcomer to this city, sets to at ten. Suzenne Fordham fills in the interstices at the keyboard from nine on. Monday is everyone's sabbath. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by some old-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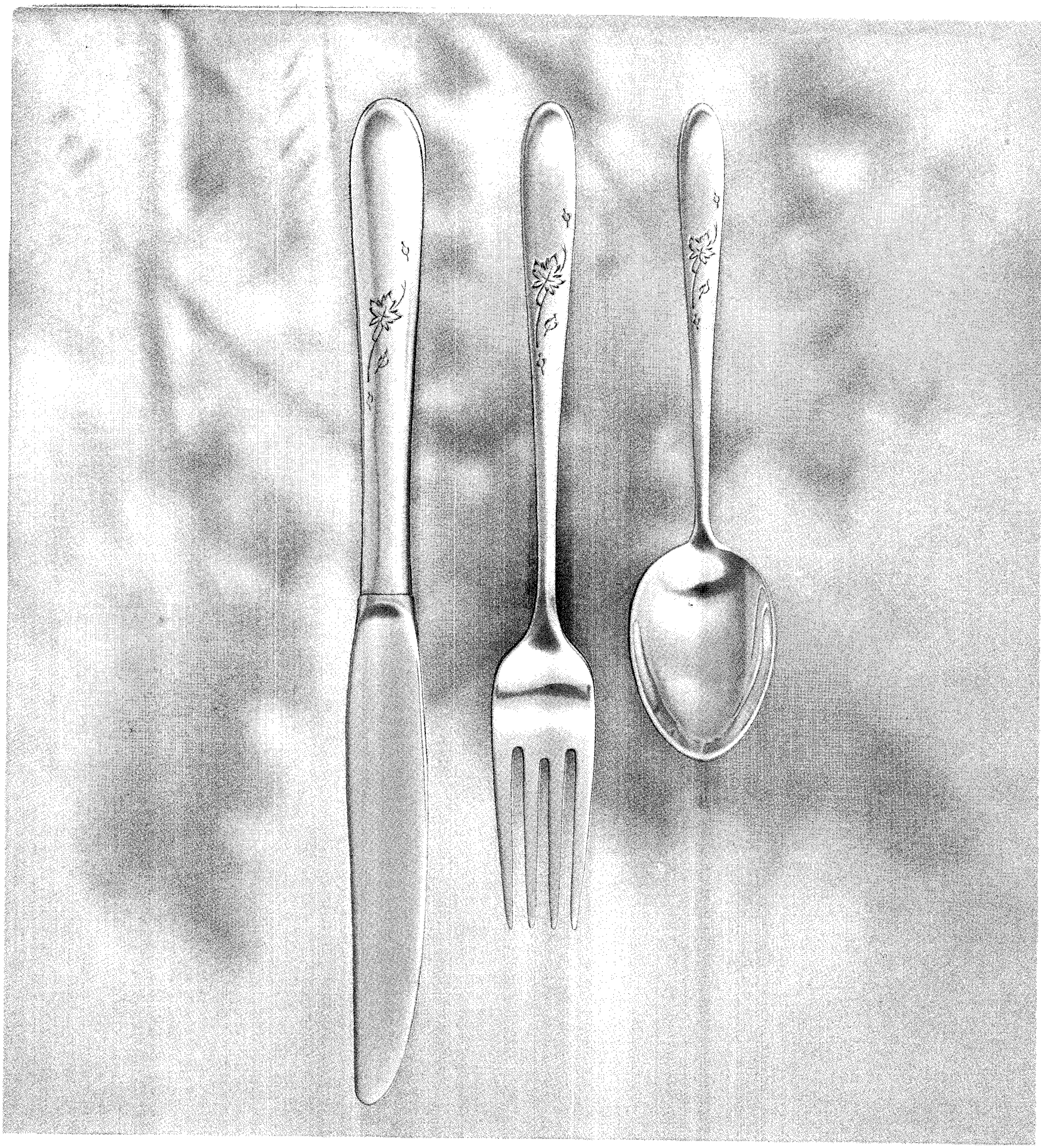

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Hell hath no fury like the music—part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part Shenanigan—that is manufactured here. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, Sept. 29, youth will be served a bumper crop of American primitives, among them (in all probability) Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Vic Dickenson, Cliff Jackson, Sonny Greer, Jimmy Rushing, and (for lagniappe) Melba Liston, the most accomplished girl trombonist this side of Outer Mongolia. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, a number of LL.D.s who assisted at the birth of the blues are expected; i.e., Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Windhurst, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An establishment that truly lives up to its name. Among the non-representational artists presumed to be now on exhibit are the Mitchell-Ruff duo and the Miles Davis quintet, both of which make an excellent case for their minority cause. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES ADDAMS—About fifty black-and-white drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. The theme is New York City, where, if Mr. Addams is to be believed, some very odd things go on. Through Dec. 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RANULPH BYE—Rural Pennsylvania and seacoasts of New England in water color; through Friday, Oct. 5. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

MARC CHAGALL—A set of thirteen original lithographs, together with more than a hundred progressive proofs, on the "Arabian Nights;" through Oct. 13. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

NANCY DRYFOOS—In an outdoor court, about two dozen sculptures (stone, bronze, and terra cotta), most of them being shown for the first time; through Oct. 13. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

JULIO GIRONA—The second local solo show of oils and water colors by a Cuban-born painter now residing in this country; through Oct. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY KALLEM—There are sixteen pictures in his fourth one-man show here; through Oct. 13. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

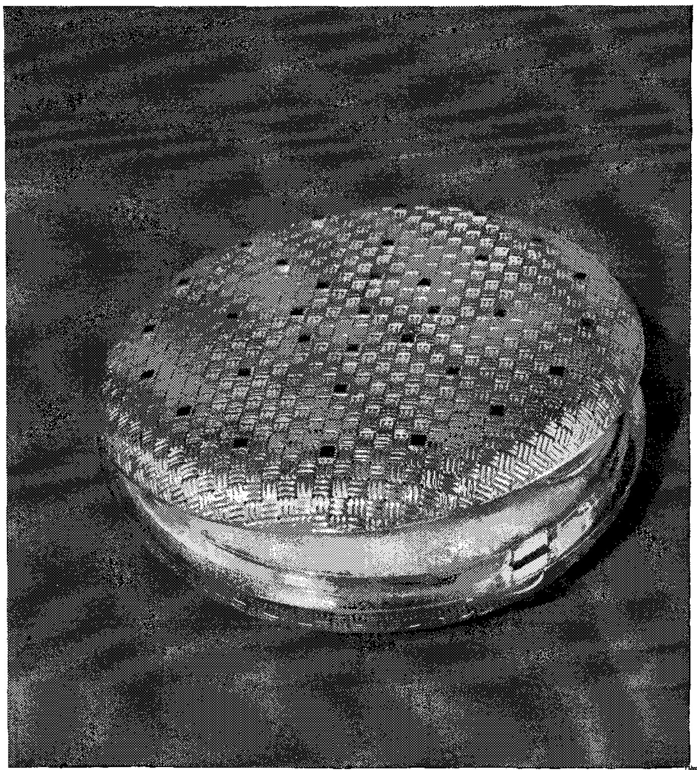
WILLIAM R. LEIGH—A ninetieth-anniversary roundup of the Indian, cowboy, and animal paintings for which this artist, who died last year, was famous; through Oct. 12. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

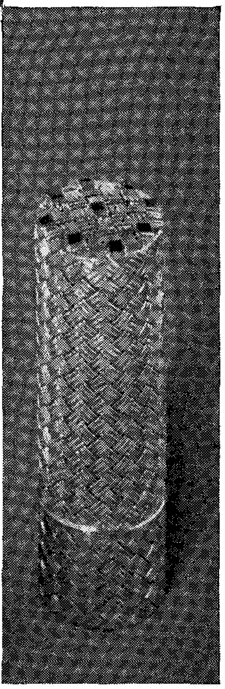
MARJORIE LIEBMAN AND ELIZABETH MCFADDEN—Recent paintings by the former and collages by the latter; through Oct. 13. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Fourteen abstractions painted in Paris this year; through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

"SALUTE TO 'MODERN ART USA' "—The first in a series of exhibits (to be held at different galleries) arranged in conjunction with the publication of Rudi Blesh's book on modern American art. Included in this one are such painters as Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, and Mark Rothko. Through Oct. 20. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Oils by, for instance, Moses Soyer,





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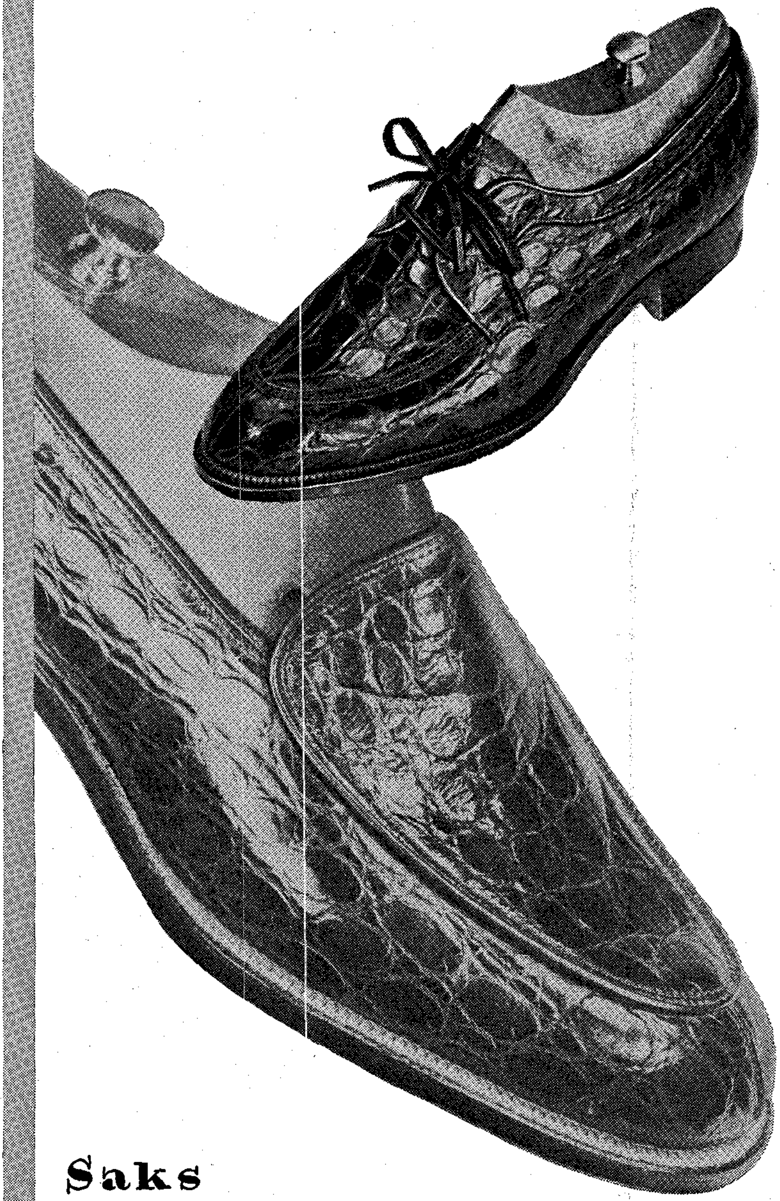

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

William Gwathmey, and Alton Pickens, as well as a few sculptures, and so on; through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: Each of the gallery members, who include Julian Levi, Robert Knipschild, and Jack Squier, is responsible for one painting or sculpture in the current exhibit; through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: In celebration of the gallery's twentieth anniversary, an exhibition of paintings and sculptures (assembled from American museums) by artists the gallery has sponsored over the years—Adolph Gottlieb, Byron Browne, Erle Loran, and others. Through Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Sigmund Menkes, Raphael Soyer, Joe Jones, Doris Lee, and others have new oils on view; through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The annual pre-season juried show, made up of works in all mediums selected from two hundred entries. The artists include William Chaiken, Stephen Csoka, and Stanley Twardowicz. Through Friday, Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: "Americans in Europe" is the theme of the first fall show, which consists of paintings and sculptures by twenty-three young artists; through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . DUVEEN-GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th St.: Paintings by thirty younger Americans who have studied abroad since 1949 on Fulbright awards; through Oct. 13. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 120 E. 57th St.: Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and Louise Nevelson are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Oct. 5. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, Leon Kroll, and other contemporaries; through Oct. 31. . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by Rollin Crampton, Costantino Nivola, Reginald Pollack, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—A painting apiece by, among others, Braque, Lyonel Feininger, and André Lanskoy; through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Canvases by de Staël, Giacometti, Jawlensky, and others; through Oct. 15. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Flemish, Dutch, French, and Italian masters' water colors and drawings of the fifteenth through the nineteenth century, including pieces by Fragonard, Tiepolo, Géricault, and van Gogh; through Oct. 31.

French; Group Show—Chagall, Jansem, and Marie Laurencin are three of the artists represented in this selection of oils; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: William King; starting Monday, Oct. 1. . . . ARGENT, 236 E. 69th St.: National Association of Women Artists, graphic art; starting Monday, Oct. 1. . . . CRESPI, 232 E. 58th St.: Greta Schreyer; starting Monday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 1 to 7.) . . . GALLERY 75, 30 E. 75th St.: Hervé Masson; starting Monday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: William Getman; starting Tuesday, Oct. 2. . . . PANORAS, 62 W. 56th St.: Roy D. Parker; starting Monday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Frederick Franck; starting Tuesday, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ "Salute to 'Modern Art USA' " shows at the JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St., and the WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.; both starting Tuesday, Oct. 2.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections and dating from the early Impressionists; among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibit. Through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950," some hundred paintings by thirty artists, ranging from Turner and Constable to Graham Sutherland and Ben Nicholson; starting Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of religious paintings, extending in point of time from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, by such artists as Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco; starting Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawings are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Sept. 27: The New York première of "Susannah," by Carlisle Floyd. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 30: "Susannah." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 2: "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 4: "Mignon.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Mignon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 3.)

National Negro Opera Company—Presenting Clarence Cameron White's Haitian opera "Ouanga," in English, with Carol Brice, contralto; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; twelve ballet dancers; and an orchestra made up of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by Henri Elkan. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30, at 8:30.)

Interval Concerts—Helen Gahagan Douglas in a program of readings and songs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ An all-Bach program, with John Wummer, flute; David Freed, cello; Joseph Wolman, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8:30 and 11:30.) . . . ¶ Robert Maxwell, harp. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.) . . . ¶ Dana Pegors, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Calypso Concert—The Trinidad Steel Band, the Virgin Islands Merrymakers, the Duke of Iron, Lord Burgess and his company, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-9032.)

Jack Benny—Violin, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, and seventy members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein. A benefit for the Committee to Save Carnegie Hall and for the National Association for Retarded Children. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Stuart Fastofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 28, at 8:15, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 28, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2. . . . **world series:** Starts Wednesday, Oct. 3, or Thursday, Oct. 4 (depending on whether or not playoffs are necessary), in the home park of the National League contenders. The first two games will be played there, the next three at Yankee Stadium, and the final two, if required, in the National League park. Local games will start at 1, except on Sunday, when things will get under way at 2. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 29:** Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 6:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ *Holy Cross* vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Horse Show—Westchester Country Club Horse Show. (Rye. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **PIPING ROCK CLUB**, Locust Valley: The final match of the Monty Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Sept. 30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 15. The Cowdin and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 29; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 3; and the Matron and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 1, at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30—an additional train Saturdays at 10—connecting with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

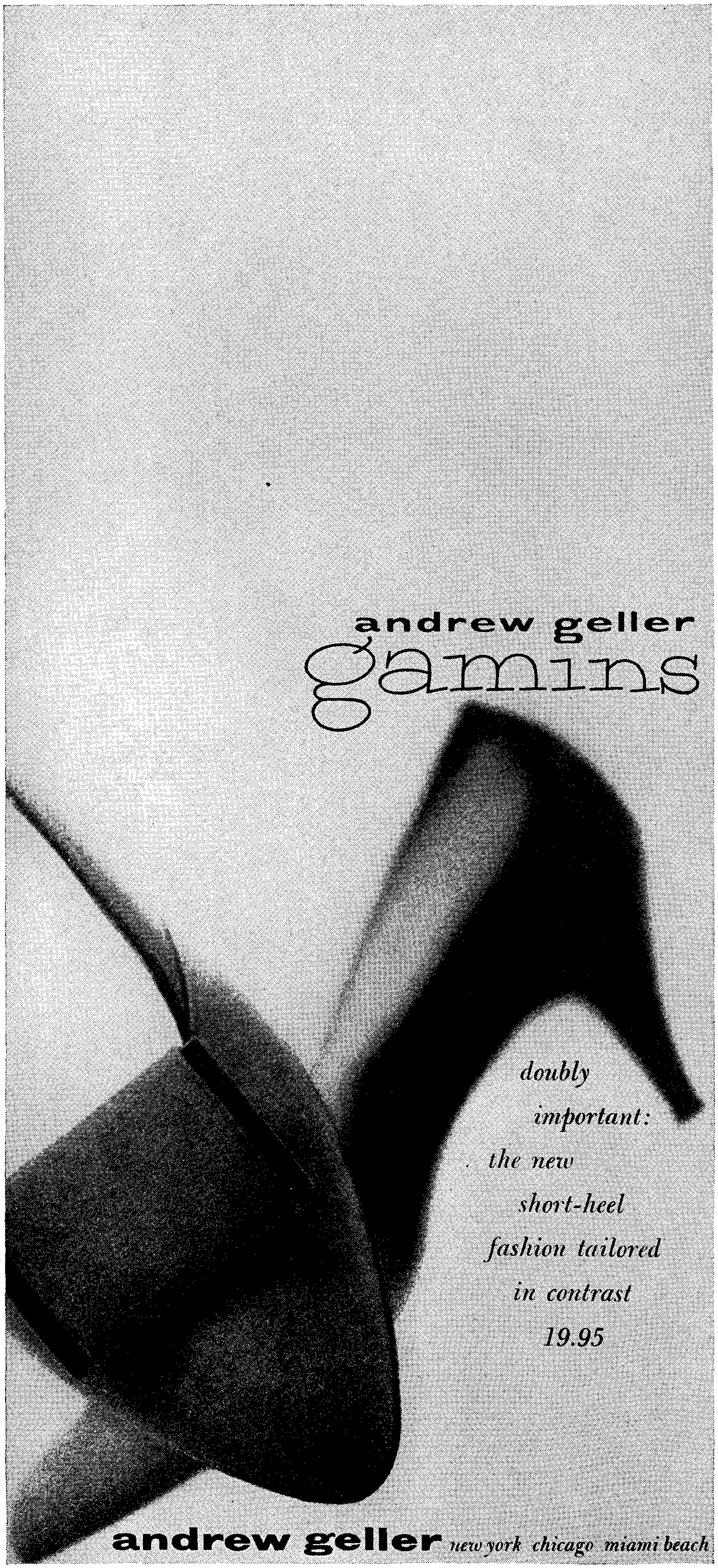
Tennis—Davis Cup Interzone Final: United States vs. Italy. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 28-30. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 1:45: English and American furniture and decorations; William and Mary, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other silver; Staffordshire lustreware and table glass; Salopian, Minton, Dresden, and other porcelains; clocks and barometers; landscapes, sporting prints, and Chinese portrait paintings; and a group of tapestries, window hangings, and Oriental rugs. The property of Mrs. Robert G. Payne and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 1:45: French and Italian period furniture, and Baccarat glass, bronze *doré*, and other decorative objects. Owned by Irving M. Altman. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, at 1:45: Oriental art, including jades, ivories, porcelains, pottery, enamels, and furniture; from the collection of Burton C. Pariser and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 29.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Attack!—A rather ordinary film that has the great virtue of pointing out that not every military man defending America was a true-blue Eagle Scout. As a matter of fact, the protagonist of this enterprise is a hopeless coward, who is competently played by Eddie Albert. Unhappily, the piece bogs down foolishly in the later reels, when an outraged lieutenant, convincingly played by Jack Palance, sets out to get the coward. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The King and I—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in a very pretty presentation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 3, tentative.)

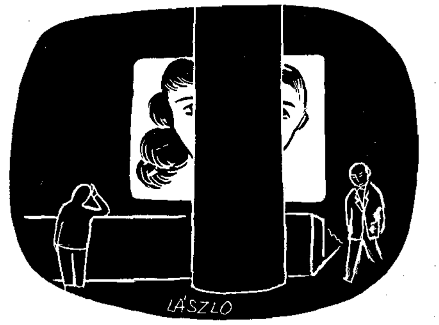
Lust for Life—As good a color film as you're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh, well played by Kirk Douglas, and the times of the Dutch Master, and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Moby Dick—A handsome version of the Melville saga, which was directed with high enthusiasm by John Huston. Maybe Mr. Huston hasn't managed to convey all the philosophical insights Melville was after, but he's done an adult movie just the same. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Bernard Miles, and Friedrich Ledebur are fine as Ishmael, Starbuck, the Manxman, and Queequeg, respectively, but Gregory Peck never gets his teeth into the role of Captain Ahab. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Sept. 30.)

Oklahoma!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Oct. 2. Thursday at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; Saturday at 11, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; Sunday at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday and Tuesday at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Phantom Horse—A Japanese venture that makes a fresh and captivating business out of the familiar movie story of the boy and his horse. Pictorially, the film is as appealing as you could hope for, and Yukohiko Iwatare is assuredly a fetching tot. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

Private's Progress—An English film that spoofs some Albions who weren't quite up to the business of defending the motherland in the last war. Ian Carmichael is very funny as the principal incompetent in this romp, and Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Dennis Price give him a lot of assistance. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)



The Proud and the Beautiful—Romance in a flea-bitten community, close to Veracruz, that is suffering, along with other troubles, from an epidemic of spotted fever. It will not surprise you to learn that Jean-Paul Sartre concocted the story. Gérard Philipe, as a drunken doctor, and Michèle Morgan, as a benighted widow, head a cast that is altogether admirable. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 28, tentative.)

La Strada—A strange Italian film dealing with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of interesting episodes, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

War and Peace—Audrey Hepburn is Natasha, Henry Fonda is Pierre, Mel Ferrer is Andrey, Napoleon loses, and the enterprise lasts, if anyone wants the correct time, three hours and twenty-eight minutes. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

REVIVALS

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Oct. 3, tentative.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Oct. 3, tentative.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 2, tentative.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 30-Oct. 2, tentative.)

The Killers (1946)—Hemingway's short story. Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Sept. 29.)

Marriage in the Shadows (1948)—A German film dealing with the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 27, tentative.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford involved in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 30-Oct. 2, tentative.)

The Spiral Staircase (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 30-Oct. 2, tentative.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 3.)

Two Years Before the Mast (1946)—The merchant marine during the days of wooden ships. With Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and William Bendix. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Sept. 29.)

The Yearling (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Oct. 1-2. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 29: "Shaw Talks for Movietone" (1927); "Steamboat Willie" (1928), by Walt Disney; two scenes from "The Jazz Singer" (1927), with Al Jolson; and a sequence from "Lights of New York" (1928), with Helene Costello and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ Sept. 30-Oct. 3: "Siegfried" (1923), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
WAR AND PEACE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MOBY DICK.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Last Wagon," Richard Widmark, Felicia Farr.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
ATTACK!

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Tea and Sympathy," Deborah Kerr, John Kerr.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Toward the Unknown," William Holden, Lloyd Nolan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 2: **OKLAHOMA!**
From Oct. 3: Theatre closed.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Sept. 27: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg.
From Sept. 28: "The Best Things in Life Are Free," Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 3 (tentative): "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.
From Oct. 3 (tentative): "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 29: **THE KILLERS,** revival; and "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison; and "The Proud Ones," Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo.
From Oct. 3: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 2: (tentative): **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.
From Oct. 3 (tentative): **THE KING AND I.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 1: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.
Oct. 2: **THE YEARLING,** revival; and "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey.
From Oct. 3: "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe; and "The Boss," John Payne, William Bishop.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 30: **MOBY DICK.**
From Oct. 1, at 8:30: "The Grand Maneuver" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 29: **THE KILLERS,** revival; and "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison; and "The Proud Ones," Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo.
From Oct. 3: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LUST FOR LIFE.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Secrets of the Reef," a nature film on marine life.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 27: **MILDRED PIERCE,** revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA,** revival.
Sept. 28-29: "The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain; and "These Wilder Years," James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Johnny Concho," Frank Sinatra, Keenan Wynn; and "Run for the Sun," Richard Widmark, Trevor Howard.
Oct. 2-3: "Young at Heart," revival, Doris Day, Frank Sinatra; and "Rhapsody," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.
From Oct. 3 (tentative): **THE KING AND I.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 3: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 1: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.
Oct. 2: **THE YEARLING,** revival; and "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey.
From Oct. 3: "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe; and "The Boss," John Payne, William Bishop.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 29: "The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain; and "These Wilder Years," James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Johnny Concho," Frank Sinatra, Keenan Wynn; and "Run for the Sun," Richard Widmark, Trevor Howard.
From Oct. 2: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2 (tentative): **MILDRED PIERCE,** revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA,** revival.
From Oct. 3 (tentative): "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 29: **THE KILLERS,** revival; and "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison; and "The Proud Ones," Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo.
From Oct. 3: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 30: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.
Oct. 1-2: **THE YEARLING,** revival; and "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey.
From Oct. 3: "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe; and "The Boss," John Payne, William Bishop.

WEST SIDE

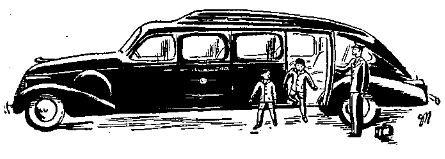
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 29: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
From Oct. 3: "Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): **THE PHANTOM HORSE** (in Japanese).
Sept. 30-Oct. 2 (tentative): **THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE,** revival; and "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.
From Oct. 3 (tentative): **THE KING AND I.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 27 (tentative): **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** revival.
From Sept. 28 (tentative): **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French); and "Doctor at Sea," Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 1: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.
Oct. 2: **THE YEARLING,** revival; and "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey.
From Oct. 3: "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe; and "The Boss," John Payne, William Bishop.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 29: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak; and "Storm Over the Nile," Anthony Steel, Laurence Harvey.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "The Proud and Profane," William Holden, Deborah Kerr; and "Come Next Spring," Ann Sheridan, Steve Cochran.
From Oct. 3: **TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE** (in Italian), revival; and "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), revival, Raimu, Fernandel.



R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 29: **THE KILLERS,** revival; and "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison; and "The Proud Ones," Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo.
From Oct. 3: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 29: "The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain; and "These Wilder Years," James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Thunder Bay," revival, James Stewart, Joanne Dru; and "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man," revival, Lon Chaney, Jr.
Oct. 2-3: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Beau Brummell," revival, Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PRIVATE'S PROGRESS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bullfight," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 28: "Yang Kwei Fei" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.
From Sept. 29: "1984," Edmond O'Brien, Michael Redgrave.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Oct. 3 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES**—both in French and both revivals.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Silent World," Jacques-Yves Cousteau's documentary on life in the ocean depths. With an English narration.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 2: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 27: "Laughter Through Tears" (in Yiddish), revival; and "Murderers Among Us" (in German), revival, Hildegarde Neff.
Sept. 28: "A Royal Affair" (in French), revival, Maurice Chevalier; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Nöel-Nöel.
Sept. 29: "One Step to Eternity" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Michel Auclair; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.
Sept. 30: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Tosca" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon.
Oct. 1: **MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS** (in German), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Oct. 2: "Companions of the Night" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul; and "The Strangers," revival, Ingrid Bergman, George Sanders.
Oct. 3: A program of ten short varied films—"Coney Island U.S.A.," "Return to Glenascaul," "Pantomime," and others.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 2: **THE KING AND I.**
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 29: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST,** revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **THE YEARLING,** revival; and "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey.
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Sept. 29: **THE KILLERS,** revival; and "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison; and "The Proud Ones," Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo.
From Oct. 3: "Away All Boats," Jeff Chandler, George Nader; and "Raw Edge," Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo.

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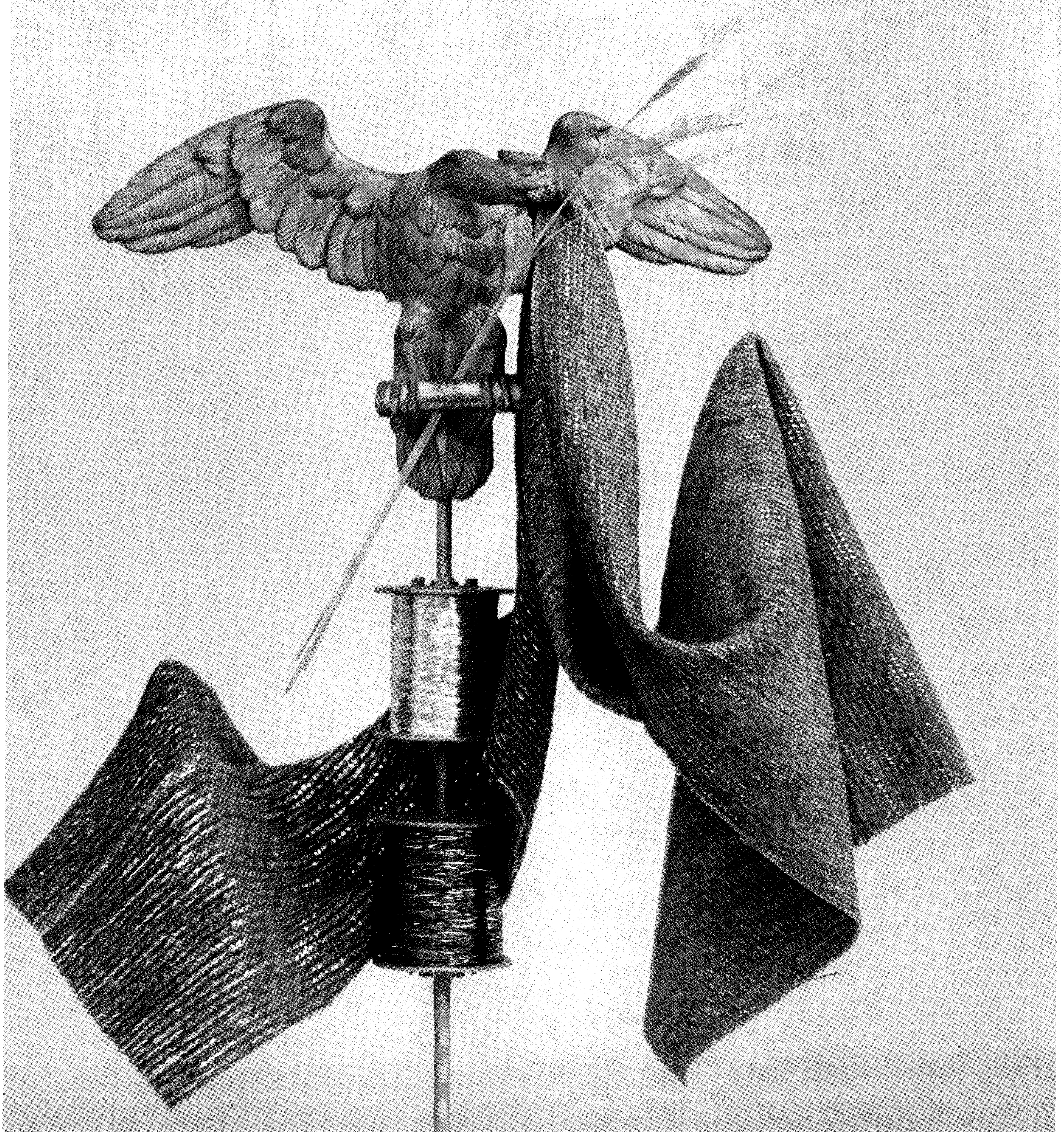

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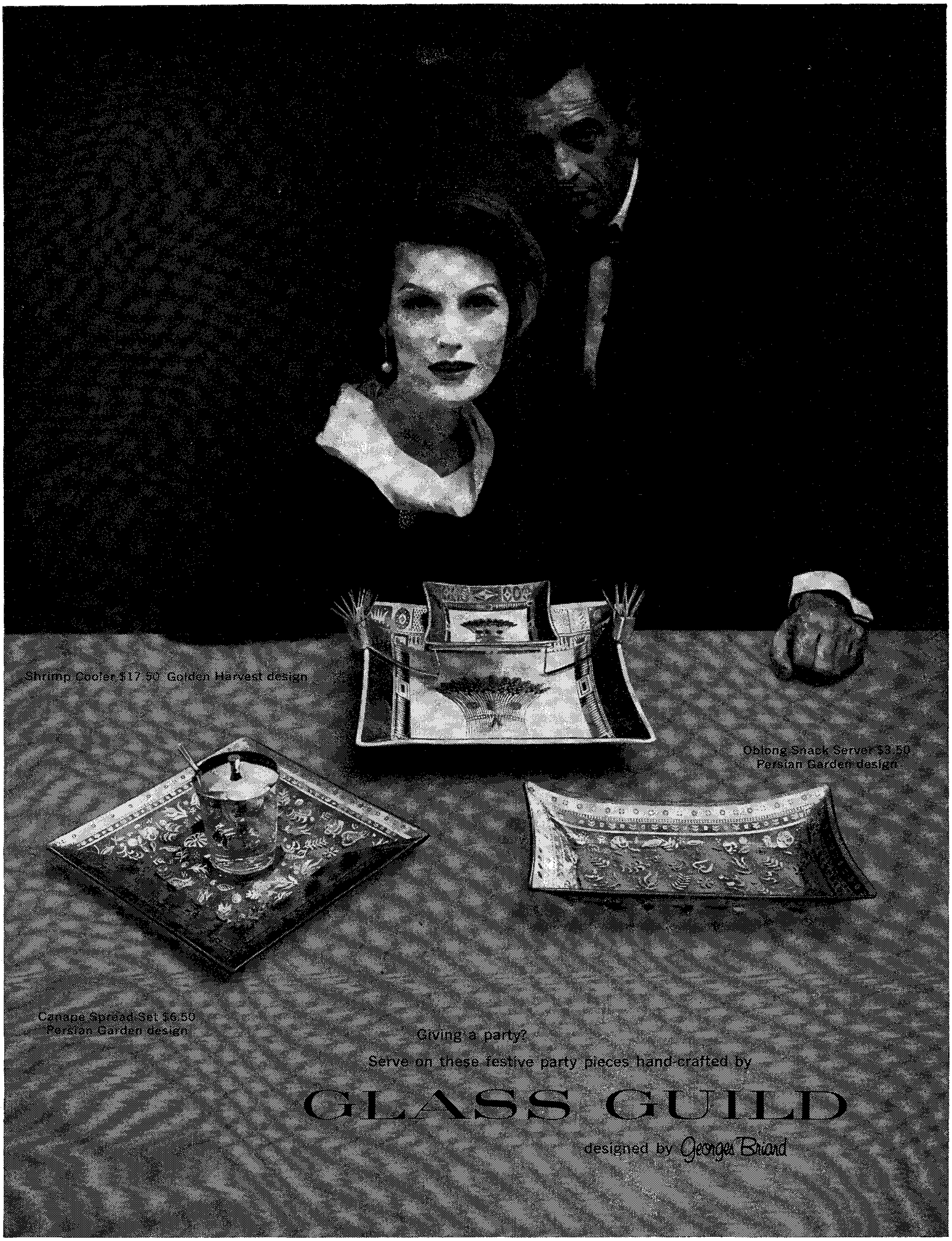
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN editorially assaying both our Senatorial candidates as "able," the *Times*, for whose own ability we have unequivocal respect, also said that the Messrs. Javits and Wagner share the distinction of being "in the vigor of young middle age." Middle age has always seemed to us one of the hardest spans of life to pin down statistically—for a twenty-year-old it can begin at forty, and for a forty-year-old at sixty; for Winston Churchill and Grandma Moses, it may not yet have dawned—and we admire the *Times*' spunk for trying to define its elusive boundaries. The young middle-aged Javits is fifty-two; Mayor Wagner is forty-six. To the *Times*, then, young middle age lasts for a minimum of six years. Granting old middle age and middle middle age equal time, we conclude that, by the *Times*' yardstick, middle age as a whole covers a period of not less than eighteen years and probably more—almost certainly enough more to embrace the *Times*' publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who reached sixty-five just a few days ago. A happy birthday to him, and, on behalf of all candidates of all ages of all parties, hearty thanks for the rejuvenating revelation.

DURING the summer, we went fishing for stripers a couple of times, in a small boat that, in a pinch, could accommodate four anglers, and we were much impressed by the efficient, sportsmanlike manner in which, after any one man had a strike, the three others would swiftly reel in their lines to keep out of his way. We were reminded of this the other day when we read of some appointments made by the recently storm-racked National Broadcasting Company. The network's executive vice-president in charge of television programs and sales has established four supplementary vice-presidencies: a vice-president in charge of television network sales; a vice-president in charge of television program sales; a vice-president who will be television sales director; and a vice-president in charge of the business affairs of television programs and sales. Sit down in the boat, fellows, and when those buyers start nibbling, let's hope your lines of jurisdiction don't get so tangled that you all end up empty-handed.

"PRAVDA" is planning to provide more space than heretofore for letters to the editor. What it wants to do, according to a dispatch we read, is to run communications "containing complaints and suggestions for improvements in working and living conditions." It's true that people who write letters to editors are sometimes concerned about improving things, but what *Pravda* may not be realistic enough to recognize is that often they are simply eager to chatter away aimlessly, as they might in the company of an old, deaf friend. Americans, at least, will write letters to editors about damn near anything. *Darn* near anything, we guess we'd better say, considering the subject of the letter we're thinking about, which was published not long ago in the Boston *Herald:*

> I assure Elizabeth May Crosby that Amos Churchill, my grandfather (who laid the foundation of Minot's Light), would never have been shocked at an old-fashioned expression like "gosh-dinged." My family never resorted to any swear words, and "gosh" was a substitute, expressive and harmless.
>
> My father used to let off steam with "gosh all hemlock." He'd say to my mother:
>
> "Gosh all hemlock, Ellen, where are my clean shirts?"
>
> And she'd say, "They're under your nose, Henry; you men never find anything."
>
> And he'd reply with a twinkle, "Well, I found you, Ellen Belinda."

That was the entire letter—no complaints, no suggestions for improvements, but representative of a whole school of communication. *Pravda* could probably do worse than encourage its correspondents to emulate it.

Man with a Card

LAST week, as we've done before at the start of a theatrical season, we checked in with Roger L. Stevens, the busiest producer of the era, as well as a real-estate man of tentacular scope. A harassed, rumpled Stevens met us for lunch, and when we asked what he was up to, he replied, "Got to raise six or seven million dollars in eight weeks."

"Theatre? Real estate? Which?" we asked.

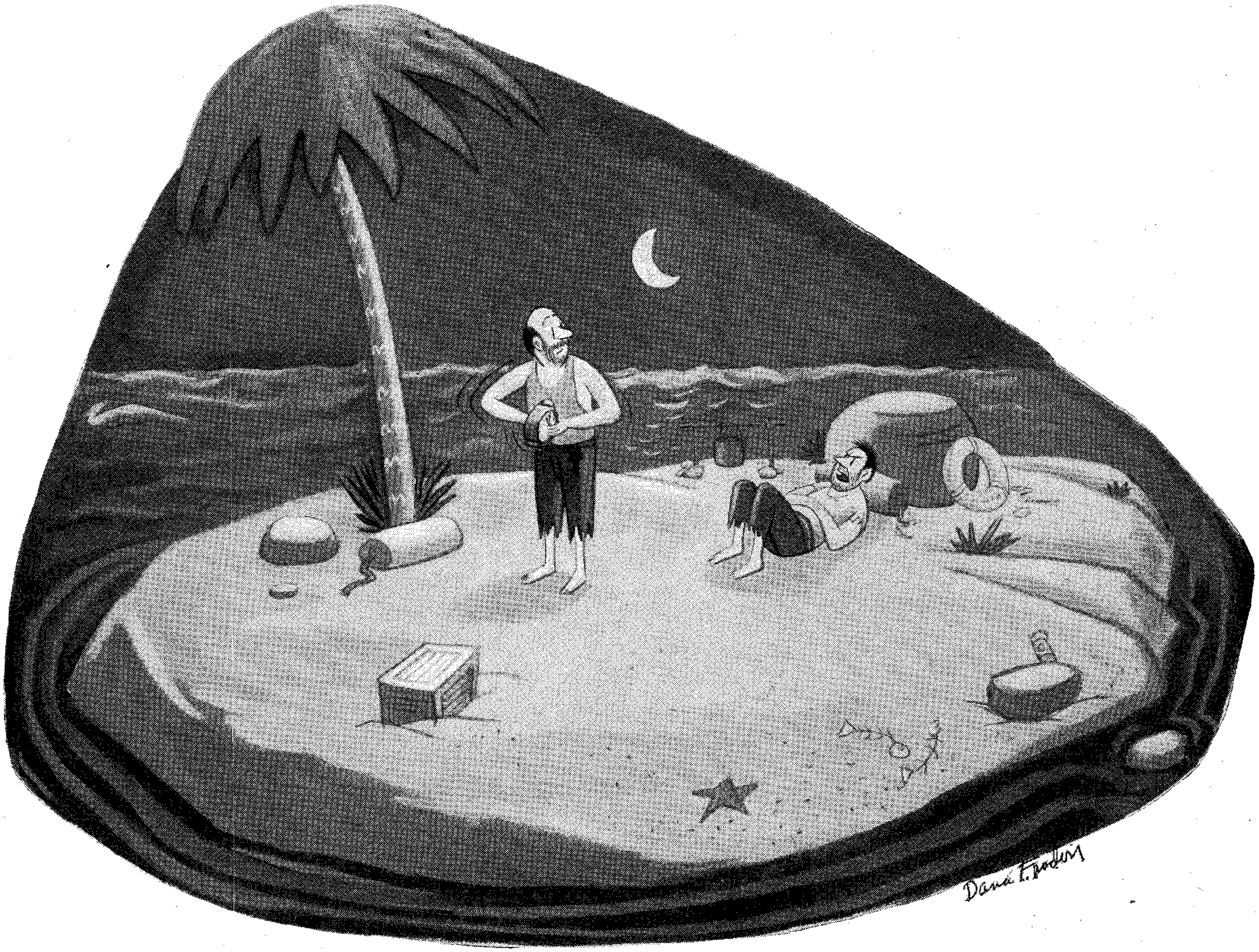
"Neither," he said, handing us a card. "First time in my life I've had a card."

We read, "Roger L. Stevens, Chairman of Finance Committee, Democratic National Committee."

"Got an office in Washington, got an office here at the Biltmore, been working twelve hours a day, seven days a week," he said. "My wife will hardly speak to me."

"Taking a sabbatical from the theatre?" we asked.

"Nonsense," Stevens replied. "I've got nine productions more or less set, plus three or four indefinites. You know, the main horror of raising money for a political campaign is that there



"One of these days I'm going to throw that damned alarm clock of yours right in the ocean."

• •

are really no original ideas in the field."

"Tell us about your shows," we said.

"Well, I'm co-producing 'Major Barbara' with Bob Joseph, and 'The Sleeping Prince' with Gilbert Miller, and 'Separate Tables' with the Hecht-Lancaster boys, and I've put up all the money for the Phoenix 'Saint Joan,'" he replied. "Money! Do you know that George Gallup found that whereas one out of three families would make a campaign contribution if they were asked, only one out of twenty, as a rule, ever *gets* asked? We're trying to do something about that. October 2nd is going to be Dollars for Democrats Day in New York, and two weeks later we'll have a Dollars Day in the rest of the country. Everybody from the Governor on down is going to be out after five-dollar and one-dollar gifts."

"Governor Harriman?" we asked.

"No, Stevenson, of course. I don't think of Harriman as *the* Governor."

"What about your other productions?" we asked, trying to pull him back onstage.

"'Waltz of the Toreadors,' 'Build with One Hand,' 'A Clearing in the Woods,' and— Let me think. The others will come to me. I have a deal with my theatrical partners. I've told them all that this fall their contribution to the Democratic Party will consist of doing my work. Oh, yes! The play Bob Sherwood wrote before his death—'Small War on Murray Hill.' That's one more. But there's still another."

"How about real estate?" we asked.

"As it happens, last year was my biggest year," he said. "I bought the Cleveland Terminal Tower, and twenty-six properties in Oakland, California, and a couple in Milwaukee, and Bill Zeckendorf and I bought and then sold three hotels—the Gotham, the Beverly Wilshire, and the Nacional, in Havana. That Zeckendorf! He and I are both in some big Washington slum-clearance deals. What an operator! One day my doorman announced, 'Your car's ready, Mr. Stevens.' I wasn't expecting anybody, and said, 'What car?' 'Mr. Zeckendorf's car,' he told me. Before I could react to that, Bill had come bouncing in, to drag me off to look at a property. It's curious, you know. Ninety-five per cent of my friends in the theatre are Democrats, and ninety-five per cent of my friends in real estate are Republicans. I'm a bum in Brooklyn and a hero in the Yankee Stadium, as it were."

"Travelling a lot these days?" we asked.

"I spend two or three days a week in Washington, and the rest here," Stevens said, "but I think of myself as being all over the country. My real problem is that Stevenson is the first candidate there's ever been who absolutely won't make deals, and so a lot of money you'd normally get isn't available. 'A Hole in the Head'! That's it! I was sure the name of that other show would come to me! You know, I haven't been to my real-estate office in ages. I stuck my nose in my theatrical office late one afternoon a couple of weeks ago, and I had the misfortune to bump into an author and a director who are working on one of my plays. I sort of waved at them, and they looked at me reproachfully, and then I had to be on my way.”

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WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: The Progressive Shoe Repair Shop, on North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, has no telephone.

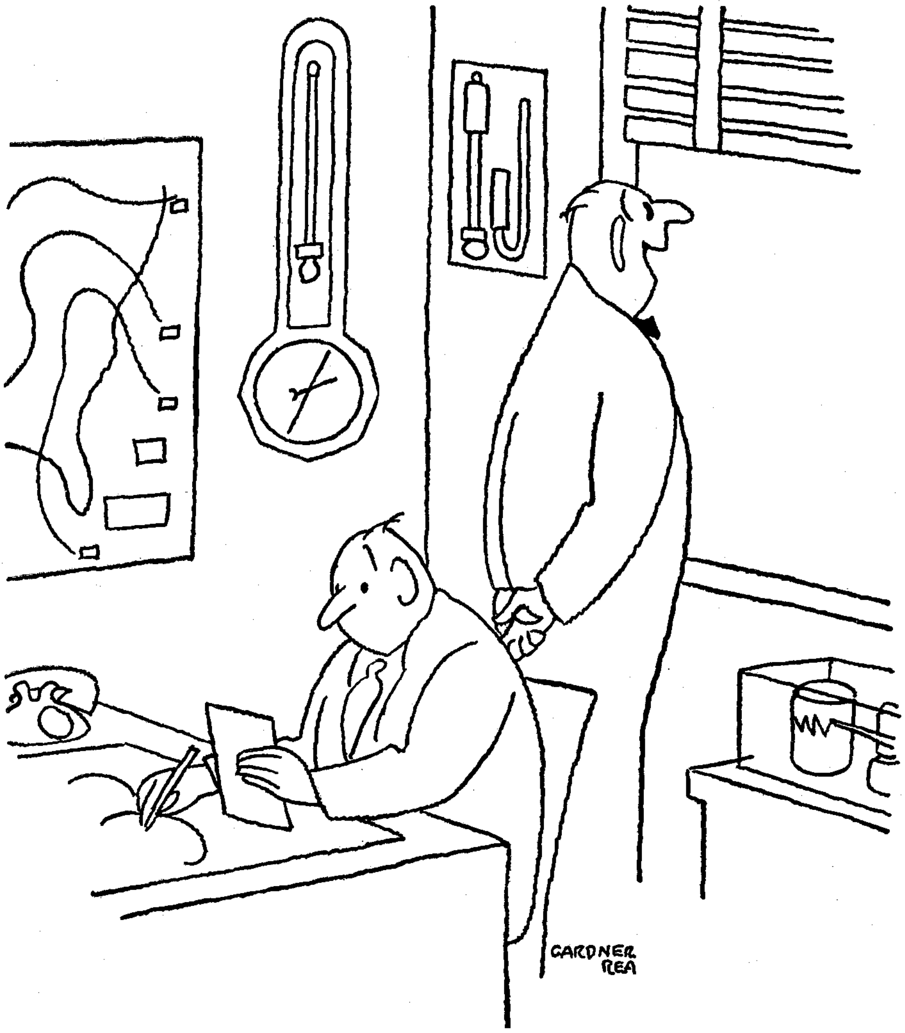
Turtles and Others

DAILY at this time of year, the Central Park Zoo and the Bronx Zoo get frantic telephone calls from parents whose children have brought pet animals home from summer camp and have since lost interest in them, or have found them too much to cope with in an urban ecology. The parents inquire piteously whether the zoos accept unsolicited gifts of animals. To their relief, the answer is that the zoos do—anything they have room for in their cages, that is. (There is always room for squirrels; they go right out the zoo’s back door and into the trees.) The pets most commonly brought home from camp and handed on to zoos are snakes and turtles, the latter leading in popularity by a formidable ten to one. Being so small, the Central Park Zoo provides accommodation for a scant thirty-five or forty turtles; whenever it accumulates more than that, it gathers up a batch of them, lugs them out into the not very wild countryside beyond the suburbs, and turns them loose. The Bronx Zoo does the same when its turtle population climbs over eighty. Only turtles native to our part of the country get this Whitmanesque open-road treatment. Turtles from the South and Southwest, who might fail to survive a Northern winter, are shipped off to European zoos, which are mighty glad to get them. Ditto for snakes.

The Central Park Zoo accepts around a dozen monkeys a year, as well as a goodly assortment of skunks and raccoons, most of which are speedily restored to their accustomed habitats. The Bronx Zoo accepts a much greater variety of creatures, including some fifty-five baby alligators and caymans a year, mailed to children here by idiot relatives vacationing in Florida. Superfluous alligators and caymans, like the more widely travelled superfluous turtles and snakes, are sent abroad. Since 1946, the Bronx Zoo has received as gifts over a hundred and forty mammals, over nine hundred birds, and over twenty-seven hundred reptiles. These figures don’t include the raft of baby chicks, ducks, and rabbits it gets every Easter, or the scores of blushing chameleons that begin to arrive a day or so after the circus hits town. Not all gifts are acts of parental desperation, however. Sailors and soldiers returning from overseas have long been a source of more or less welcome oddities. A sailor got drunk in Salvador a while back and woke up in his bunk next morning to find a margay cat peering interestedly down at him. The margay is a distant cousin of the jaguar, and as soon as the sailor reached New York he gratefully handed his new acquaintance on to the Bronx Zoo. Among the creatures that members of the armed forces have brought home as souvenirs, then wearied of and presented to the Zoo, are an Alaskan fox, a kangaroo, a brown lemur from Madagascar, and two flying phalangers from New Guinea.

Importers of tropical fruit dutifully capture and dispatch to the zoos any snakes and lizards they come across in unloading their shipments. The number of such informal arrivals has dropped off considerably in recent years, thanks to the practice of spraying and dipping the fruit before it’s shipped, but even so in 1955 the Bronx Zoo received no fewer than forty-six banana-borne snakes and lizards. Spotted night snakes, boa constrictors, and spiny-tailed iguanas are the immigrants most frequently found curled up among the stalks, but the Zoo was once lucky enough to get two extremely rare annulated boas in a single week. As far as the Zoo knows, the only poisonous snake that has ever sneaked into this country on a banana was a horned palm viper; a grocer in Stamford found it in his fruit bin one day and presented to a local schoolboy, who identified it and turned it over to the Zoo. No matter what the comic books say, boa constrictors won’t harm you; there are enough things in the world to worry about without expecting to be squeezed to death every time you step into a fruit store for a bunch of bananas.

Tallulah Bankhead once gave the Bronx Zoo a lion cub named Winston Churchill, and Arthur Godfrey gave it a diamondback rattlesnake that had



“It’s a glorious day, Sellers, if I do say so myself.”

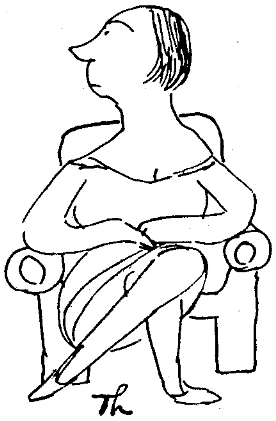
been sent him by a disgruntled TV viewer. A six-and-a-half-foot alligator named Old Bum was given to the Zoo by a man on the Bowery, who came across it when it was a few weeks old, abandoned in the street and being stoned by children. He carried the alligator about inside his shirt for several months, until it got too big. The Zoo says that Old Bum is the only large alligator in the place that is gentle. A ring-tailed monkey was once left in a box at the gates of the Bronx Zoo, wrapped in a pink blanket. Pinned to the blanket was a note reading, “We have no alternative. Please take care of our Jackie.”

•

A SIX-YEAR-OLD young lady just back from summer camp has handed over to her parents a scroll certifying that she, “having satisfactorily completed the course of instruction and having passed the skill requirements, is now qualified as a pre-beginner in swimming.”

Pharmacy

DURING the summer, in the course of commenting on a proposal that drugstores, because of their unhappy nomenclatural identification with narcotics, be renamed, we suggested offhandedly that many of them could well be called “comics-and-jukebox stores,” and added that a good name—“pharmacy”—was available, if only somebody would set up a shop worthy of it. Well, sir, we’ve been put in our place by Frederick D. Lascoff, who is the proprietor of J. Leon Lascoff & Son, at Lexington and Eighty-second, a fifty-seven-year-old firm that merits the name “pharmacy” if any firm ever did. Its premises are free of comics, jukeboxes, soda fountains, pay telephones, toys, cigarettes, candy, paperback novels, bubble gum, and assorted nuts, including nuts in leather jackets and ducktail haircuts. “Nothing wrong with ‘drugstore,’ mind you,” Mr. Lascoff told us during a tour of his austere establishment. “The small-town corner drugstore is the backbone of our nation. But I prefer ‘pharmacy’ or ‘apothecary’ for a store whose emphasis is professional rather than commercial.”



The Lascoff pharmacy, or apothecary, has a demure brownstone exterior, Gothic-arched windows, and a lovely smell. Its main room is a two-story chamber colorfully decorated with those globes of tinted water that are the apothecary’s traditional symbol, and with a collection of herb jars, most of them empty. “We keep the stuff we need in back, in the prescription department,” Mr. Lascoff said. “We try to have everything available that we could possibly be called on for, from the latest antibiotics to—shall we skip tranquillizers?—to leeches.” All right, we asked, what *about* leeches? We were advised that for years the store had had an empty leech jar on prominent display, that one day a customer with a black eye saw it (through the other eye) and asked for a couple of leeches, and that Lascoff’s has stocked the predatory creatures ever since—a special breed, imported from Europe through an agent in Switzerland—keeping them in a gallon jar of water, under restraint and refrigeration. There’s a fairly steady demand for them now, mainly from prizefighters and from hospitals, which find them useful in handling certain cases of phlebitis.

Since 1909, Lascoff’s has not trafficked in foodstuffs (before then, there was a soda fountain, which everybody would just as soon forget about), unless you count a recent request for some essence of violet from a gourmet, who wanted it for a delicacy he was brewing. Frederick Lascoff is a founder, fellow, and booster of the American College of Apothecaries; only men whose shops don’t have soda fountains are eligible for membership, and about five hundred have joined up. “Mind you, a chap can run a soda fountain and still have a fine prescription department,” Lascoff said, “and in small towns he often can’t make a living without doing both. My thought, however, is that a pharmacist should devote his major efforts to his prescription department.” Lascoff’s fills prescriptions for customers all over the world, and it has correspondents in Europe and South America who keep it supplied with rare ingredients. As a minor effort, it also stocks toiletries and cosmetics, including a line of its own. “After all,” Lascoff said in justification, “even Galen was a cosmetician. He invented cold cream—or, as it was then called, Galen’s cerate.”

The contemporary Lascoff, who was born a year after his father started the firm in 1899, has been associated with it for thirty-five years, and has been its sole owner since his father’s death in 1943. He still compounds a few prescriptions a day, but mostly runs the shop from a second-floor room, a step from a balcony that overhangs the salesroom on three sides. In his office, there is a pharmaceutical library of nearly a thousand volumes, containing Lord knows how many panaceas. “Salmon’s Dispensatory,” published in 1700, advocates treating ague with spirit of vipers, distilled from dry vipers, and thus clashes with the “Dispensatory of the Royal College of Physicians of London,” published two years earlier, which recommends using white wine in which vipers have been soaked for three weeks. One floor up from Lascoff’s office is a pharmaceutical museum he and his father assembled, which boasts a formidable array of mortars and pestles and a snake pickled in alcohol—a non-pharmaceutical viper, Lascoff assured us. “My father filled our millionth prescription in 1936,” he said. “At the time, Robert L. Ripley called him a druggist, which annoyed him. I’m his only son, and I expect to fill our two millionth in November. I have an only son, who’s nineteen, but he hasn’t made up his mind yet what he wants to be.”

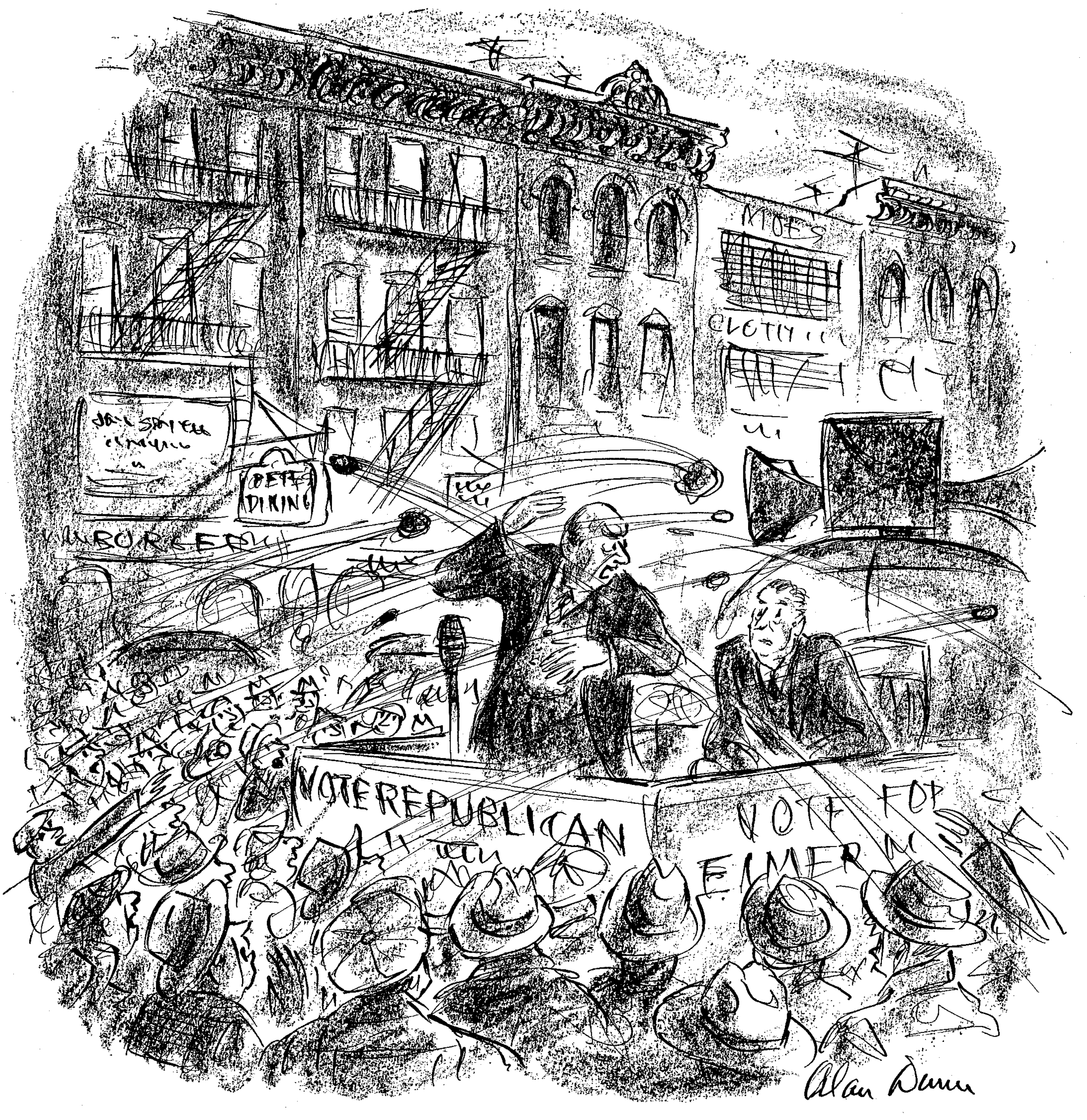
•

OVERHEARD in a Childs in the mysterious area around Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street: “Was Ernie still wearing his hearing aid when he was shot out of the cannon?” “Oh, no.”

Packaged

“THE human head,” Mr. Edward R. Dye, himself the head of the Safety Design Research Department of the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, which for the past four years, under the sponsorship of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, has been designing a radically safe automobile, told us the other day, “is in its essentials like an egg. Both consist of an ellipsoidal, hard shell enclosing a semi-fluid. In the ideally safe vehicle, the passenger is packaged like fragile merchandise.” His own head was squarish, balding, and courteously inclined; a pink freckle in the center of his forehead, an inch above the brow line, marked him as a Brahman of industrial engineering.

The more rugged, less ovularian head beside Mr. Dye’s belonged to Mr. Frank J. Crandell, a vice-president of



"I thought the Democrats were going to concentrate on Nixon!"

• •

Liberty Mutual. On the day of our chat, the two men had unveiled the design of *their comparatively crashproof* car. "Ed has done a lot with eggs," Mr. Crandell said. "He built little airplanes for them that you could smack against the wall without breaking the egg."

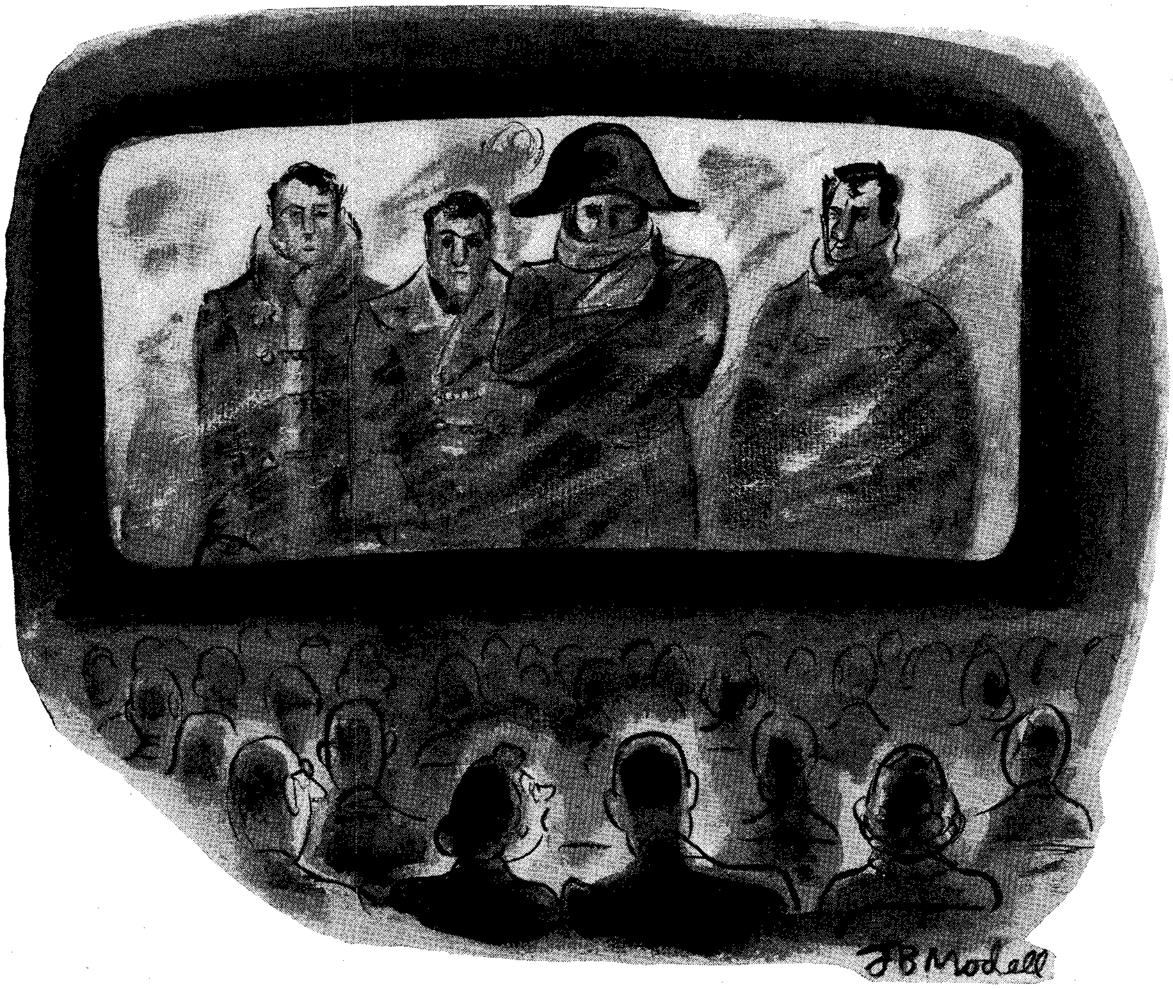
"That was part of some cockpit research I was doing," Mr. Dye murmured.

"They made a movie showing these planes being bounced around," Mr. Crandell went on. "It's quite a good movie. They should call it 'The Egg and Dye.' "

"The principle I used there was really the same as in the football helmets our lab designed," Mr. Dye said. "The Cornell team hasn't had a head injury in five years. We call it the geodetic strap system—after the way geodetic maps look, you know."

We nodded our own head, cautiously.

"The idea is that a blow on the outer shell is distributed throughout the inner lining, so it feels like a hug. The same *thing is done by the chest cushion and* webbed yoke around the driver of this car." He showed us a drawing of the car. The outer form deviated timidly from Detroit orthodoxy; the chassis was a few inches higher than most '56 models, a little boxier, and rather less nubbly. Within, heresy raged unchecked. The driver sat in the middle of the front seat, where, in the absence of a dangerous and gawky wheel, he tugged at a



"I read the book, but not this far."

• •

steering bar something like a Flexible Flyer's. Inches from his chest an angular cushion loomed consolingly. Two lateral rests supported his arms. "Human arms weigh ten pounds apiece," Mr. Dye said. "Just holding them in the customary steering position is a source of fatigue."

"The whole control panel," Mr. Crandell said, "is mounted on ratchets. When the driver gets in, he pulls it toward him, click click click. The seats slide back and forth, too."

The walls and ceiling were plumped out with "energy-absorbing material." The instrument panel was cached beneath the windshield. The radio and the headlight switches were off at the side, out of harm's way. Five mirrors—within and without, convex, concave, and plain—sent the driver's vision ricocheting around like a bullet in a septic tank. The driver and the five other possible passengers—one on either side of him, one directly behind him, facing backward, and two in the rear corners of the car—were packaged in strap-equipped bucket seats. Mr. Dye said, "The way we got the best shape for the seats was to have the biggest man we could find sit in some soft plastic. You know, if you squirm your bottom around in the wet sand at the beach you can make a more comfortable seat than any chair."

"Derrière, Ed," said Mr. Crandell. "Don't call it a bottom."

"Then we made a plaster cast of that impression and got all the different shapes of people we had around the laboratory to sit in it and tell us where it hurt," Mr. Dye went on. "For instance, a woman doesn't have the back muscles a man has. A man's spine is recessed, whereas a woman's—a thin woman's—sticks out. We shaved the cast down so it was comfortable for a thin woman we had at the lab."

"So then it was uncomfortable for the first man," Mr. Crandell ad-libbed.

"No, don't say that," Mr. Dye protested. "It wasn't *as* comfortable."

Mr. Crandell turned, with an earnest expression, to us. "The interesting thing about the steering bar is the hydraulic boost," he said. "You see, the mechanism operates on a—whadye call it?"

"An ever-decreasing ratio," Mr. Dye pronounced. "The mechanical ratio in a steering wheel is constant—every degree of rotation turns the wheels of the automobile a fixed amount. But on the steering bar, where you move your hands only a few inches, the ratio begins high—at about twenty-five to one, a conventional ratio—and decreases to eight-tenths to one. You wouldn't turn the wheels enough to engage that ratio except in parking. As the ratio decreases, more and more strength is needed, which is supplied hydraulically, as in the automobile brake now."

We asked when we could drive the padded, decreasing-ratio way.

"Understand," Mr. Crandell said, "that our purpose is mainly to make the results of our research available to industry. We want fewer injuries on the highway. Already, I think, we have made people conscious of seat belts."

"We *are* building this automobile," Mr. Dye said. "In eleven months, we hope to have a prototype model finished. You'll be able to look at it, sit in it, handle the controls—everything except one thing. There are still too many imponderables in the steering mechanism. You won't be able to drive it."

Grad

A FRIEND of ours got a letter from Harvard College the other day that made him appreciate the leisurely pace at which that establishment goes about its business. "Dear Sir," the letter reads. "Your diploma has been held for some time in this office. We shall be glad to forward it if you will furnish us with the address to which you wish it mailed and one dollar to cover the charges of sending it by registered mail." The diploma in question, our friend informs us, was granted nineteen years ago.

OUTSIDE

LIFE in summer at the Lockards' revolved around art, as it did in winter; but differently. In the winters Peter daily left their exquisite pink house in the country and went to his studio in the city, where he took pupils, and although Theodosia did her painting in the north room at home, she made frequent trips to town. There were the new shows to be seen. When the pictures were bad, Theodosia declared on returning home that they had made her feel like burning all her brushes; ripping her own canvases with a palette knife; casting herself into the Chard River. "Oh, darling, I can just feel it," Peter would respond, if he had not accompanied her. "How unbearably depressing bad pictures can be!" But if the pictures had been good, Theodosia, the next day, would throw herself into her painting with new dedication, working quietly, intently, concentratedly. In winter she also went to town for occasional lunches with women she had been to art school with; but the Lockards seldom stayed in town for dinner with their painter friends, because it meant getting a sitter and leaving their nine-year-old daughter Phoebe, whom they madly adored.

In winter, too, there were teas for the opening of exhibitions at the Institute of Art, one-man shows of their friends' or, from time to time, Peter's or Theodosia's work. The tea table was laid in the back gallery—a long narrow table set with a huge shining silver tea urn at each end and, between, plates of elaborate sandwiches made to resemble checkerboards; rolled sandwiches with spurts of watercress out each end; little square cakes frosted with pink, yellow, green, white frosting and sprinkled with a sort of silver shot. In her black velveteen best dress with the gold grosgrain sash run through slots, Phoebe would walk slowly around the table, admiring the food. Behind and around her a steady babel of voices discussed art, praising, extolling, upbraiding, condemning. The women, either very chic like Theodosia or else badly, artily dressed, pinned their conversational partners to the wall with a phrase. The men (and if they were artists they were either small and natty or huge, ungainly, and bearded) stared hard at a picture with narrowed eyes, a thumb lifted, meanwhile detaining a companion with hand on sleeve until the exact word of summation should be found. Against this background of sound and incessant shifting, a small thought would appear in Phoebe's mind as she contemplated a plate of variegated cakes: That one looks nice, she would think. But she had learned by this time that the display of food at the Institute teas was more a work of art than anything materially satisfying. Once in a while she would take a sandwich, a cake, but it always tasted like the flour paste she made to glue paper dolls with, or like simply nothing at all.

In summer the Lockards remained at home in their pink house in the country. Peter rented his city studio to a pair of vacationing women professors and turned to landscape. Theodosia painted masses of zinnias, their rosy colors suffused with a golden bloom; summer squashes; overflowing baskets of tomatoes with grape leaves and tendrils and bunches of the pale-green grapes of midsummer; day lilies and gourds and huge trumpet-shaped datura. In a way, life was nicer—warm and murmurous with summer insects, bees, and the cicada—but it was lonely, too. Phoebe wandered in the woods, pretending she was an Indian: at the cracking of a twig she would stop short, the coppery aquiline features frozen into stoical immobility.

"Don't you think Baby ought to find some sweet little friends to keep her company in her meanderings?" Peter would ask, with a helpless air, at supper.

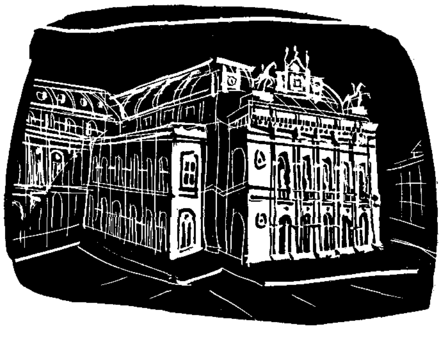
"The poor, miserable, lonesome little thing!" Theodosia would cry, her pity fired. "But who *is* there?"

"The Bodsworths?" Peter suggested one evening, tentatively.

"Oh, Peter!" Theodosia replied in dismay. "Those horrible creatures . . . 'Well, Mrs. Lockard, how's ort?' " she mimicked.

"Incredibly awful woman," Peter agreed. "But the children might not be too bad. . . ."

"Well, why don't you?" Theodosia exclaimed positively, turning to Phoebe. "Ask them over. Go over there. Do something. Perhaps supper . . ." she trailed off vaguely. Meanwhile Phoebe's mind had been anxiously working on a problem, turning it over and over. She came up now with her findings. "I'm not miserable," she explained. "Really I'm not."



"Miserable" was such a strong word; Theodosia was the one who looked miserable, Phoebe thought, with her furrowed brow and distressed gaze. She was relieved when her mother said "You're not? Oh, good!" and began to smile again and chatter about ordering gamboge.

"Good girl," Peter said approvingly to Phoebe, as if they were in league. "Theodosia's so sensitive. She suffers frightfully. Few people can appreciate what your mother goes through—least of all the Bodsworths of this world."

"Oh, darling!" Theodosia cried instantly, generously. "*You're* the sensitive one! What Peter doesn't endure," she said aside to Phoebe, "with the callousness, the cold indifference, he encounters all winter in town. . . . A child like you couldn't, I thank God, imagine. These heavenly, blissful, utterly peaceful summers are all that save him, I really think. When we can be together, alone in our adorable house, with no un-understanding outsiders to spoil things . . ."

And then, as if jointly they realized that they were leaving somebody out, they turned to Phoebe. "Precious!" Theodosia cried, leaning out of her chair to kiss her child. "My own blessing! Mother's little medium-girl!"

This epithet referred to a family story, an anecdote often told to sympathetically amused souls: When Phoebe was four, Theodosia, hugging her at bedtime, had declared, "You're the most adorable, precious, wonderful child in the whole world," and the little girl, with infant literal-mindedness, had said, "No, I'm not. I'm just medium." And so nowadays Theodosia or Peter would often cry, as Theodosia did now, "Who is the most darling, adorable little medium-girl in the world?"

TWO or three times during the summer the Lockards gave a party—generally a cocktail party, so that it would be daytime and the guests could see and admire the beauty of the garden. The guests, of course, were friends from town, painters and a few sculptors, who drove out jammed six or eight into a five-passenger car, or took the train and walked up from the station, arriving dusty and outstandingly thirsty. Some obscure sentiment of noblesse oblige, however, always made the Lockards dilute the guest list with a few people from the surrounding countryside, some Bodsworth or Capen—not many but just enough to ruin their pleasure in their own party.

"Oh, *God*," Theodosia cried at breakfast that day in August, "Capens and Dr. Lawson *and* the Alfred Allinghams." She put her head in her hands. "And they hate us. My head aches," she added, "as if it were a tooth. I'm incapable of thinking. Throb, throb . . ."

Peter gazed at her with understanding eyes as he finished his egg. "It's given *me* a stomach-ache," he said. "They have about as much idea— I know what they're saying now: 'We've got to go to cocktails with those crazy artists.' "

"The falseness of those people!" Theodosia stormed. "It's we who are simple and basic and good. It's they who have the wild parties, the lack of any conception of a true morality. . . . 'Crazy artists'! Sometimes I think it is people like us who hold the world together, who believe in the true basic principles that keep everything from falling apart. *They* have no core of truth, no dedication to anything beyond their immediate advantage. . . ."

"They hate us because we have," said Peter.

Phoebe looked from one of them to the other.

"I honestly don't think I am going to be able to endure this appalling, splitting headache," Theodosia said. "I don't think I'm going to be able to paint this morning."

"Lie down," Peter advised.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to. It makes me feel defeated."

"*My* stomach feels as if I'd swallowed broken glass," Peter said. "Pain every few moments, like a knife being turned in my vitals."

"I've got a pain, too," Phoebe said.

"Precious!" Theodosia cried in her anxiety. "Where? Is it frightful?"

Phoebe laid her hand on her side. "No," she said. "It's just sort of a pain."

"Growing pains," Theodosia said, with relief. "I remember having agonizing growing pains."

Phoebe's forehead knitted with her problem.

"It isn't agonizing," she said a moment later.

"Oh, good," Theodosia said.

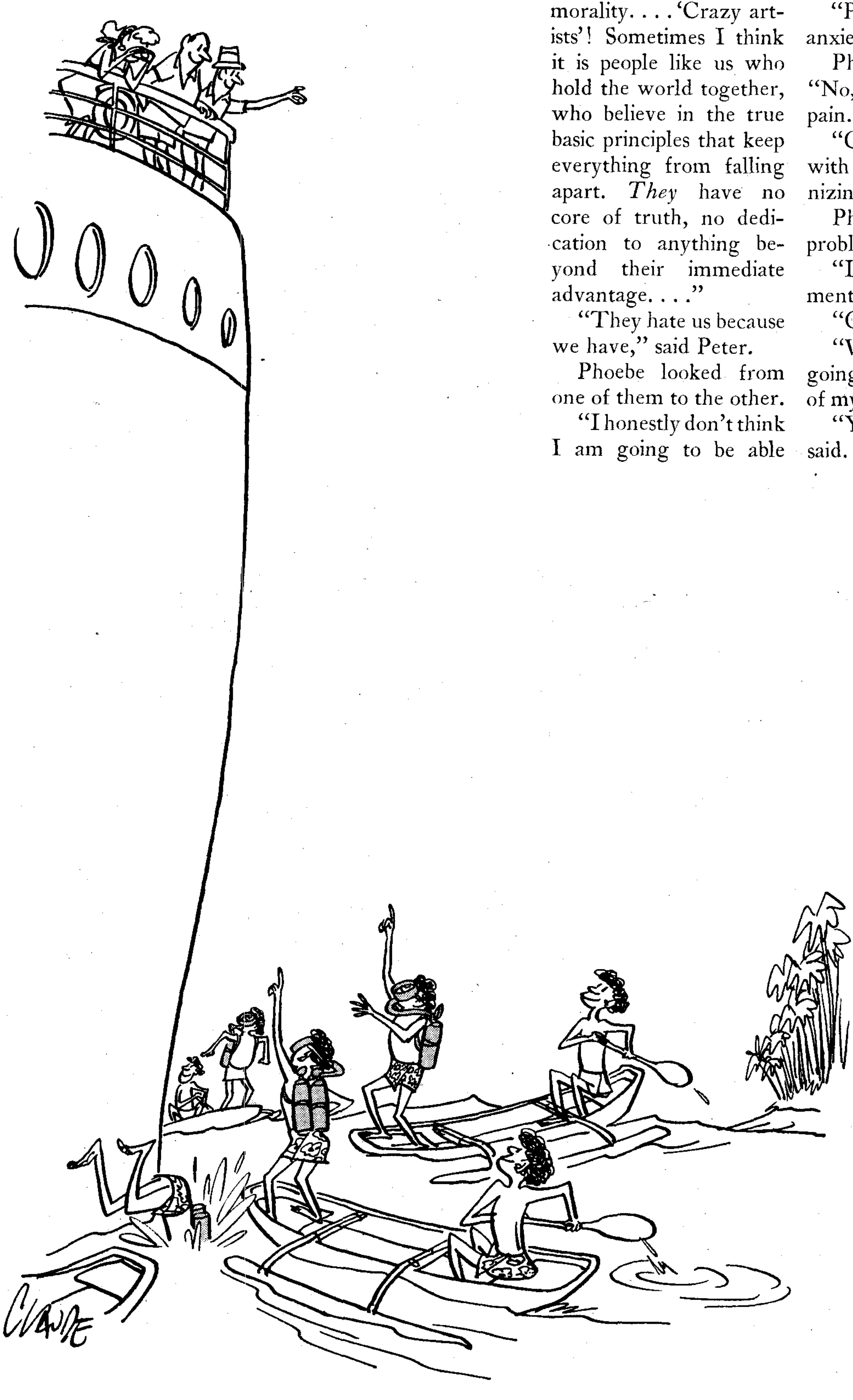
"Well, mine is," Peter said. "I'm going out and see if I can't paint it out of my system."

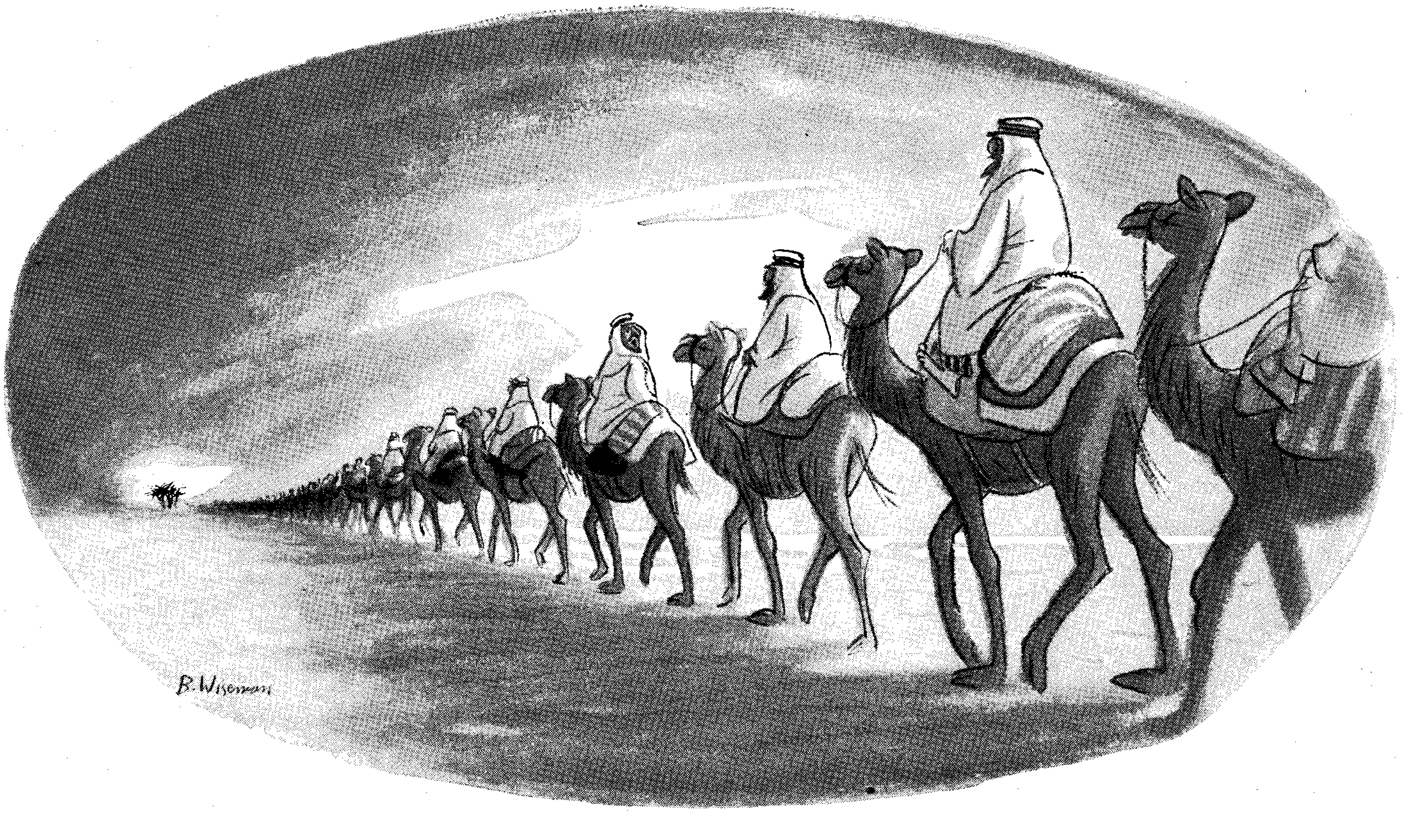
"You're so sporting," Theodosia said. "*I've* simply got to give in. If I endure this agony another second I can't answer for the consequences. I can set the glasses out later."

Phoebe wandered down through the deep, murmurous, gold-and-purple swamp. Great hummocks of burned marsh grass, clumps of goldenrod, loosestrife, and joe-pye weed melted their colors into each other under the soft and melancholy late-summer sun. A cicada in the upper, hotter meadows sent up at intervals its shrill high note. Down in a pool of swamp water beside where Phoebe was stepping from hummock to hummock a big bullfrog suddenly ejaculated "Clunk."

Phoebe went on as far as where the sluggish stream wound through the middle of the marsh. She sat down on the humped-up roots of a tree that bordered the stream and took her shoes off and put her feet in the dark, slimy water. The coolness made her feel better. Her pain was still there, and it was not nice. Staring down into the opaque depths of the dark stream she considered: What kind of a pain was it, exactly?

Well, she decided, it was not





"It's a mirage. Pass it on."

agonizing, and it was not frightful. She couldn't think of it as torment; it just hurt. It just kept on hurting.

She wriggled a little to put it out of her mind, and fell to poking in the mysterious dark depths of the stream with a long stick. Great chunks of cohesive mud came up, and then a dirty beer can. Phoebe wondered how a beer can ever came to be here, far away from habitations. She assumed the other people had thrown it here, the outsiders, the ones who were brutal and callous. Their children, whom she saw at school in the winters, often seemed silly and even mean, but not brutal and not callous. They probably got to be that way as they grew older. Phoebe threw the stick on top of the water and watched it move by infinitely slow degrees down the stream deeper into the morass.

After a while she got up and wandered out of the swamp again, back up on to the hill, where it was golden and sunny. The brightness and clarity of noon filled the atmosphere, the shadows of early morning had shrunk up to nothing, and the cicada loudly celebrated the height of the day. Over on the side of the further hill Phoebe could see Peter painting, a little spot of white shirt and yellow straw hat behind the shape of his canvas set on the folding easel. He saw her, too, and waved. Phoebe lifted a limp arm and waved back.

She wandered through the alleys of the little garden and up to the house, where she found Theodosia happily arranging a still-life on the old carved black-oak chest. She threw Phoebe a quiet, abstracted smile; her being seemed centered on what she was doing, as she inserted a stalk of long grass into the arrangement of zinnias in the gray pottery jug. "Isn't it nice?" she asked, her voice soft and concentrated. "I'm going to paint it tomorrow morning, and it'll look lovely for the party. Killing two birds with one stone." Phoebe lingered a little longer, but her mother did not look around; she stood off a moment from her arrangement, and then dived back to readjust a huge ragged pink bloom. Phoebe went slowly upstairs to her room and got out the book in which she kept her paper dolls. She stared at them distantly for a moment; the pain still hurt. But it would probably go away soon. Theodosia's headache, which had been worse than any pain Phoebe could have, seemed to have gone, Phoebe thought. She bent to push back an unstuck corner of the wallpaper with which she had covered facing pages of the blank book; each spread made a room for the paper dolls, with furniture cut from magazine advertisements pasted on the wallpaper. She had made a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and three bedrooms thus. But the rooms now looked ugly, forsaken; the dolls thin and papery and so insubstantial. They looked up at her, their maker, with little faces sharp as the jeering stoats and weasels in "The Wind in the Willows." They rather frightened her, but she continued patiently, doggedly, to try to play with them.

Theodosia came to call her for lunch.

"Wash your hands, precious," she said, smiling, in the doorway.

"All right," Phoebe said, getting up. "But I don't feel very hungry. My stomach hurts."

"Oh, darling!" Theodosia cried with compunction. "And I forgot! Is it frightful, darling? Are you suffering?"

Phoebe considered.

"Not exactly," she said. "It just hurts."

"Do you think you want the doctor?"

Phoebe looked back, puzzled. "I don't know," she said.

"Well," Theodosia said, "if it doesn't feel all better soon, you tell me, won't you? I can't bear it to have my darling little girl in agony, you know,” she added.

“I’m not in agony,” Phoebe said, conscientiously.

“I’m so glad,” Theodosia said. “I don’t feel as if I could bear it if you were. Those ghastly people,” she continued as they went out of the room together. “After I’ve made those exquisite flower arrangements, I know what they’ll do. They’ll just stalk in and snatch a drink without noticing anything. People like that just don’t *see*. Well, there’ll be the others—darling Frankie and Beth and Clarissa, anyway. . . .”

BY five o’clock people had begun to arrive, climbing the picturesque winding stone staircase that led from the road up to the pink house; two cars from town had parked and debouched their occupants, and now somebody from nearby had come—Mrs. Capen and her daughter, Mrs. Fellowes. “I’m so thrilled to meet you, Mrs. Lockard,” Mrs. Fellowes said to Theodosia. “I’ve heard all about your art work.” Theodosia was rigid; she felt, she always said, like a little girl at school when she was confronted by such large, hearty, normal people. “Won’t you have something to drink?” she offered, in a small voice. Peter, passing with a bowl full of popcorn, gave her hand a squeeze. A gentleman had just appeared at the top of the steps. “Dr. Lawson!” Theodosia exclaimed in unnaturally social tones, and hurried away to greet him. “Isn’t it an exquisite day?” she said. Dr. Lawson regarded his hostess gravely, as she stood, trembling with excitement, in front of him. “Exquisite,” he agreed.

Phoebe passed peanuts among the steadily enlarging crowd. Sure enough, the pain had gone, quite suddenly a few minutes ago, but she felt funny; rather as if she was floating. This, she thought, must be sort of the way Peter and Theodosia felt all the time, for now she saw everything in the most heightened terms: the stone crock of meadow grasses at the top of the steps, for instance, shimmered with beauty. It was not just nice, it was achingly beautiful. Everything—the colors of the ladies’ dresses, the flowers in the garden, the view—shone with an unearthly brilliance in vivid tones of acid green, glittering red, and piercing purple. Maybe I’m going to be an artist, Phoebe thought, doubtfully.

On the terrace five of the artists were engaged in a hot dispute about Picasso. “Eternal . . . classic . . .” said a woman, in a kind of neigh, quite extraordinarily like a horse. “But he can’t *draw*,” said a young man, running his fingers through his yellow hair. “Draw? Why, nobody even started to draw before Picasso!” somebody else fairly screamed. “Why do we discuss antiques?” asked a fat man impatiently. Mrs. Capen interposed her broad-brimmed blue straw hat between the yellow-haired young man and the horse lady. “Are we talking about art?” she inquired eagerly. “Dear lady,” began the fat man. The group disintegrated, drifted away.

Mrs. Allingham, trying to be more than just a wife and mother, had cornered a live artist, a very tall young man with a skull-like face, and had him pinned down on an iron love seat. “I want to hear all about your work,” she said, flashing her large, lustrous eyes at him, from under her little hat made of yellow and orange flowers. “What is it you are trying to *say*?” The tall young man squirmed on the hard iron seat and said something unintelligible that sounded like “Waxworks.” “But what is it you are trying to *prove*, I mean, in your art?” Mrs. Allingham persisted, flashing her eyes and scooping up a handful of the peanuts that Phoebe was passing her. The gentleman named Dr. Lawson came strolling up with a short squat man, who stared into the skull-like man’s eyes and said, “Jesus Christ, you here?” They found seats facing Mrs. Allingham. “I was just asking Mr.—Mr.—” said Mrs. Allingham urgently. “Cobb,” the skull admitted. “—Mr. Cobb just what it is you are all trying to *say*, in your work,” she said. “I am trying to say something very definite. Shall I tell you what it is?” said the short squat man loquaciously. Mrs. Allingham turned her full liquid gaze on him with relief. “Brace yourself,” the short squat man said. Dr. Lawson was paying no attention. He had laid his hand on Phoebe’s forehead. “This little lady has a high fever,” he remarked, rising. “Has anybody seen her mother?”

PHOEBE swam sickeningly back into consciousness in a strange room in the middle of the night. The room was ambiguous, unexplained: all dark except for a very strange small blue light that burned on the wall low down near the floor. Why should a light, and blue at that, be there? A hard object pressed against her cheek, and, feeling of it with her fingers, she realized it was a sort of bowl and remembered that at some unidentified time earlier she had thrown up into it. She thought it possible that she might do so now. She was all alone.

In a rising fog of fear she made an effort to assemble the few facts she possessed about her situation. It came back

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THE FEET OF THE MAYOR OF CLAY

“The white children are not going to school while the niggers are in our school on the hill. And you can print that. The parents have been telling me that they think it’s worth every bit to have the children lose two or three years from school, rather than to learn with niggers.”—*Mayor Herman Clark, of Clay, Kentucky, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

The years of school are short as any dream,
And so, blithe child, haste not toward manhood’s care,
Be young, be white, and always be supreme,
For all too soon the scholar is the Mayor.
(In this case, the Mayor of Clay, Kentucky.)

Be slow to read and write. There’ll come the day
When one of you will be the Mayor of Clay,
To stand your ground amid all strife and stress
And make yourself immortal in the press.
And you shall use the three most priceless R’s
To lengthen Man’s long journey toward the stars.
(And you can print that.)

—E. B. W.

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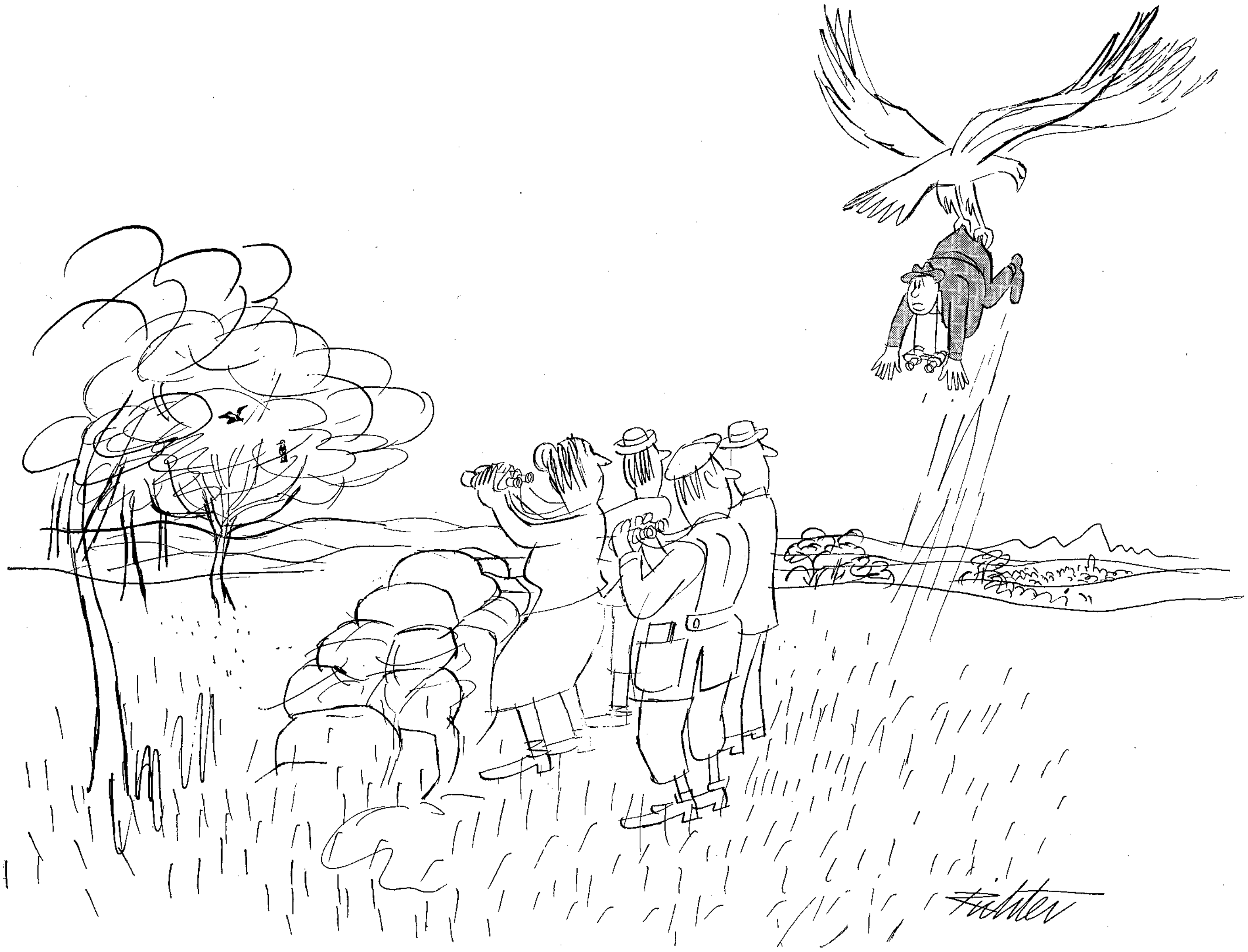

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to her that this was the County Hospital, and that she had had an operation. Dr. Lawson had made a joke—it seemed a long time ago—about sprinkling talcum powder in her insides.

Dr. Lawson must have gone away. He must have gone to bed. Theodosia and Peter must have gone home—they were here once—and gone to bed, too. Phoebe was all alone in this place, with nobody but outsiders anywhere near her, and even the outsiders had gone away and left her. From her chest down she could feel nothing; her body was threateningly numb. The queer blue light burned steadily. Suddenly she had to throw up, and did. Her chin was all wet afterward. She could not see what to do with the bowl, which felt crescent-shaped.

I feel horrible, she thought, the words passing through her mind like gray shapes; I am suffering terribly.

"I feel awful," she mumbled out loud in the empty room. But nobody heard, and nobody ever paid attention if you said things quietly. Phoebe turned her face away from the side the basin was on and began to scream at the top of her voice. Scream followed scream.

THE nurse, who had slipped downstairs to catch a cup of the midnight coffee served to the night nurses, had just come back on the floor. She came hurrying down the corridor and pushed open the door of Phoebe's room; her skirts made a rustling of starch in the darkness. Phoebe screamed again.

"Now you look here, young lady—" the nurse began with the approved brisk callousness.

WHEN the nurse came out of the now silent room, the supervisor, Miss Percy, was sitting under the single light at the desk in the angle of the corridor, bringing the charts up to date.

"What was all the racket in Twenty-seven?" she asked without looking up.

"Hysteria," said the nurse. She settled down in the other chair and bent over to loosen the shoelaces of her white buck oxfords; her feet were tired. "Nothing was hurting her. Just no control. What can you expect? Sadie Poole lives over near the parents, up to the old Tompkins place. She says they live it up, all right. Wild parties. He has a *studio!* Nude models, I bet. The parents go wandering around the fields, she says. It's no life for a child. Crazy artists, Sadie calls them, and I see what she means." —NANCY HALE

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AMITY SCHOOL MENU

Mrs. Harriette Wilcox, dietician, has announced the following menus for the coming week at the Amity Regional High School in Woodbridge.

Monday, chicken a la king on biscuits, green salad, peas, devil's food cake; Tuesday, macaroni salad, lettuce, cold cuts, tomatoes, Vienna bread, peach pie; Wednesday, baked corn beef hash, buttered spinach, rye bread, carrot sticks, ice cream and cookies; Thursday, hamburgs and rolls, lettuce and tomato salad, wax beans, potato chips, orange cake; Friday, shredded lettuce, fruited jello.—*New Haven Register.*

Anyway, it was high on the hog while it lasted.

THE POLITICS OF THE PRESBYTERIANS

IT has dawned on me in recent years that there are Presbyterians who are Republicans, but when I was growing up in Washington, D.C., in the middle and late nineteen-twenties, all the ones I knew were Democrats. I was acquainted with vast numbers of Presbyterians, most of them relatives and practically all of them clergymen or the wives or sons or daughters of clergymen. Not a single one of them was a Republican. The nearest any of them came to becoming a Republican was when a dilemma of an unusual nature arose and entangled one of my mother's brothers-in-law, my Uncle Addison. This was in 1928, when Alfred E. Smith was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

My father's ancestors had originally settled in the North—in the Mohawk Valley of New York and in Trenton, New Jersey—and it is conceivable that some of them may not have been Democrats, but if so, nobody mentioned it. My father's father and mother left New Jersey, where his mother's father's father had helped found the Presbyterian seminary at Princeton, and moved to Virginia, where there were no Republicans. My mother's ancestors had already settled in Virginia without stopping off anywhere else, and had stayed there. Her father, a clergyman, had wound up in the fortunate position of Professor of Romance Languages at the Hampden-Sydney Theological Seminary, where he was able to marry his daughters, one after another, to the graduates. A genealogist on my mother's side of the family took the trouble a few years ago to count up the contemporary kinfolk of one of my mother's earliest ancestors in this country, a lady named Mary Moore, of Abb's Valley, Virginia, who was kidnapped by the Indians but who got away and married a Presbyterian clergyman. When this genealogist gave up counting, he had around five thousand buckled down by name. He gave up counting for a good many reasons, one being the Presbyterian system of multiplication. At one point in his report, for example, he notes dazedly, "There is some confusion as to the Rutherford woman who married Hugh Hudson." At any rate, when Mary Moore and her unconfused husband were flourishing, there were few United States of America, no woman's suffrage, and no Democratic Party, but as soon as the Democratic Party was organized, all her direct and collateral descendants lost no time getting into it. When I was growing up, both the Presbyterian Church as I knew it and the Democratic Party as I knew it were solidly filled with people from my mother's side of the family.

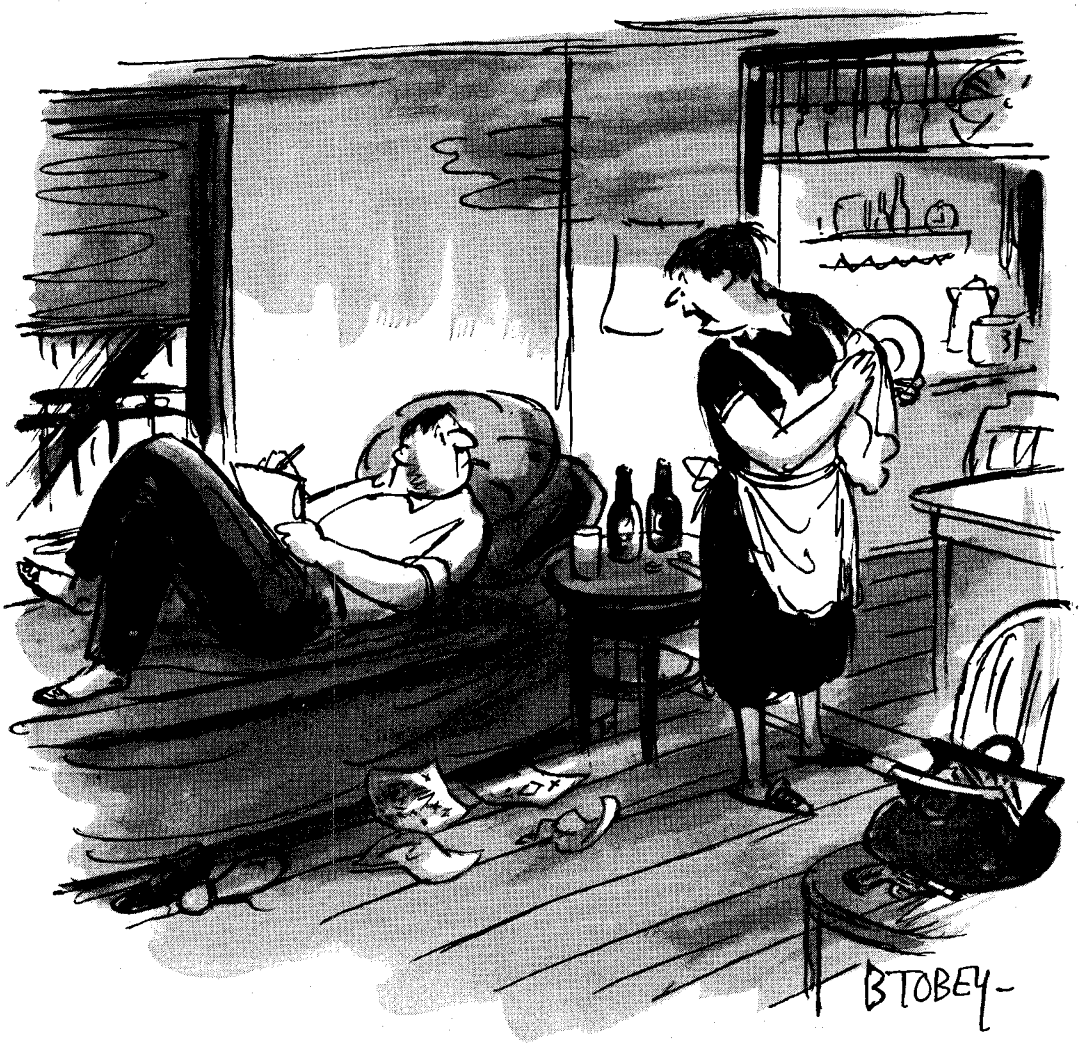
My father's parents hadn't contributed much in the way of numbers. There was only my father and his one brother, my Uncle George, in that family. My Uncle George, although he was an insurance man and had left Virginia and gone to live in Pittsburgh, must have been a Democrat, because he was frequently a guest at our house. It wasn't that my mother wouldn't have a Republican in the house; it was that, in order to get into the house, they had to be Republicans who were born in the North, where people didn't know any better. She treated them kindly, as if they were afflicted in some way. They were usually acquaintances of my father, people he had met in his travels, and before he invited them to dinner he would tell my mother about them, going into and emphasizing all their good qualities before mentioning that they were Republicans.

"Born in the North?" my mother would ask.

"Oh, yes, of course—born in the North," my father would say.

When one of my missionary cousins brought home a family of Chinese orphans who had been born heathens, my mother treated them exactly the same way she treated Republicans who had been born in the North.

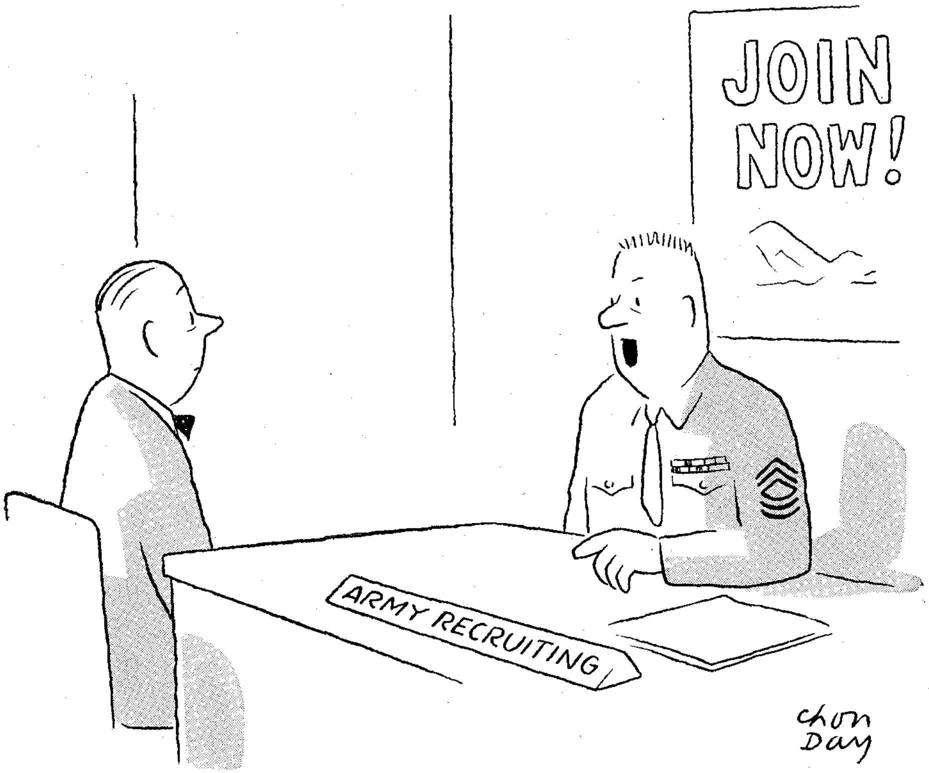
None of the Republicans who came to the house were Presbyterians. They were all Congregationalists or Episco-



"While you're still working out plans for the perfect crime, how about knocking over a gas station or two to bring in a little cash?"

palians or Methodists or Baptists. For many years I wasn't aware that there was such a thing as a Northern Presbyterian. I can't be sure how my mother would have treated a Presbyterian who was a Republican born in the North, but I do know that she had pretty well convinced herself that someday, when the so-called Presbyterian Church North knuckled under to all the differing views her own Presbyterian Church held, there would simply be the one Presbyterian Church, and that in the meantime there was just the one Presbyterian Church anyway; the other didn't really exist. As things have turned out, she seems to have been at least half right.

My father's ancestors didn't weigh on him as heavily as my mother's did on her. Tracing his family into the past, he had found that, after the flurry over founding the seminary at Princeton, it petered out as a main line of Presbyterian divines before it got very far back. The founder of the McKelway line in America was a mere doctor of medicine, and the founder of the Mohawk Valley family he'd married into—named Comfort—was some kind of landowner. My mother, on the other hand, had all those clergymen and their wives bearing down on her from what she called time immemorial, and she had, in addition, the six sisters close around her, all of them married to Presbyterian clergymen and some of them already the mothers of fresh, young Presbyterian clergymen. Her elder, and only, brother, it is true, had become a doctor of medicine, but he had gone to California, which was as far away as he could get and still stay in the country. He was pretty much in the same vague, lost category as my Cousin Frank, one of my mother's nephews, who had become an Episcopal clergyman and had gone to Philadelphia. Very little was said of Cousin Frank, but his mother, my Aunt Fanny, did say repeatedly that he was still a Democrat.



"And another thing, you don't waste hours going to and from work. When you wake up, you're always right there at the job."

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IT was a great strain on the whole crowd when Alfred E. Smith was trying to get the Democratic nomination. They were for him in principle, because he was a liberal, and they liked his name, because the father of all those sisters had been the Reverend Dr. Benjamin Mosby Smith. But if the man had to be born in New York, they wished he'd been born into some plain, common, ordinary Protestant church. Then the question of religion would not have become an issue. My mother and her sisters and brothers-in-law and nephews, nieces, and cousins were scornful of Protestants who said they wouldn't vote for a Roman Catholic no matter how good a man he was; such people were bigots. On the other hand, they didn't entirely trust the organizational setup or the customs of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. All the sisters, especially, were suspicious of the rules and regulations that governed the private life of Catholic priests. The priests, they felt, were the representatives of the Catholic Church, just as their husbands were the representatives of the Presbyterian Church, and they thought the representatives of any church, no matter what one it was, ought to be allowed to marry like anybody else, instead of going around in that holier-than-thou state.

"That was certainly one of the important reasons for our break with the mother church," my Aunt Fanny remarked, in one of the interminable discussions that preceded the Democratic National Convention that summer of 1928.

"That is one of the great difficulties, my dear," put in Uncle Parke, who had a full white beard and not long before that had received an honorary degree from Oxford for his contribution to theology. "The Roman Catholic Church has not altered its basic conceptions."

"I wish you wouldn't use that term 'mother church,' Fanny," said my Aunt Sophie.

"But it *was* the mother church, and it still is," said Aunt Fanny.

"If it only had some good, healthy schisms," my mother said.

In the end, they all seemed to adopt a kind of sympathetic feeling toward Alfred E. Smith's church, as if it was afflicted. By the time the convention was held, they were all for him—with the single exception of Uncle Addison—and were glad he'd been nominated, and hoped he'd be elected. Uncle Addison said he hadn't made up his mind. Everybody was interested in Uncle Addison's opinion, but they didn't press him, because, as it happened, he was the only one who wasn't a resident of Washington—he was a resident of Virginia—and consequently he was the only one who was going to be able to cast a vote either for or against the Democratic candidate. To question him too closely, they seemed to feel, would be dangerously close to the undemocratic practice of bringing pressure to bear on a free and independent voter.

Although he was not a practicing clergyman, Uncle Addison was by far

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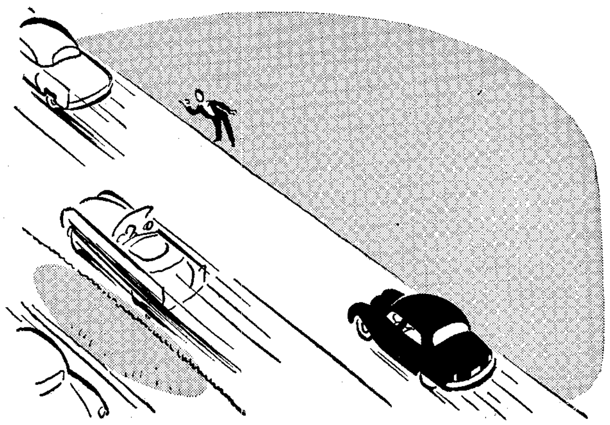

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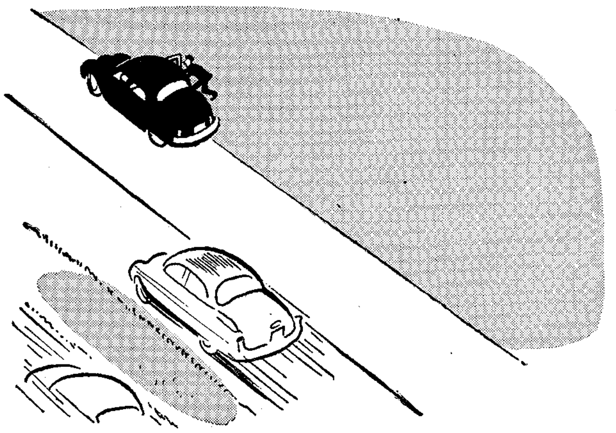

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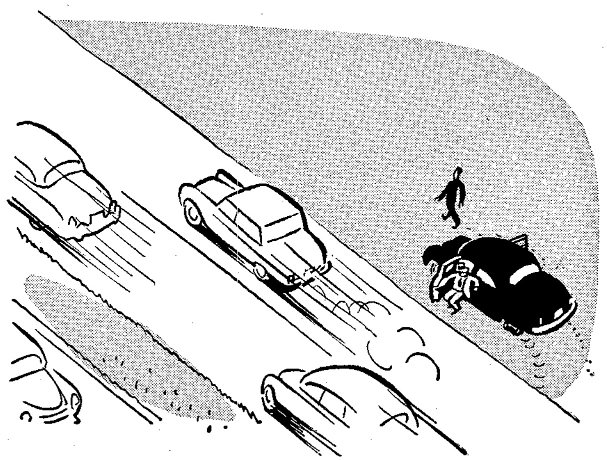

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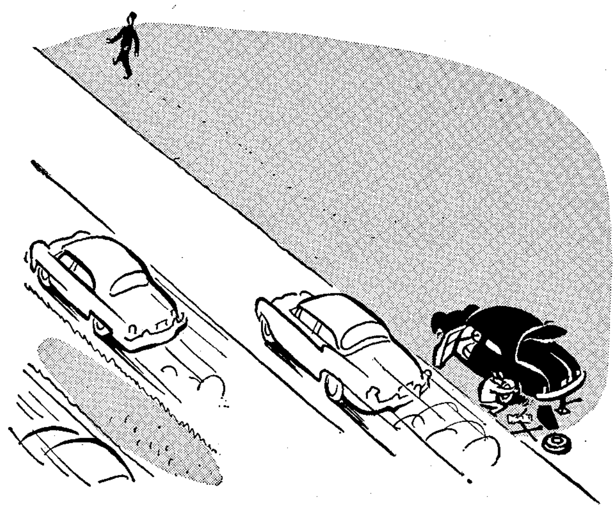

the most pious of the lot, and frequently in a turmoil over something. In thought he was usually passionate, fierce, and violent, and in action he was unswervingly meek, indulgent, and humble. He was full of Presbyterian quirks of a sort that my mother said were close to being prejudices. To have prejudices was to be bigoted, and although my mother, who was a careful critic of all Presbyterians, never said that Uncle Addison was a bigot, she frequently said that he was on the verge of being one. She thought his teetotalism, for example, was on the verge of being a bigoted attitude. Temperance in the use of alcohol, not abstention, was the proper course for a definite, liberal Presbyterian to follow. Another of Uncle Addison's quirks was that he was, in theory, an implacable enemy of dogs. He contended that they were too free and easy in their ways and had no self-control, and whatever number of dogs we happened to have in our house in Washington when he was visiting us gathered around his chair devotedly and watched him as if he was a seer. Outdoors, multitudes of strange dogs would come up and greet him cordially, rub against his legs, sniff one another and cavort around, and go along with him wherever he was going. He never did anything to any of the dogs indoors or outdoors but ask them please to leave him alone.

Uncle Addison was Professor of Greek at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia, but was about to retire, and in the summer of 1928 he was making us a long visit. His gentle, sweet wife, my Aunt Em, had died in her sleep the year before. Uncle Addison and Aunt Em had spent their honeymoon in Germany, mostly in Dresden, and one of his most appealing quirks was that he always addressed her as "*du liebe Frau*." He also jumped up from his end of the dining-room table to pull out her chair for her, even when he had started carving and she was still carrying in the vegetables. It was part of a lifelong demonstration of unashamed affection for her, which my mother chose to call uxoriousness. My mother didn't exactly pick on Uncle Addison, but she did keep trying to make him a definite Presbyterian, like everybody else, and she found him indefinite in many ways. His teetotalism, his anti-dog attitude, his uxoriousness, and even his short, pointed goatee were, to her, the signs of indefiniteness. Whereas Uncle Parke's full white beard just made him look more than ever like a definite Presbyterian, Uncle Addison's chipper goatee gave him a gay, Continental look. "I don't know what ever possessed you to trim your beard that way, Brother Addison," my mother would say. "You must have picked it up in Paris, before you went to Dresden." Being the only one of the family who had ever been abroad, he came in for a good deal of this kind of thing. "I don't know where I picked it up, Sister Ruth," he would tell her gaily, "but of one thing I am certain sure: It's mine, and you can't have it, and you can't change it, and you can't change me."

Uncle Addison abruptly stopped calling Aunt Em "*du liebe Frau*" when the Lusitania was sunk. Before that, he had been spiritedly in favor of our staying out of the war, and had agreed with Woodrow Wilson that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight. He loved the German people, the French people, and the British people, along with all other people, and he had hoped they would somehow settle their difficulties without too much bloodshed. Most of the time, he was happily lost in antiquity. The way he idolized the

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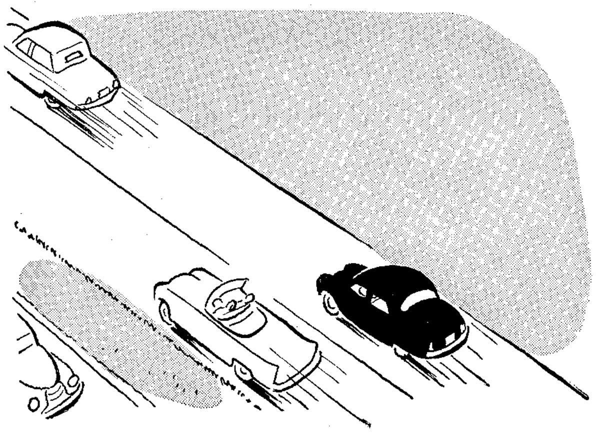

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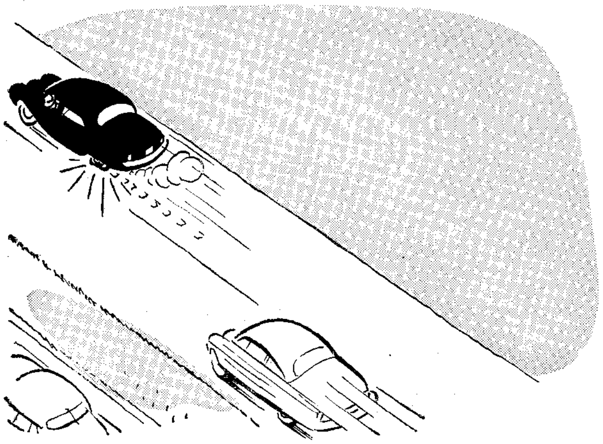

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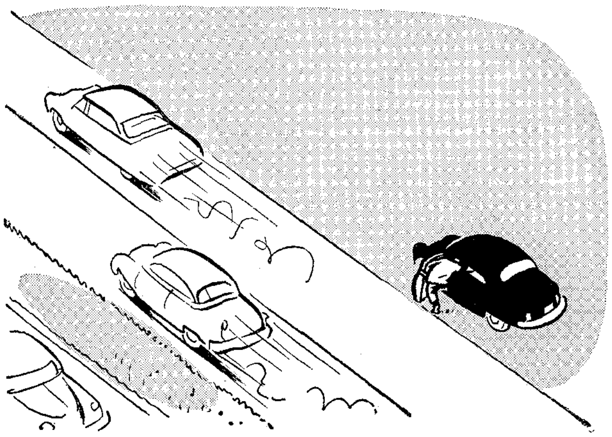

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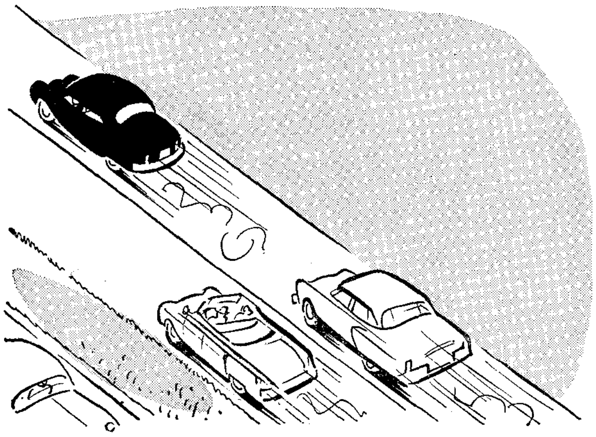

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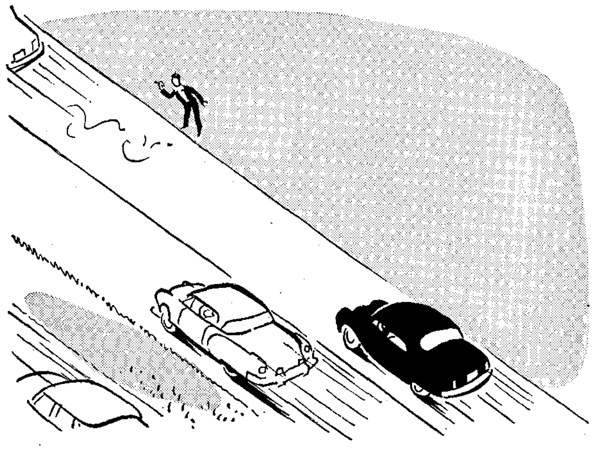

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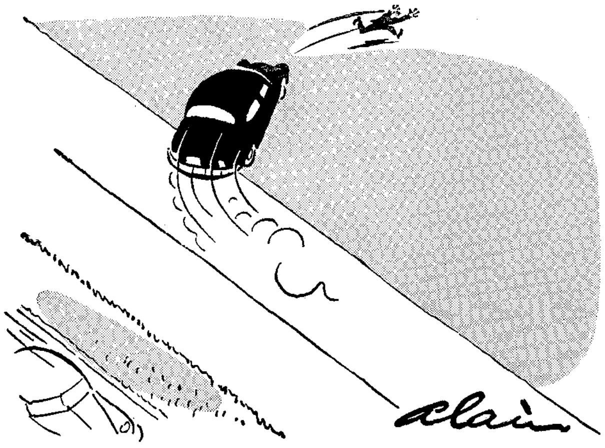

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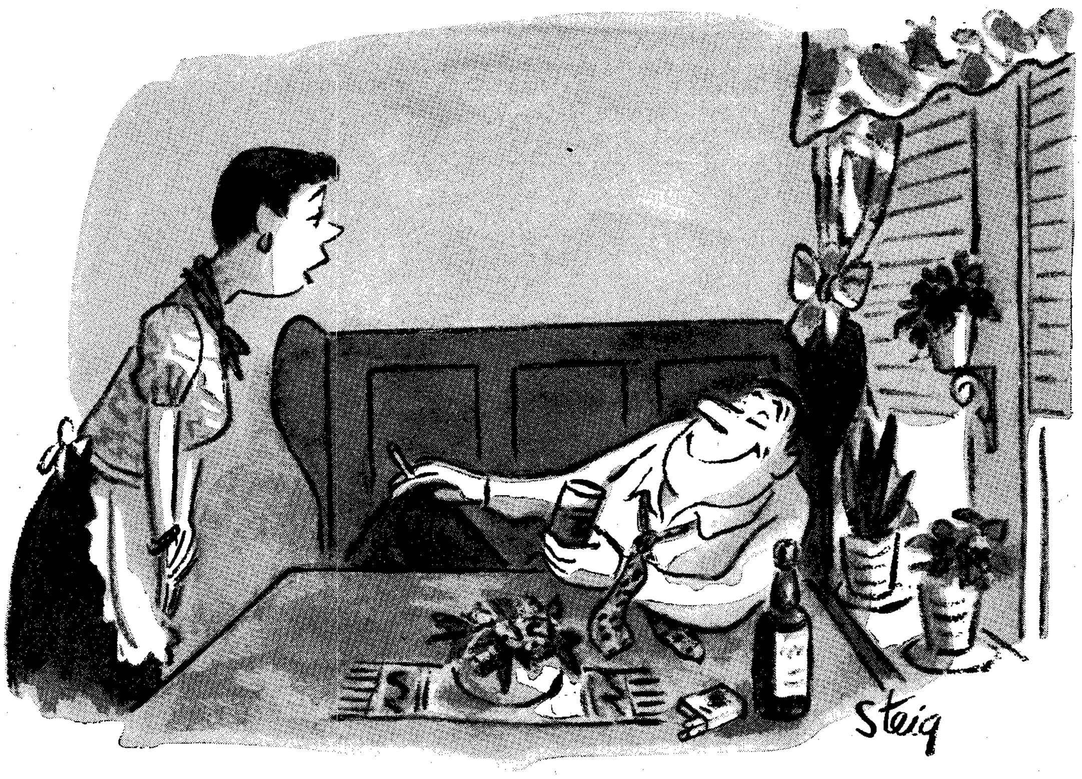
Greeks and their civilization was another of the quirks my mother didn't altogether approve of. She liked for her brothers-in-law to be learned, but she would have preferred Uncle Addison to be a Latin scholar rather than a Greek scholar. She was interested in the Greeks but doubtful about many of their ideas. It was in Rome, after all, not Greece, that things had begun to go in a direction that eventually led to the Presbyterian Church.

All during the First World War, Uncle Addison refrained from calling Aunt Em "*du liebe Frau*," and it was as if something especially dear had gone out of their house. For a long time, he prayed for the German people at family prayers, but eventually he stopped doing that, too, and he confessed to my mother that he was very much afraid he had come to hate the Germans, partly because of Belgium and partly because of the atrocities. She pointed out to him that it wasn't necessary to hate them—that it didn't represent a definite, liberal Presbyterian attitude. In fact, it came close to being on the verge of a bigoted attitude. The thing to do was simply to win the war and get it over with, so that the German people could be made to see the error of their ways. Uncle Addison's thoughts, though, got more and more violent, although all he did was buy Liberty Bonds and adhere to the food-saving devices suggested by Herbert Hoover. And when the armistice came, he started calling Aunt Em "*du liebe*



"Please, dear, not in the breakfast nook."

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Frau" again. "Brother Addison," my mother once said to him, still searching for the truth about him, "I do declare I sometimes think you are emotional." She didn't say he was, only that she sometimes thought he was. It was almost as bad, among those Presbyterians, to be emotional as it was to be bigoted.

Uncle Addison, in spite of everything, used to turn to my mother more frequently than to anybody else, after Aunt Em died, when he was perplexed. He admitted to her, in front of several other members of the family, in the early autumn of 1928, that he had about made up his mind to vote for Hoover for President. He had admired the way Hoover fed the Belgians, he said, and he thought a humanitarian engineer might be the best kind of man to lead the country out of the sinful, booming postwar period. Also, Hoover was in favor of prohibition, and so was he.

"But Hoover is an out-and-out Republican," my mother said, aghast.

"I am of the opinion, Sister Ruth, that he is an honest man and a good Christian."

"And so is Alfred E. Smith, the chosen candidate of the Democratic Party! Furthermore, Brother Addison, he is a liberal."

"But, Sister Ruth, there is such a thing as the separation of church and state!"

"Brother Addison, that is precisely why you must reëxamine your attitude and be certain you are making up your mind on the basis of reason, not prejudice. You are not living in the Middle Ages."

"Nor am I thinking of the Middle Ages. I am thinking of the history of Protestantism, certain aspects of which were just as dark, and it was not so long ago."

"Brother Addison, that is a bigoted attitude, and you know it. Out of pure prejudice, you are making up your mind to throw reason to the winds—to go galloping down on the railroad train to the state that gave birth to Thomas Jefferson, and there, in the very shadow of the tomb of Robert E. Lee, cast your vote for a Republican!"

"This issue has nothing whatever to do with the War Between the States!"

"Of course it hasn't. And it has nothing whatever to do with religion, either. It has solely and singly to do with politics!"

"Oh, Sister Ruth, please leave me alone now, and ask in your prayers that God give me the wisdom to make the right decision and the strength to carry it out!"

Uncle Addison was in his eighties by that time, and my mother argued from then on that the long train trip to Lexington wouldn't be one bit good for him. The discussion went along until October, when, as he was about to pack his grip and set off for Lexington to register and vote, he came down with one of his bad colds. Everybody thought it odd that he had caught the cold, because he hadn't been out of the house to get his feet wet, hadn't sat in a draft, or anything of that sort. He simply came down with it, all of a sudden. The cold turned into bronchitis, a doctor was called in, and the upshot was that Uncle Addison didn't make the trip to Lexington, and didn't vote one way or the other in that Presidential election.

"Just think how remorseful you'd be now, Brother Addison," my mother would say to him when the great depression of the nineteen-thirties was in full swing, "if you had gone to Lexington and cast your vote for that Republican!"

"I am inclined to think Providence intervened," Uncle Addison would say, twirling, with thumb and forefinger, the tip of his goatee.

—St. Clair McKelway

•

AIR

The sun creeps flat across the land
(clear river green river smooth river O);
against the light, bone-rays of hand
within the skin's transparence glow.

On blond banks shaded from the day
(rise river green river clear river rise),
you sit with harp and lightly play,
and drowsy grow my gazing eyes.

Across the hills sharp slants of light
(sigh river green river smooth river sigh),
like whitened wings against the night,
above the shade and water fly.

I used to think such peace was all
(run river green river clear river run)
that love could ask, but now I call
this peace the death of love and sun.

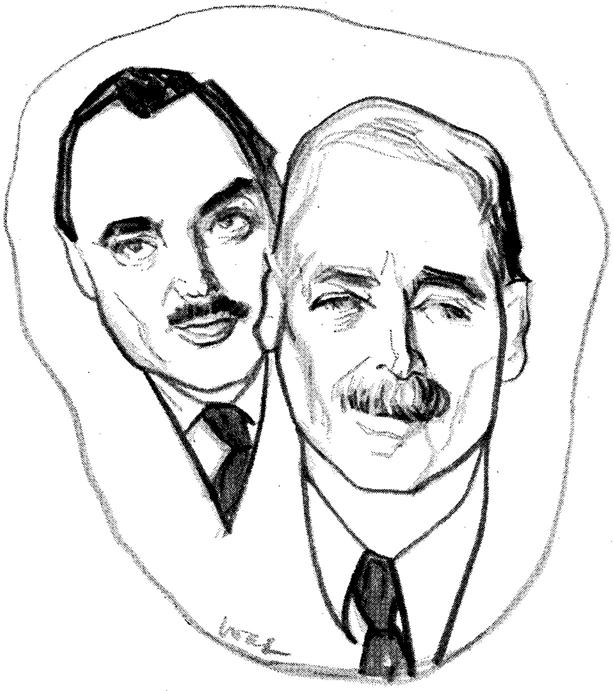
No light or music lingers long
(rave river green river wild river rave)—
the trace love leaves upon a song,
the failing sun along a wave.

—Kenneth Pitchford

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DIAMOND

VII—THE OPPENHEIMERS



ONE rainy morning in Johannesburg a few years ago, a young man saw that he was going to be late getting to a job he had just landed with the Anglo American Corporation of South Africa, one of the key firms in the immensely prosperous and highly complex mining empire known to the world simply as De Beers. Running up the steps of Anglo American's impressive building, on Main Street—one of several De Beers headquarters buildings that take up a large chunk of Johannesburg's financial district—the young man hurried into an elevator, and waited nervously while it rose to his floor. Then, as he dashed down the corridor, he was briefly gratified when somebody ahead of him got out of his way and held a door open. "It was a little old fellow in a raincoat something like mine but not so new," the young man recently recalled. "Such a diffident, polite little man that I must have had a vague idea, if I thought about it at all, that he was somebody who worked around the place—a kind of senior office boy. Mind you, I wasn't much more than an office boy myself at the time. I said 'Thanks' and nodded in a lordly way as I swept past. It was a week before I saw him again. My God, the chap I was with then told me the little old fellow was Sir Ernest Oppenheimer!"

As the head of De Beers, or what financial writers more accurately call the De Beers group—a whole family of corporations that, among them, control practically all of the world's diamond production, and a substantial part of its gold, copper, explosives, uranium, and coal production as well—Sir Ernest, now seventy-six, is a very rich and very powerful man. All rich and powerful men are sure to be referred to in the press, sooner or later, as "mystery men," and often the description is not especially apt, but Oppenheimer really is a mystery man, at least as far as Britain and the United States are concerned. To be sure, he endows colleges and scholarships in many parts of the world, and makes gifts to libraries, and all the rest of it, and his name pops up frequently on the financial page. But the general public doesn't pay much attention to endowments or the financial page; it reads society columns, and Oppenheimer isn't the society-column type. He doesn't give parties on yachts; he is not seen at Cannes; he is not a first-nighter. He likes books and paintings and staying at home, and staying at home, especially in South Africa, is a good way to remain a shadowy figure in New York and London. Sir Ernest was born in Germany and lived in England as a young man, but he has spent most of his long life in South Africa and is a naturalized South African. He is fond of Johannesburg, having watched it grow up, and of his house there, and if a business trip to England or the United States is indicated, he usually sends some younger person—often his son Harry, who, at forty-eight, is deputy board chairman of most of the companies Sir Ernest heads.

It is not only the simplicity of Sir Ernest's life that makes him a mystery man; it is also the vastness of his wealth. People are always curious about how many times a millionaire a millionaire may be, and they are apt to be particularly curious when the millionaire's wealth comes from diamonds and gold. In Oppenheimer's case, such curiosity is bound to be frustrated. None of his colleagues or assistants would risk making a guess, far less a pronouncement, as to how much he is worth, and it is doubtful whether Sir Ernest himself knows, even though he has a remarkable head for figures. The difficulty is that his activities are so numerous and so complex. He is chairman of twenty-eight companies, including Anglo American, a sort of holding company that is involved, in one way or another, with practically all his enterprises; De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the parent company, which, ever since it was founded, in 1888, by Cecil Rhodes, has dominated the world's diamond industry; African Explosives & Chemical Industries; Orange Free State Investment Trust; N'Changa Consolidated Copper Mines; and the Rhodesia Broken Hill Development Company. He is also a director of thirteen other companies, including Tanganyika Concessions; the Société Minière du Beceka, in the Belgian Congo; and the Companhia de Diamantes de Angola, in Portuguese West Africa.

All in all, the range of Oppenheimer's operations and interests reflects the zest for expansion that has traditionally characterized De Beers. Back in the days when Cecil Rhodes was chairman of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, he received a trust deed from the British Colonial Office defining the activities that the company would be permitted to engage in; during one of the numerous bouts of litigation in which Rhodes took part, a judge examined the document and observed that it would be easier to say what De Beers couldn't do than what it could. A somewhat similar remark might be made about Oppenheimer: it would be easier to say what he doesn't control in the diamond and gold industries than what he does. One suspects that Rhodes would have thoroughly approved of his successor. Although in many respects, both physical and mental, Oppenheimer is unlike Rhodes, he has much the same approach to business. He isn't the fanatical imperialist that Rhodes was, and doesn't share Rhodes' indiscriminate passion for power (it was said that Rhodes wouldn't be happy until he ran everything in Africa, from Cape Town to Cairo), but he has made the diamond business a springboard, just as Rhodes did, for ventures into other African enterprises—predominantly mining interests, but often other things, too, such as railroads and banking. Also like Rhodes, Sir Ernest has frequently acted in behalf of his shareholders without asking their blessing. Under the headline "SIR ERNEST FOLLOWS RHODES," the London *Daily Express* reported some months ago:

> Further along the path pioneered by Cecil Rhodes go the Oppenheimers—father and son, Sir Ernest and Harry. Their Anglo American Rhodesia Development Corporation is putting up £5,000,000 for the Rhodesian Government to buy railway trucks to help in a £28,000,000 expansion plan. Just as Rhodes ... siphoned off diamond profits to start the industrialization of South Africa, Oppenheimer explains it is Anglo's policy to help finance the expansion of Rhodesia.... Those who think profits should go only to shareholders will grunt and groan at this policy.

In the light of the widespread tendency to liken Oppenheimer to the Empire Builder, it is not surprising that reporters who turned up to interview him in 1954, when he visited London after a long absence, should have thought at first that they had got hold of the wrong man. For him to have made the trip at all was unusual, and it was even more unusual for him to have consented to be interviewed. The reporters had been thinking of him as a biggish type—a captain, or generalissimo, of industry. Rhodes was a large man, tall, broad, and blond, who loved camping out on the veldt and was inclined to be boisterous in moments of relaxation. A bachelor, he was what is called a man's man, and most surviving photographs show him wearing a big hat and riding boots and carrying a gun. While he wasn't exactly flashy, and never forgot that he was a clergyman's son, he was not known for his modesty or reticence. In Sir Ernest the newspapermen found a different type, to put it mildly. It is true that at the time of the interview he was approaching his seventy-fourth birthday, whereas Rhodes was only forty-eight when he died, but even at forty-eight, or twenty-eight, Oppenheimer could have borne little resemblance to Rhodes. Very much the family man (he has been married twice and is a devoted father and grandfather), Oppenheimer is small and slender, with a close-cropped brown mustache. His manner is gentle, and his voice, though resonant, is gentle, too. He has shining brown eyes, which give his face an alert expression. In conversation, he fixes his companion with a gaze so direct and unflinching that no matter how casual the talk may be, he always gives the impression of great intensity, and of great simplicity as well. His bright brown gaze and his soft voice usually arouse in people an emotion that can perhaps be best described as protective. But although Oppenheimer is a shy man, he has seldom let his shyness carry him to extremes. When his advisers told him that he ought to meet the press, he met the press. Just before the hour set for the interview, he was anxiously protesting that he hadn't the slightest idea what to say, but

RODEO
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Now, let's see. Linda, how many teeth do you have?"

POUR UN HOMME DE CARON
A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CRÉATION SPÉCIALE DE CARON

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once he was confronted by the reporters, he talked for thirty minutes, without pausing and without using notes, and he talked brilliantly. Afterward, he answered the reporters' questions decisively, buttressing his replies with excerpts from an amazing assortment of statistics that he carries in his head. When it was all over and the reporters were leaving, he fainted. For a terrified moment, his assistants thought the strain might have killed him, but he soon revived, none the worse for his ordeal. "What else he could have expected, I don't know," Sir Ernest's wife told a caller after her husband was safely back in Johannesburg. "All that excitement, and the bad air! There he stood, in a room filled with smoke, for practically an hour, and he was talking the whole time. Of course, it was the smoke that did it. He's very strong, but after all he's an old man."

Whether it was the smoke that did it or the strain of talking to strangers, the fact is that Sir Ernest has led a relatively sheltered life. His career has included none of those interludes of cowpunching, bartending, and shipping aboard windjammers that are ordinarily part of the saga of men who start from scratch and make a fortune in the colonies, and although he has had more than his share of dramatic financial ups and downs, he has faced them in the privacy of his office and his home. He has only a few intimate friends, and these are people whom he has known and trusted, and who have known and trusted him and one another, for a long time. Shortly before Oppenheimer's most recent birthday, a member of this inner circle, who is also in his seventies, lapsed into a reminiscent mood, as septuagenarians are apt to do when one of their number is approaching another milestone. "I recall the day I first saw Ernest," he said. "It was in Kimberley, where he was working in one of the large dealers' sorting rooms. He was a newcomer to town and I wondered who he was. Kimberley was a small place in those days, and you always looked twice at strangers. Well, it was a warm summer day in 1902. His sleeves were rolled up, and I noticed his arms immediately. I thought I'd never seen such muscular arms. Ernest is still immensely strong, though you mightn't think it, he looks so lightly built. Harry Oppenheimer's the same—short and slight and sinewy. Anyway, I asked a friend of mine who worked in the sorting room, 'Who's that fellow with the big arms?' He told me it was a new man named Ernest Op-

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what is cashmere

A. Cashmere is the fine underdown of the cashmere goat.

Q. Where does it come from?

A. The Himalayan Mountains.

Q. What makes cashmere so expensive?

A. The annual clip is small while demand is very great. The area from which cashmere is gathered is inaccessible and transportation primitive and costly.

Q. What is the difference between domestic and imported cashmere sweaters?

A. All cashmere sweaters are produced from "imported" cashmere. Importations are made in three broad categories—raw fleece, yarn, and finished sweaters. Sweaters are sent direct to the retail stores — yarn and fleece to manufacturers and wholesalers.

Q. Why are some cashmeres more costly than others?

A. There are many grades of raw cashmere and the number of methods of processing are infinite; hence the best brands are more expensive.

Q. Is an expensive brand a good investment?

A. Yes. The better brands retain color and shape longer—wear better—impart greater luxury—which makes the extra cost relatively small.

Q. What does full-fashioned mean?

A. A full-fashioned sweater is *knitted* to shape whereas ordinary sweaters are cut-and-sewn; hence the shape of a full-fashioned sweater is "built in." Naturally, the shape lasts longer and the fit is better. To detect full-fashioning, look for the fashion marks at the sleeves and armholes — on the better brands at the shoulders as well.

Q. Why do some cashmere sweaters contain small dark hairs?

A. Separating the fine down from the coarse guard hairs must occur before the raw material is spun into yarn. Complete elimination of the smaller hairs is virtually impossible. Occasionally, a few of these hairs may be detected in a cashmere sweater, especially in the pastel colorings where the contrast is great.

Q. What causes pilling?

A. Pilling is the result of some of the small surface fibers curling together. It is in the underarm area where this most frequently occurs where the sleeve rubs against the body. A good grade of dry cleaning will remove most of these pills. In doing so, care must be taken not to uproot the good fiber which will cause destruction of the stitch structure and result in holes.

Q. Should cashmeres be washed or dry cleaned?

A. Given proper care, a cashmere sweater may be either washed or dry cleaned. But it is not advisable to mix the two. For best results, either dry clean OR wash for the life of the garment. If you like that special soap-and-water freshness that washing imparts, there are a number of good soaps in the market which may be used. If you prefer dry cleaning, it is important to select a cleaner accustomed to handling garments of superior quality. Poor dry cleaning can be damaging. The important thing is: keep your cashmere clean if you want to prolong its life.

Q. Why does white cashmere turn yellow with age?

A. All fibers are subject to chemical change. In cashmere, the only known effect is a slight creaminess in tone. This tendency is accelerated by repeated washings or dry cleaning due to the gradual build-up of deposits such as soap or detergents or other cleaning agents. Drying at higher than room temperature, or exposure to the sun's rays, also contributes to this effect.

Q. Why do certain colors feel different to the touch?

A. The difference in technique required to dye each color will sometimes cause a slight variation in touch.

Q. Why do sizes vary?

A. Manufacturers use different dimensions according to their concepts. Some like roomy sweaters while others favor a more sleek appearance. Style is also a factor. Dressmaker sweaters are usually on the slim side while classics will be found a bit fuller. Again, due to the delicacy of the cashmere fiber, a certain amount of variation will always take place in any given size. In the better brands, such variations are less pronounced.

Q. Do moths attack cashmere sweaters?

A. Moths have an affinity for cashmere. Apparently, nature has given them a taste for a rich diet! Certain brands are permanently mothproofed.

Q. How should cashmere sweaters be stored?

A. They should first be cleaned, then carefully folded in individual bags, away from heat and sunlight.

Q. What is the ultimate in sweater luxury?

A. Cashmere. There is nothing finer or more beautiful.

The name is Hadley

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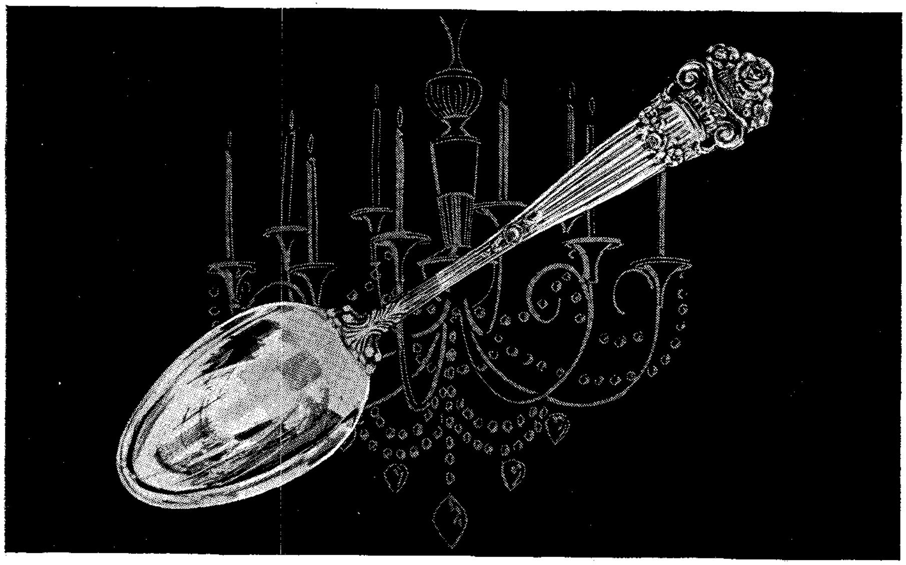
For complete booklet "What is Cashmere?", which also includes washing instructions, write Hadley Cashmeres, 580 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

A Return to Elegance



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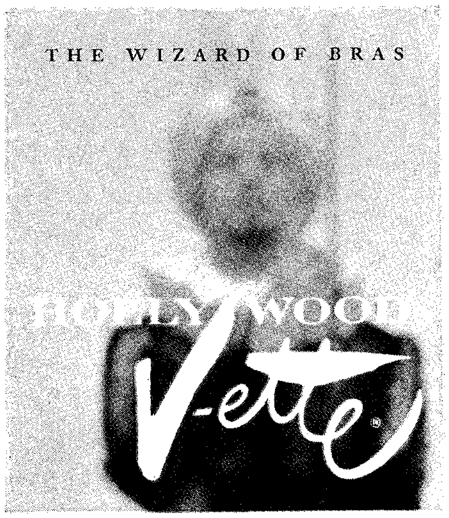
penheimer, who'd just been sent out from London. 'I don't think very much of him from what I've seen so far,' he said. 'He's terribly bashful, and he doesn't seem to be very bright.' I never saw that fellow in later years that I didn't rub in what he'd said about Ernest Oppenheimer. I never let him forget it."

There are, naturally, a good many people in Johannesburg and other centers of European South Africa who are acquainted with Oppenheimer, and know a good deal about him, but aren't on intimate terms with him—employees, neighbors, and so on. In the manner of small communities of Europeans surrounded and outnumbered by another race, Johannesburg—or, rather, white Johannesburg—is ingrown, and tends to be gossipy about its local celebrities. Its malice, like that of a university faculty, is practiced and sharp. One might suppose that this state of affairs, combined with a natural envy of the Oppenheimer wealth, would give rise to a quantity of unkind comment about Sir Ernest and his family from the rest of Johannesburg. Somehow, though, he is usually spared such comment. Even Sir Ernest's political opponents—and he has many, for he is an active adherent of the United Party, which is fighting the Nationalist government—show a similar forbearance. Although they sometimes attack Sir Ernest's corporations with a bitterness that shocks travellers from more inhibited lands, they leave him personally alone. The reason for all this restraint is not that the gossips and politicians are afraid of Sir Ernest; there are lots of other rich men in South Africa, and they get the works. Sir Ernest's kindly, unassuming personality doubtless has much to do with it, and so does the fact that he lives quietly; the natural public envy of a rich man is not exacerbated in his case by the spectacle of wild extravagance. Moreover, he is generous, and he is quiet about that, too. Many of his donations are on the record—for example, he recently gave a hundred thousand pounds to Oxford University to help found its new Queen Elizabeth House, which will be devoted to the study of British Commonwealth relations—but his friends suspect there have been many more, which he just isn't talking about.

Ernest Oppenheimer was born in Friedberg, near Frankfurt am Main, in 1880, the fifth, and youngest, son of Edward Oppenheimer, a cigar



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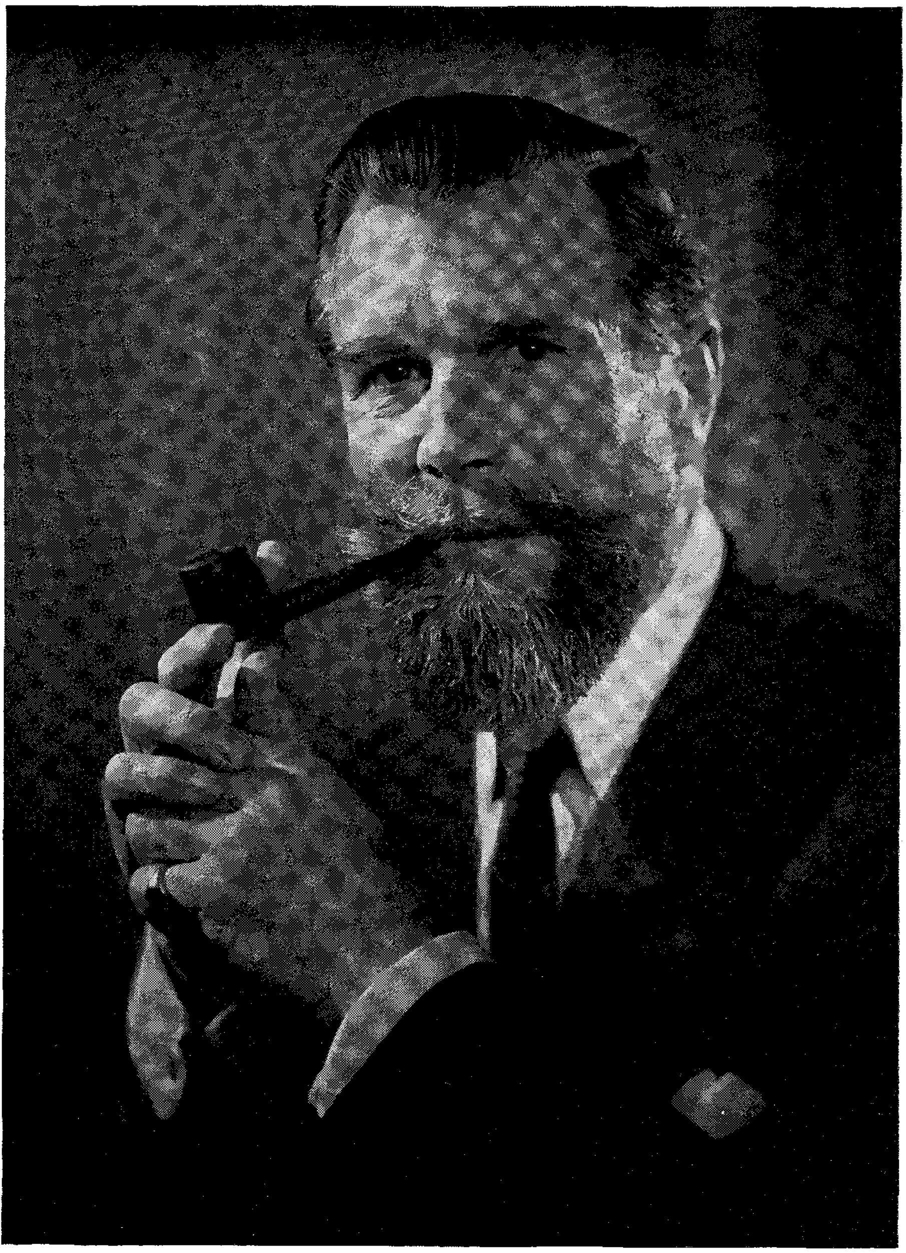
merchant. The revolution of 1848 and its reactionary aftermath had prompted some of the Oppenheimers' relatives to follow the example of a good many other liberal-minded middle-class Germans and get out of the country while the getting was good, and several of them had settled in England. As the Oppenheimer boys grew up, most of them looked up their relatives across the Channel and found jobs in London. One of Ernest's brothers, Bernard, went to work in the London office of A. Dunkelsbuhler & Co., a thriving diamond-trading concern, and in 1896 he wrote home to say that the firm might have an opening as an apprentice for Ernest, then sixteen. The elder Oppenheimer, who had by this time grown accustomed to parting with his children, gave his consent.

In London, Ernest took a room in Camden Town, a quiet section of the city, and went to work for Dunkelsbuhler, whose offices were in Hatton Garden, the diamond center of London. As an apprentice, he was taught to grade and sort rough stones on the basis of size, color, and purity. Ernest enjoyed the work—to this day, he says, he likes the look and feel of uncut stones—and he made good progress. Within a couple of years, he was known throughout Hatton Garden as a good judge of stones, and he had also learned a great deal about the commercial aspects of the diamond business. In 1902, after six years in London, he was transferred to Dunkelsbuhler's outpost in Kimberley, the South African town where the diamond rush had started and the big De Beers mines were located.

Oppenheimer was twenty-two years old when he went to South Africa. He was keenly ambitious and knew exactly what he wanted, but his goal seemed so far out of reach that he hesitated to mention it, even to his brothers. What he wanted was to make a huge fortune—specifically, fifty thousand pounds—and retire. He figured that if he could save that amount and invest it wisely at five per cent, he would have an annual income of twenty-five hundred pounds and could spend the rest of his life reading and studying. But he was ready to admit that realizing this ambition was highly improbable, and in the meantime, as he waited to find out just how improbable it was, he went to the Dunkelsbuhler office in Kimberley every day, rolled up his sleeves, and helped sort diamonds.

In 1902, Kimberley wasn't the rough mining camp it had been thirty



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CAPABLE HANDS

Although those hands are pretty well adapted to the business end of a brassie, we're speaking here largely in the figurative sense. The gentleman doesn't happen to be a musician, craftsman, or physician. He *has* made a notably successful career in the highly complex field of investment management. Mr. Joseph E. Morris, Executive Vice President of our Trust Affiliate is in charge of our Investment Advisory Service and Pension Trust Division. As Senior Investment Officer, Mr. Morris serves as advisor to many corporations, individuals, and banks. He was for a number of years a member of the faculty of the Rutgers Graduate School of Banking.

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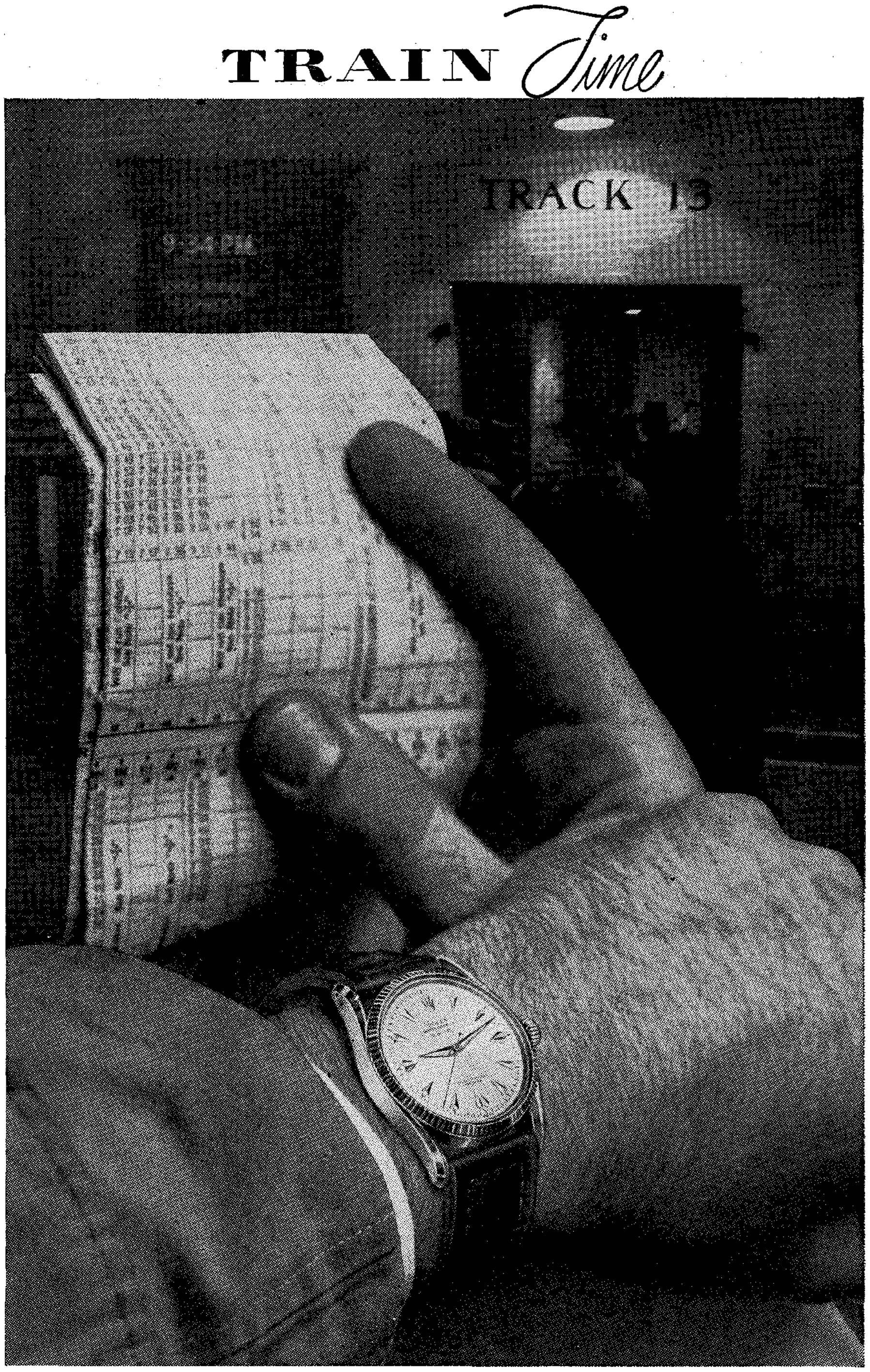
years earlier, at the height of the rush. The miners' tents and shacks had given way to solid dwellings, shops, and office buildings, and the sense of urgency, of get-rich-quick, that once animated the place had moved on to Johannesburg, where many of the former Kimberley magnates were happily making their second or third or fourth fortune, this time in gold. Kimberley was far from dead—the mines were working and diamonds were rising steadily to the surface—but it was already turning into what it is today, a residential community whose citizens live quietly and like to talk about old times. In those days, however, the times they were talking about were not very old. They were talking about Rhodes, who died a few weeks after Oppenheimer arrived, and about the Boer War, which had only just ended, and about one of the incidents that had helped bring on the war—Jameson's Raid, a futile attempt made in 1895 by Dr. Leander Starr Jameson to overthrow the Boer government in the Transvaal. Social life in Kimberley may not have been especially varied or stimulating, but people did come to know one another very well. One of the first people Oppenheimer came to know there was Jameson, a belligerent little man, generally known as Dr. Jim. The Doctor had lived down the stigma of the raid so successfully that in 1900 he was elected to the South African House of Assembly. (In 1904, he became Prime Minister.) "Dr. Jim used to spend a lot of time in Kimberley, and he generally stayed at the boarding house I was living in," Oppenheimer has recalled. "I can still see him sitting on the stoep, his right leg crossed over his left, reading about swashbucklers."

Sir Ernest believes it was a piece of advice Jameson gave him that enabled him eventually to exceed his idea of a fortune by so phenomenal a margin. As he remembers the incident, he complained to the Doctor one day that though he was rising in the firm, his youth was still a handicap. "I work as hard as any of the other fellows, if not harder," he told Jameson, "yet I have a feeling that they don't respect me."

"That's just the trouble," the Doctor replied. "Nobody's going to respect you for working hard. Don't sort diamonds. Let the other fellows do the sorting." Taking the older man's words to heart, Oppenheimer soon got out of the sorting room and spent his time buying and selling diamonds that had been sorted by lesser mortals or busying



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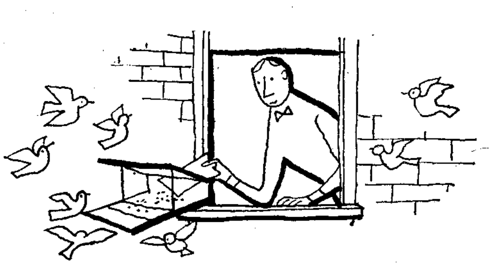
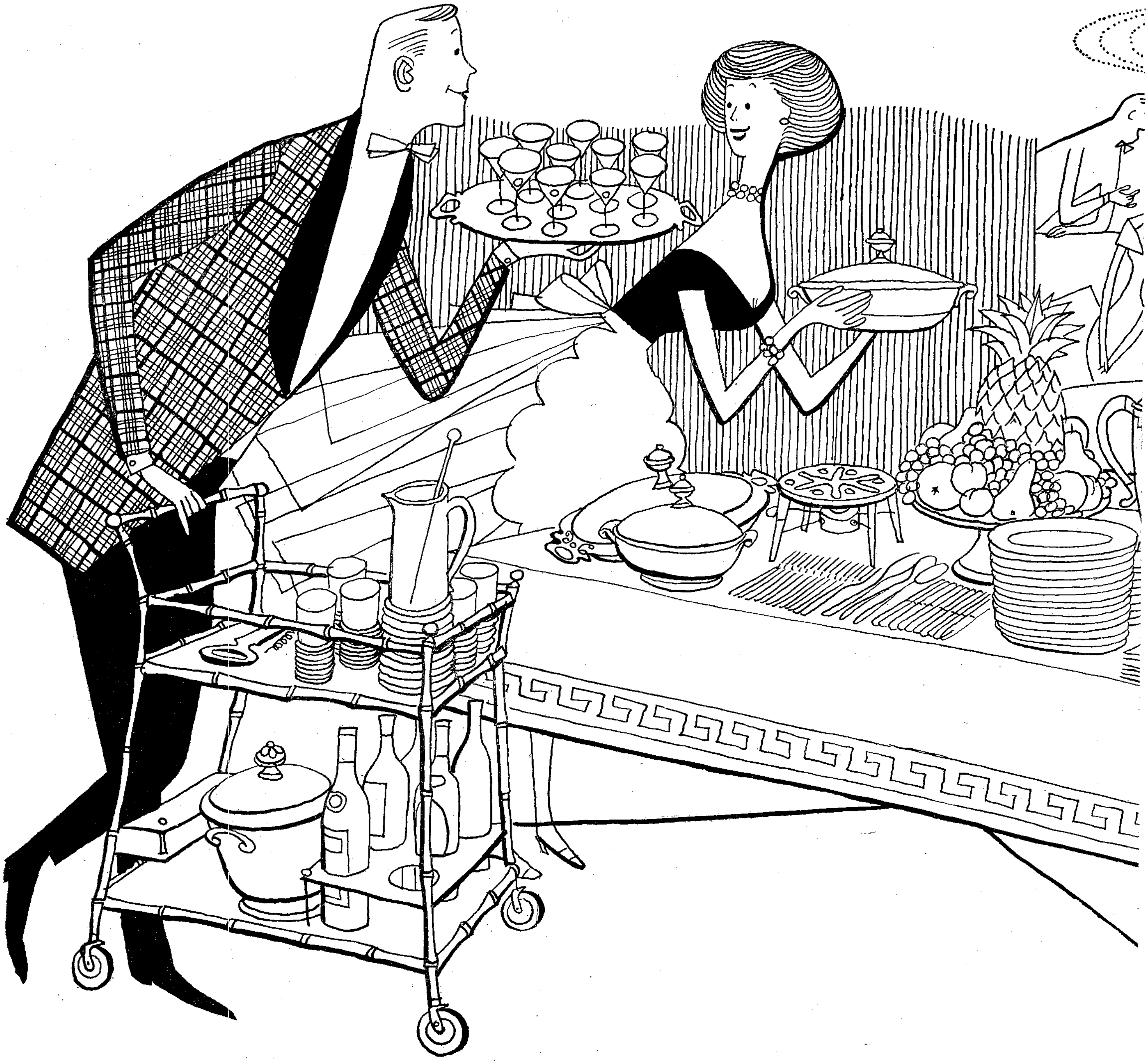


but people in the Holiday Mood



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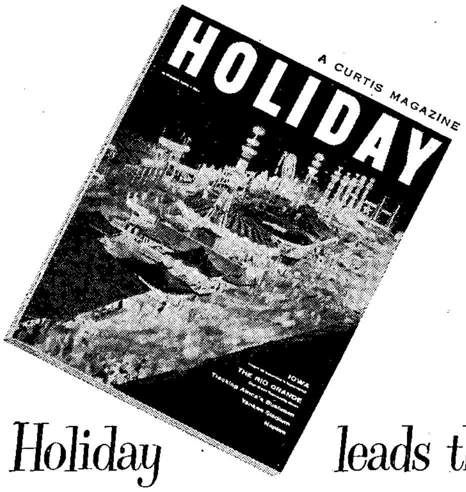

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Holiday leads the new life of leisure

himself with still loftier aspects of the diamond business. Before long, he had accumulated a little money of his own, and, like everybody in Kimberley in those days who had any spare cash, he invested it in one diamond enterprise or another. Eventually, his outside activities consumed a great deal of his time, and he gave up his regular job at Dunkelsbuhler, though he was to be connected with the firm, in one capacity or another, for many years.

Within a year of his transfer to Kimberley, Oppenheimer was feeling so thoroughly at home in his new surroundings and had grown so confident of his future there that he gave up any idea of ultimately returning to Germany or England, and became a citizen of South Africa. He had not relinquished old ties completely, however, and in the spring of 1906 he went back to London for a visit. This was in the nature of a homecoming, for by then all four of his brothers—Bernard, Gustav, Louis, and Otto—were living in England. Louis had married a London girl named Charlotte Pollak, who had a younger sister, Mary Lina, and by the end of the year Ernest was on his way back to Kimberley with Mary Lina as his wife. People who knew Mary Lina Oppenheimer—she died twenty years ago—agree that she was a most unusual woman, with a singular understanding of the mysteries of finance. "She had a man's mind," one of them said not long ago. "A mind like a razor. Sometimes I used to think she was as shrewd a businessman as Ernest." The couple had two children—Harry Frederick, who was born in 1908, and Frank Leslie, born two years later. Frank was drowned in his early twenties, while swimming off the coast of Madeira.

Back in Kimberley with his bride, Oppenheimer found the diamond business in a slump, owing to a general economic depression. By 1908, diamonds had become so hard to sell that the Kimberley mines were forced to close down. To make matters worse, diamonds were discovered around that time at Lüderitzbucht, on the coast of German South-West Africa. Traditionally, the diamond industry shudders at any unexpected strike, and this one turned out to be worse than most, since the German mineowners quickly showed that they had no intention of coöperating with the Kimberley people to maintain prices. The price of diamonds tumbled, and Oppenheimer cannily determined not to let his future fortune depend solely on a commodity

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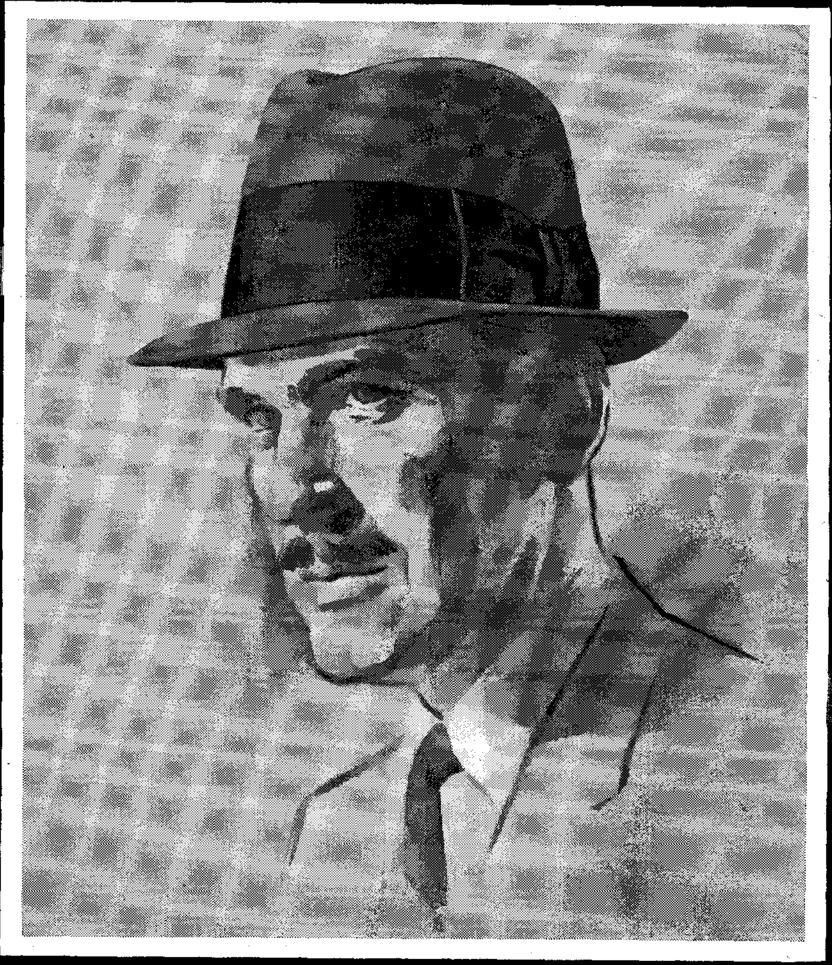

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that could fluctuate so widely. He began to branch out, buying modest stakes in coal mines, base-metal mines, and—most important, as it turned out—some gold mines in the Rand, which were being developed by a firm called the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, with headquarters in Johannesburg. In 1914, Oppenheimer was named resident director of Consolidated, and started to spend a good deal of time in Johannesburg, though he did not actually become a resident.

Indeed, he was just then demonstrating in an unprecedented fashion that he was a resident of Kimberley. In the Kimberley of those times, as in most mining communities, it was not the custom for the town's higher-ranking citizens—those engaged in making a fortune—to show any interest in municipal affairs, much less to hold office in the local government. Such things were left to tradespeople and hangers-on. Oppenheimer isn't sure today just why he did it, but in 1908 he ran for the City Council, and was elected. "Of course, it was a small thing, getting elected to the council," he recalls now, "but it was big to me. No one in my group had done anything like it before." Four years later, at the age of thirty-two, Oppenheimer was elected mayor of Kimberley—an honor that he looks back on with mixed feelings. Things went splendidly the first year, and they got off to a good start the following year—1914—but then they began going very badly indeed.

In the early part of that year, Oppenheimer was not giving much thought to political developments in Europe, nor were his fellow-townsfolk. Instead, they were absorbed in a troublesome local rivalry between Kimberley and the town of Beaconsfield, its very close neighbor. Beaconsfield would have been a suburb of Kimberley if Kimberley had been big enough to lay claim to a suburb. As it was, Beaconsfield was just a younger settlement, housing the overflow from Kimberley. For some time, there had been a good deal of inter-municipal jealousy, accompanied by squabbles over utility services, police protection, and the like, and to Oppenheimer's way of thinking it was a silly business; after all, the two communities were separated by a mere two miles, and that in-between area was rapidly filling up with houses. Early in 1914, he managed to consolidate the sister towns under the name of Kimberley, and this is an accomplishment in which he still takes considerable pride.

Then the war broke out, and South

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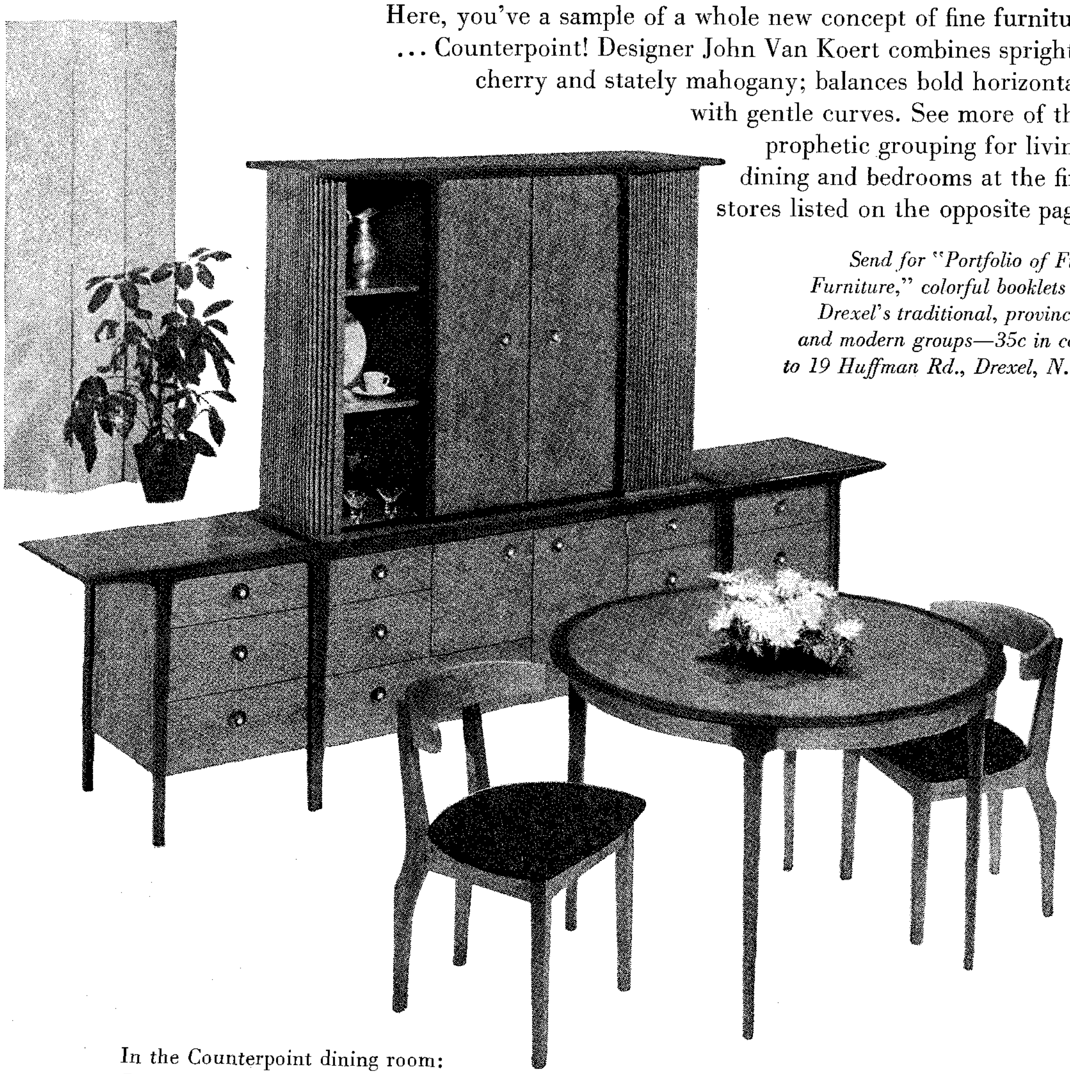

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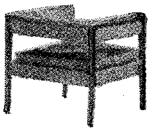
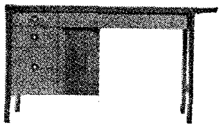
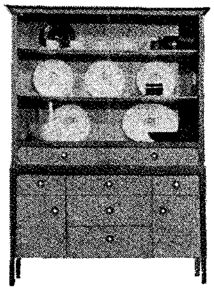


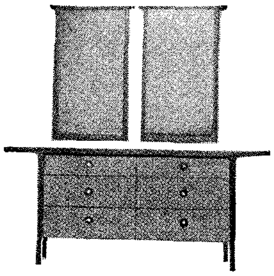
Square Tub Chair, $119



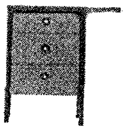
Typewriter Desk, $179



Buffet, $155; Deck, $179



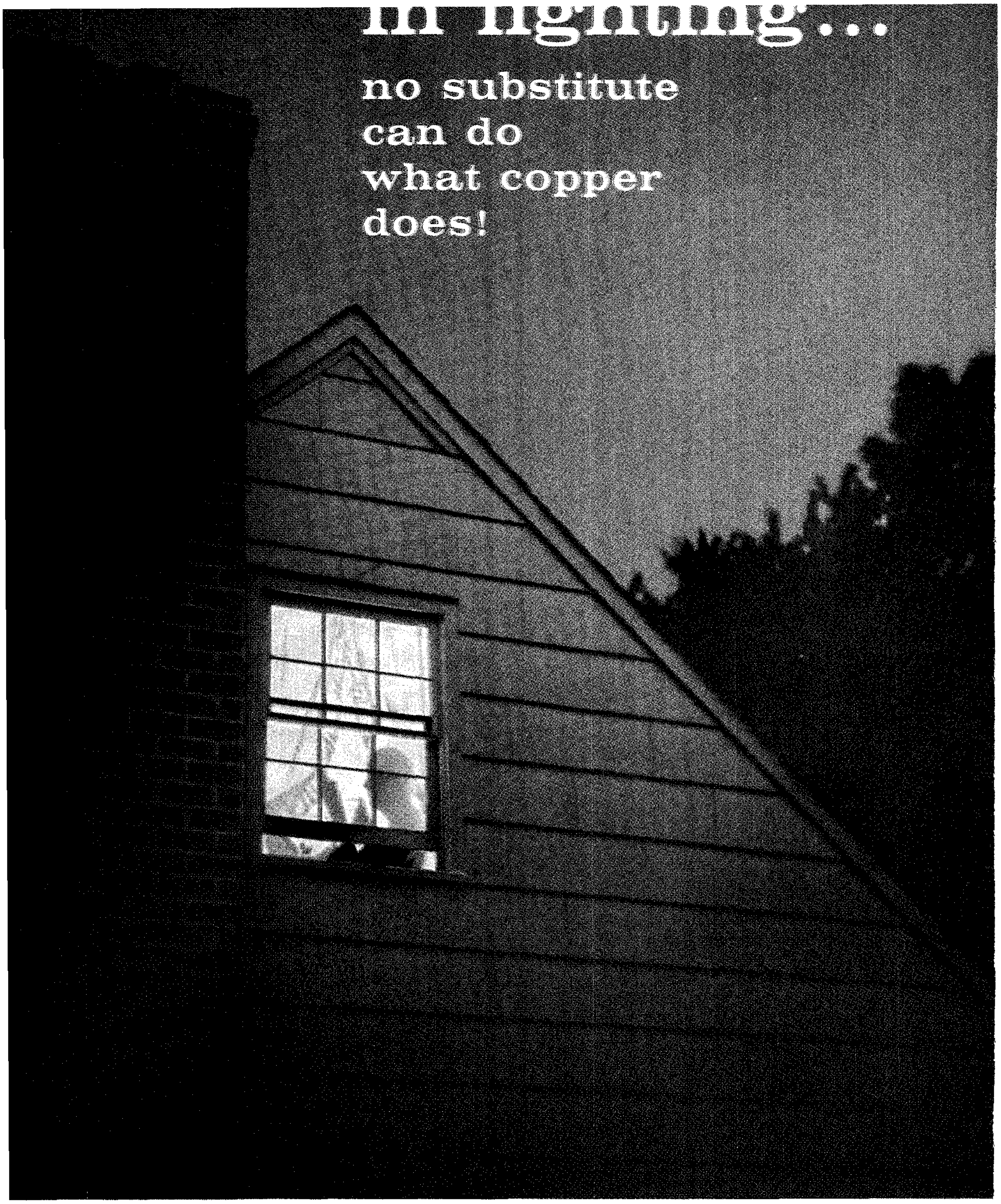
Span Dresser, $155; Mirrors, $29 each



Right Span Chest, $78

by Drexel

DREXEL FURNITURE COMPANY, DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA



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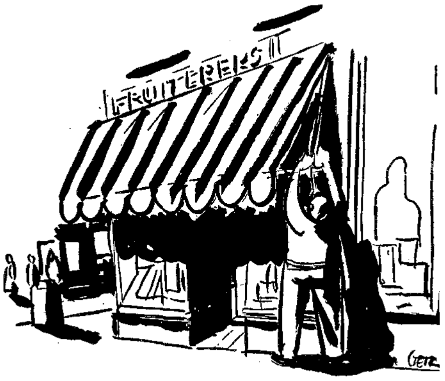
Africa went into it on the Allies' side. For a while, nobody in South Africa was busier than the young Mayor of Kimberley. Intent on defeating the Kaiser, he helped to recruit and finance the 2nd Battalion of the Kimberley Regiment and launched a fund for the relief of soldiers' families. The war created a lot of ticklish situations in South Africa, since a substantial proportion of the colonists were troubled by mixed loyalties. Oppenheimer was aware of this, of course, but it didn't occur to him that there could be any doubt of his loyalty, and he was bitterly offended when it came to his attention that people were whispering about him. "General Botha had already taken South-West Africa, and General Smuts was driving the Germans out of East Africa," he recalls, with just a trace of the old rancor, "and then people suddenly remembered that *I* didn't have an English name."

To be sure, many other people were suffering from this sort of thing. In England, the Dunkelsbuhlers changed their name to Dunkel, and even Prince Louis of Battenberg bowed to the voice of hysteria, and became Louis Mountbatten. Oppenheimer, however, didn't try to take that way out; he didn't like the idea, and anyway it wouldn't have worked in Kimberley, where everybody knew him. What outraged him was that, after all the time he'd been in public life there, everybody didn't know him better. One evening, a mob gathered outside his house and threw stones at it, and the next day, as it began to grow dark, the chief of police sent one of his men around to guard the place. Late that night, Oppenheimer invited the guard in to sit down and have a glass of something. They had an amiable chat, and after a while Oppenheimer asked the man his name. "Schumann," the guard replied.

All during the whispering campaign, Oppenheimer had had a growing inclination to resign his office and leave Kimberley, but until that moment he had resisted it; now the irony of this



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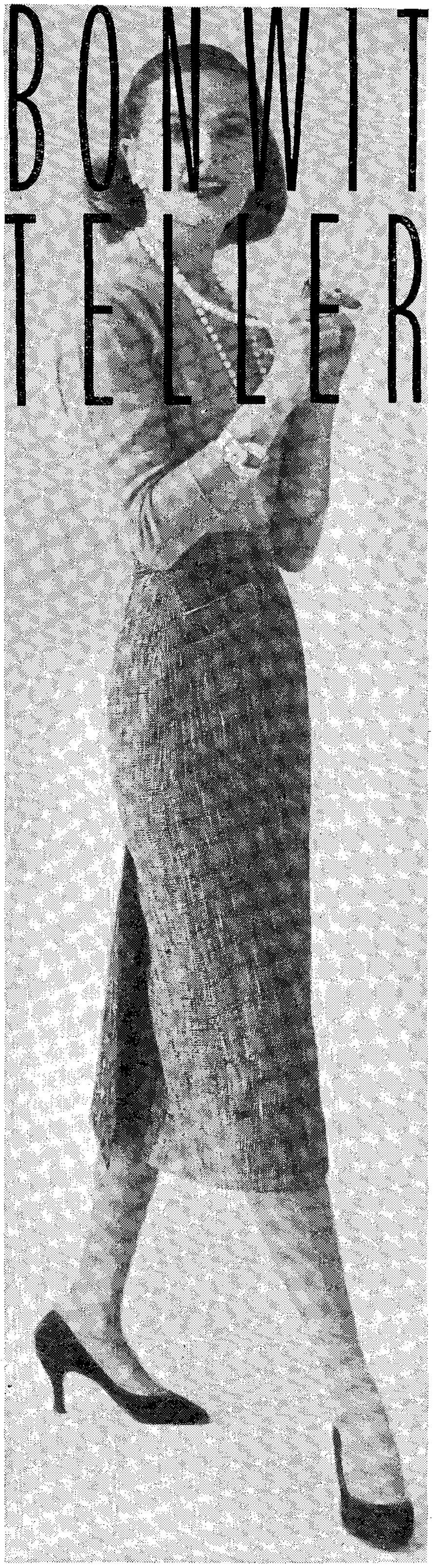
relatively trivial incident made up his mind for him. He and his family packed their things and departed, going first to a resort hotel at Sea Point—a magnificent stretch of beach at the foot of the mountains just west of Cape Town. For days, Oppenheimer walked the sands or climbed the rocks and sat looking out over the sea as he struggled with his disappointment and resentment and tried to make up his mind what to do next. Theoretically, in planning his future, he had a wide range of careers to choose from. He was only thirty-six, he had substantial reserves of capital, and, at least among levelheaded people, he had a good reputation as a businessman and a citizen. But the prejudices he had encountered imposed certain limits on his choice. He decided that while he would stay on in South Africa, he would never return to Kimberley. More and more, his mind turned to the gold mines in the Rand, and in the end he determined to become a bona-fide resident director of Consolidated Mines Selection and settle in Johannesburg. He has lived there ever since.

ONE of Oppenheimer's associates at C.M.S. was an American mining engineer named W. L. Honnold. The men became friendly, and Honnold told Oppenheimer that he had a hunch there was gold in the East Rand, about fifty miles east of the deposits that were then being worked. After carefully weighing Honnold's arguments, Oppenheimer agreed that they seemed sound, and he and Honnold decided to investigate further by means of borings, and meanwhile to start quietly buying up land in the East Rand. To do this, however, would require more money than the two men could put up, and, accordingly, in 1917 they organized a company, with Oppenheimer as chairman and Honnold as a director (he remained one until his death, in 1950), which they called the Anglo American Corporation of South Africa, in the hope that the name would awaken a response in the only group of investors likely to have ready cash at the time—Americans. Among Honnold's friends was Herbert Hoover, then known primarily as a mining engineer, who was in London as head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Honnold went to England and made arrangements for a meeting with him. Oppenheimer arrived in London shortly afterward, and the three men held a conference in the Savoy Hotel, where Honnold doubtless presented the technical and scientific arguments in favor of



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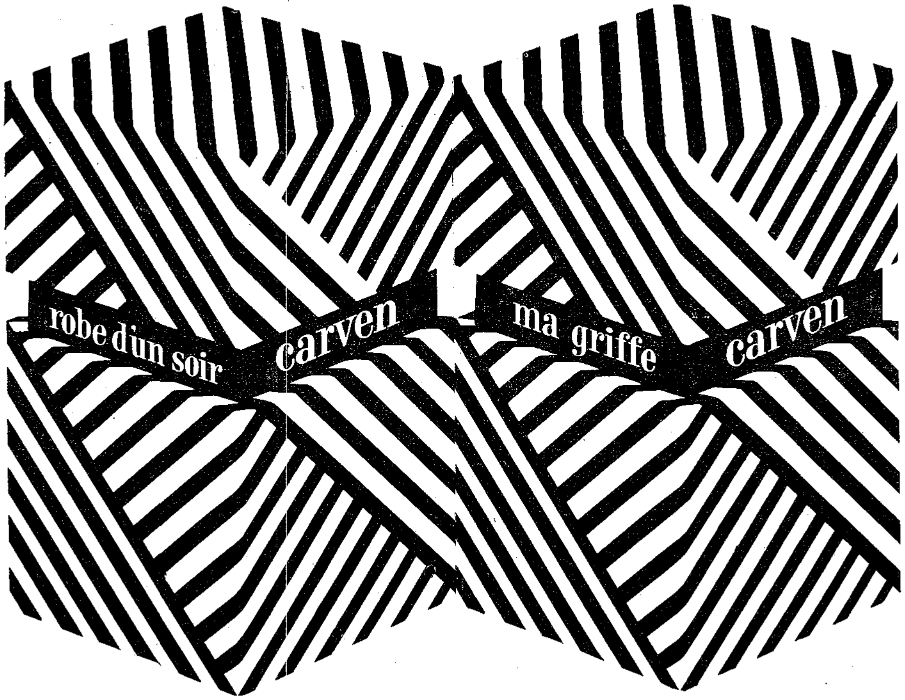
the project and Oppenheimer explained its financial intricacies. Hoover appears to have been impressed. He told the partners that he was pretty sure he could raise some American money, and mentioned J. P. Morgan & Co. as a likely bet. At any rate, he said, he'd see what he could do.

With this promising prospect to mull over at sea, Oppenheimer set out from Southampton on September 10, 1918, aboard the British liner Galway Castle, bound for Cape Town. He did not have long to mull. Early in the morning of the third day out, the ship was torpedoed, two hundred miles southwest of Land's End. There weren't enough lifeboats to handle the passengers, and Oppenheimer was one of several men who volunteered to take their chances swimming and hanging on to the boats. It was a stormy sea, many of the boats capsized, and more than a hundred persons drowned, but Oppenheimer managed to swim around for an hour before he was picked up by a rescuing destroyer. He and the other survivors were taken back to England, and just before Germany surrendered, he sailed for home again. This time, he made it. Three years later, Oppenheimer was knighted, in recognition of his services to the Empire during the war—specifically, during the early part of it, before he was practically run out of Kimberley. As Sir Ernest, he bore no grudge against his former neighbors, and in 1924 they admitted how mistaken they had been by electing him to the House of Assembly as the Member for Kimberley (in the Union of South Africa, as in Britain, an M.P. may live in one place and represent another)—a position he held for fourteen years.

As for Anglo American, it turned out that Herbert Hoover had not been overoptimistic. J. P. Morgan & Co. and several other American backers invested close to five million dollars in the young corporation, and operations started in the East Rand. Honnold's hunch soon proved correct—so emphatically correct that Oppenheimer began looking about for other ventures Anglo American might engage in. He didn't have to look far. German South-West Africa was taken over by Britain after the war, and British capital was thereupon free to move in. In 1919, Anglo American did so; its chairman bought a controlling interest in the old German mining firms, which had gone broke during the war, and merged them into a single company, called Consolidated Diamond Mines of South-West Africa, Ltd. Before the year was out, this com-



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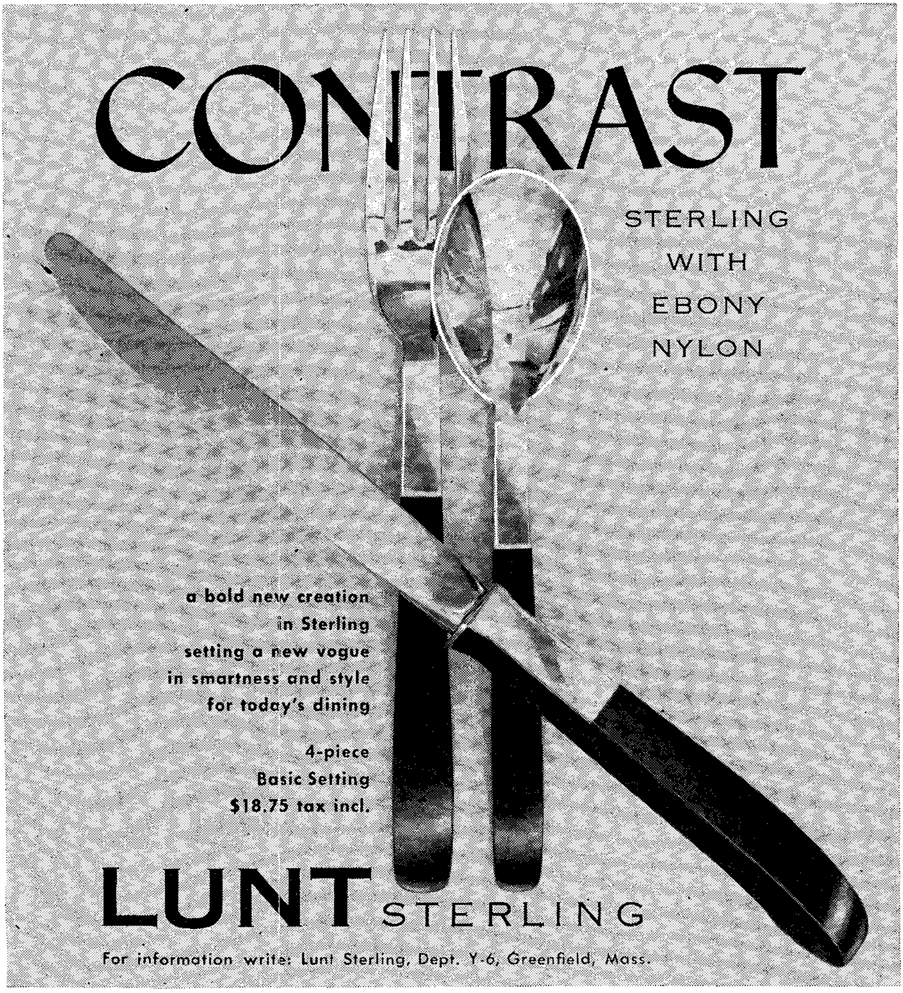

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pany was accounting for a fifth of all diamonds produced, and Oppenheimer, still not quite forty, was an important figure in the diamond world—a power to be reckoned with.

At the time, the diamond world was dominated by two institutions—De Beers Consolidated Mines, the greatest single producer, and the Diamond Syndicate, the principal marketing agency. In the seventeen years following Rhodes' death, De Beers had grown stodgy and unimaginative—Rhodes would never have permitted an outsider like Oppenheimer to beat him to South-West Africa—and it had complacently watched several competitors spring up and threaten Rhodes' basic principle of gearing production to demand. As for the Syndicate, it was an organization—formed in 1890 by a dozen or so important dealers and maintained, with occasional changes in membership, thereafter—that contracted to purchase the De Beers output and market it at fixed prices. Like De Beers, the Syndicate had come to take a hidebound view of its functions; its members, who operated separately, with no common capital, made only haphazard efforts to sign up new producers, and were in no position to cope collectively with big diamond strikes. Now, in 1919, contemplating De Beers and the Syndicate from his new eminence, Oppenheimer found them woefully behind the times, and, in the interests of getting the diamond industry back on a sound basis, he determined to challenge their leadership—not from without, which would have been unbusinesslike and reckless, but from within. In the case of the Syndicate, this was relatively easy. He had kept up his connection with Dunkelsbuhler, one of the Syndicate members, and he proceeded to form alliances with other members, to such good effect that in 1925 he and his allies were able to take over the Syndicate, which then became known as the Oppenheimer Syndicate. Penetrating De Beers was a good deal more difficult; though he had friends in the company, these included few, if any, of the directors, who had a good idea what he thought of them. But early in the twenties Oppenheimer started buying De Beers stock wherever he could—a little here, a little there—and by April, 1926, he was a sufficiently powerful shareholder to be appointed to the company's board.

While Oppenheimer was carrying out his program, the diamond business continued to have its troubles. After the inevitable postwar boom, the inevitable

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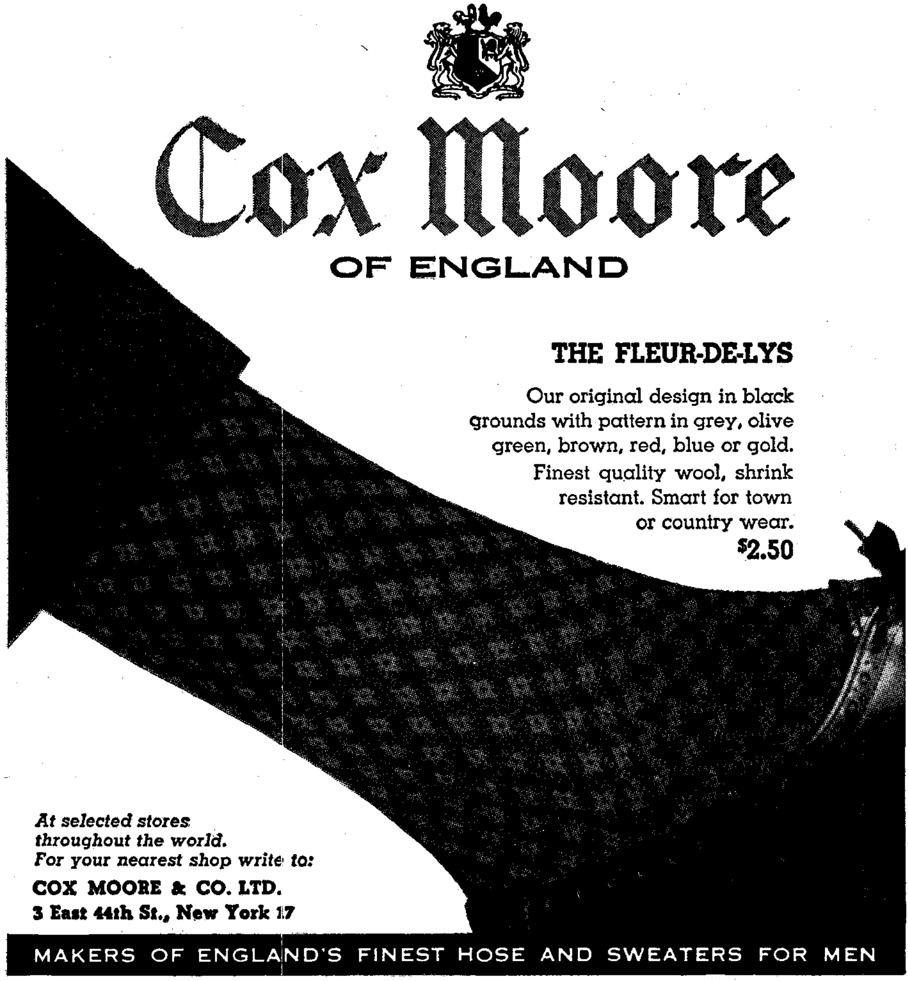

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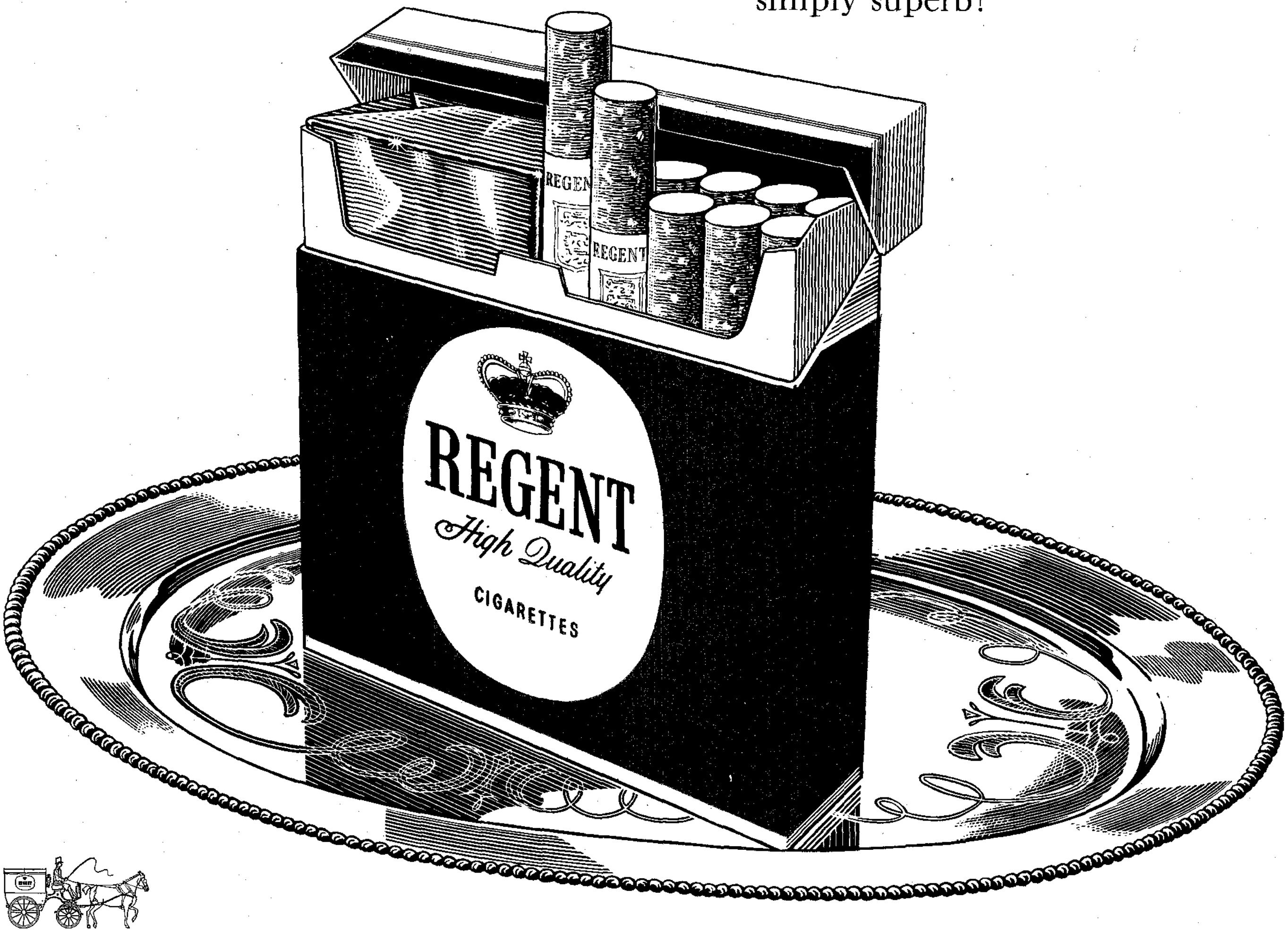
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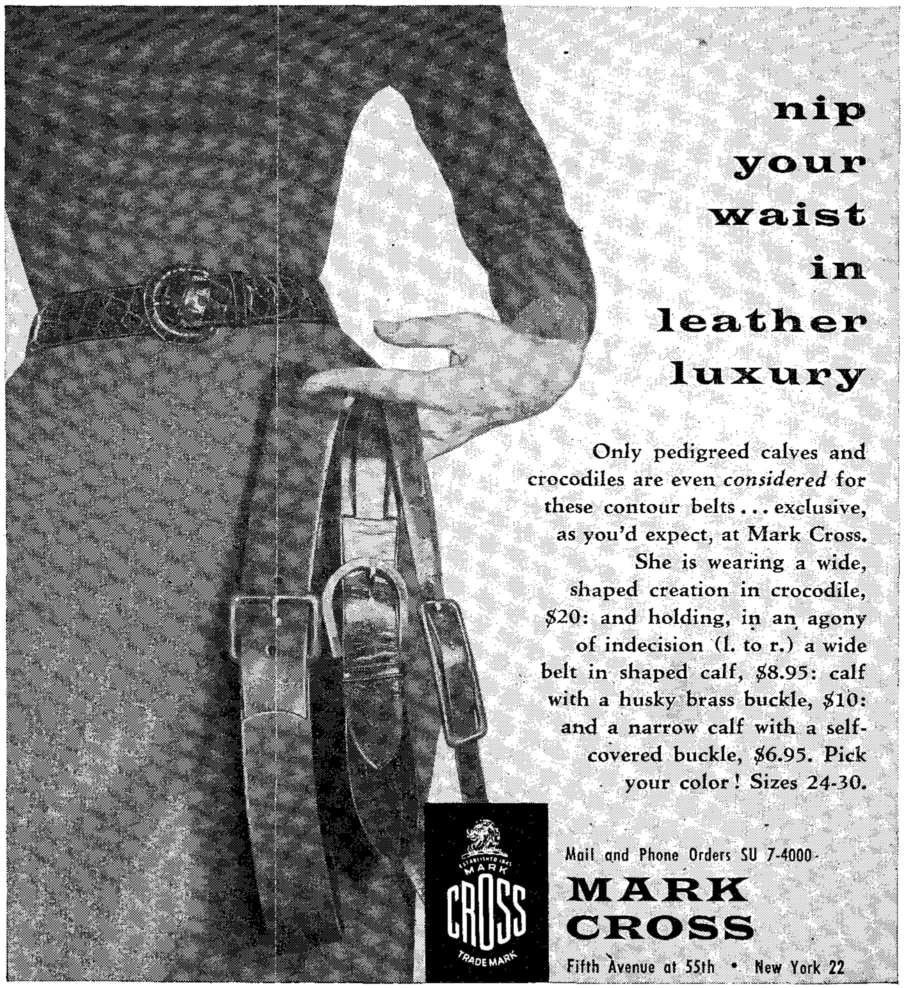

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depression had overtaken the industry, and stayed with it until 1922. Then the market rallied. Anglo American opened a new plant in South-West Africa, diamond mines all over South Africa were making a good recovery, and everything seemed ready to hum when, in August, 1926, just four months after Oppenheimer's appointment to the De Beers board, the industry received one of the severest shocks in its history—the discovery of rich alluvial diamond fields around Lichtenburg, in the Transvaal. Private prospectors swarmed to Lichtenburg, much as they had swarmed to Kimberley half a century before; in their wake came a horde of independent dealers, delighted at this chance to circumvent the Syndicate, and the prospectors began selling their finds to whatever dealers they could for whatever sums they could get, which were invariably well below the Syndicate prices. And then, early in 1927, while the diamond industry was still groggy from this blow, there was another huge alluvial strike, six hundred miles away—in Namaqualand, on the Atlantic coast—and another flood of diamonds threatened to engulf the market.

As it worked out, these disasters helped clear the way for Oppenheimer's rise to power. For the moment, however, his chief concern was damming the flood. He was in London during the worst of it, and he sent a strong cable to De Beers, urging the company to move in on the alluvial diggings and get control of them, but his fellow-directors, worried though they were by the new developments, refused to budge; they cabled a reply to the effect that in 1893 Rhodes had said alluvial diamonds did not interest him. This was enough for Sir Ernest. Bypassing the lethargic De Beers crowd, he started buying up all the alluvial land he could around Lichtenburg and in Namaqualand, and, even more important, he and the other members of the Syndicate launched a massive campaign to buy up the alluvial stones and store them away until the market should settle down again. The latter move was perilously expensive—the members of the Syndicate, among them, had to lay out eight million pounds in two years—but it worked. Production at Lichtenburg reached its peak late in 1927, the Namaqualand output dropped off a year or so after that, and by early 1929 the greater part of the diamonds dug at both places were resting in the coffers of the shaken members of the Syndicate.

As 1929 went on, the diamond in-

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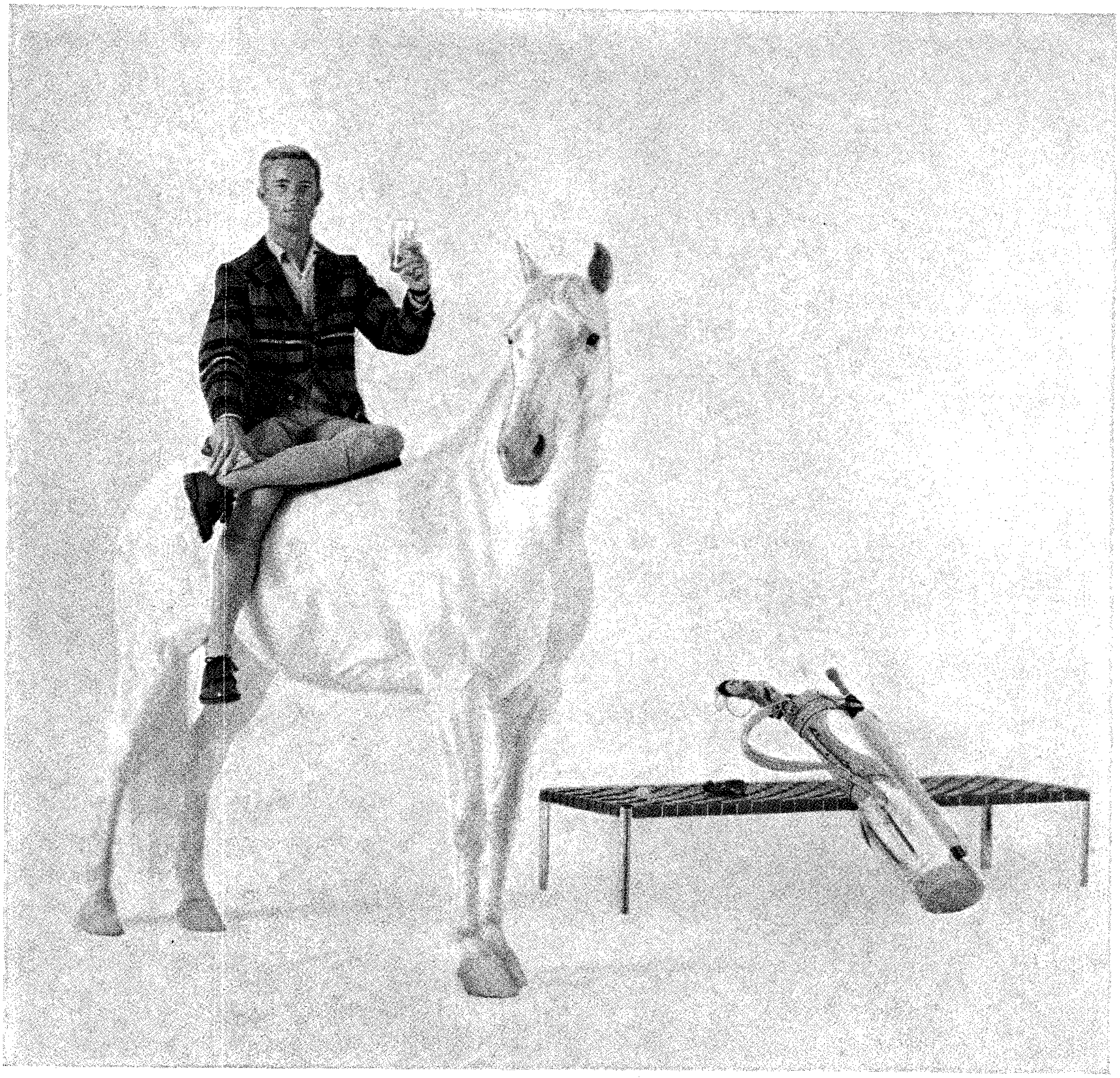

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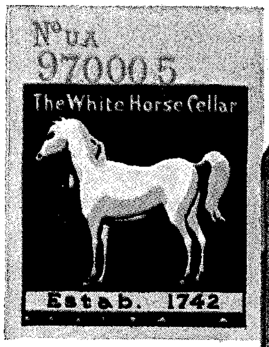
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dustry breathed a little easier. There was such an enormous stock of diamonds on hand that De Beers slowed down production at the mines and its dividends dwindled to the vanishing point, but the members of the Syndicate hopefully began trying to restore their old channels of trade, and it looked as if after a few months things might really get back to normal. Then, in October, came the stock-market crash in New York, and the diamond industry was in for it again. At the time, De Beers had no chairman—only an acting chairman. The company's need of a strong leader was obvious, and the board of directors held a special meeting in Cape Town on December 20, 1929, to deal with the problem. In the course of the deliberations, Sir Ernest referred pointedly to the large interests that he had in the industry—in South-West Africa, in Lichtenburg, in Namaqualand—and went on to outline the best future strategy for De Beers as he saw it. Tardily and reluctantly, the other directors realized that here was a man who at least seemed to know what to do about diamonds, and they elected him chairman, on what was practically his own proposal. "You see, I had clear ideas," he said recently, recollecting that meeting.

Oppenheimer needed clear ideas during the months and years that followed this remarkable maneuver. Immediately after his appointment as chairman, he began taking action on a variety of fronts, and the result of this action was the massive structure that is De Beers today. First, he had De Beers buy all of Anglo American's diamond mines and fields, and then set out to win control of as many independent mines and alluvial diggings as possible—a policy that was to be followed assiduously, and successfully, for a decade. Oppenheimer also lost no time tackling the problem of marketing. In 1930, in order to replace the old Diamond Syndicate with an organization that would have cohesiveness, resilience, and a sure source of capital, he set up a firm called the Diamond Corporation, capitalized at two and a half million pounds, with the producers and dealers contributing equally. De Beers, of course, was to do all its trading through the new corporation, and Oppenheimer went to work to persuade independent producers and dealers to do all their trading through it, too. In 1930, 1931, and 1932, diamond-mining operations faltered again, then slowed to a crawl, and finally ceased altogether, while the diamond trade consisted of little more than sitting

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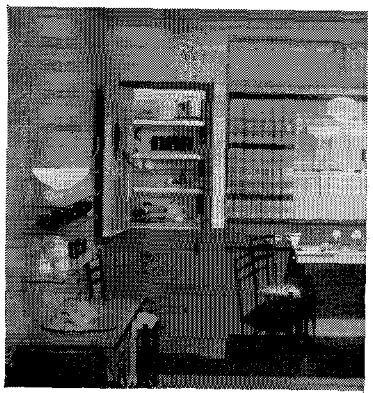

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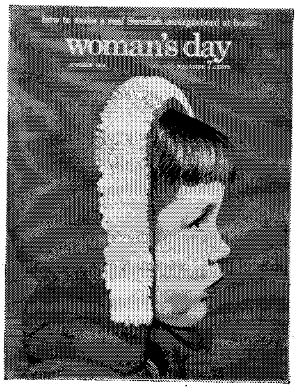

"Mm-m-m-m...*ostron i gele.* (Haven't had some real ostron i gele in months!) And look: *Köttbullar.* Must take some of that. And *Fläsk-ock Kalvsylta*—yes, of course!"

In the October issue of WOMAN'S DAY, Olivia Risberg has prepared what we believe to be *the* definitive how-to article on authentic Swedish Smörgåsbord—including tips on arranging the bountiful table (or is it a bord, Olivia?), recipes for no less than 25 of the most popular Smörgåsbord specialties; even the correct order in which you're supposed to make your way from course to course.

In the same issue, read how Dinah Shore resolved an unusual problem that developed when she adopted a child . . . how you can trade in your house like a car . . . how to make your child a terrific success at the next costume party...how to make doll clothes on an assembly line for your church bazaar.

Also, how to make closet space out of thin air...how to make heads or tails out of the football game when the menfolk turn it on ...how to—sorry, we're out of space—but there's lots *more* in October WOMAN'S DAY now on sale at the A&P.

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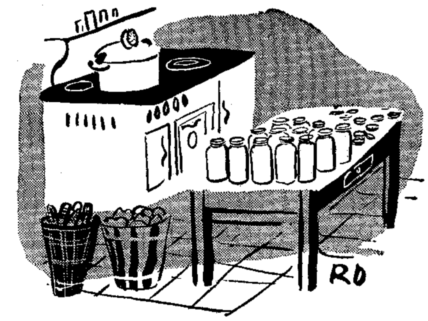
woman's day the A&P magazine...

on a supply of stones that nobody would take except at ruinously low prices. Well aware that when times are hard, miners and dealers alike are sorely tempted to get rid of their wares at any price, Oppenheimer made personal appeals to scores of diamond men in Africa, extolling the advantages of solidarity, pointing out the dangers of a go-it-alone policy, begging them to hold the price line, and urging them to sign up with the new corporation; then, travelling through England, Holland, Belgium, and France, he carried the same message to diamond traders there. As time passed and the mines remained closed, it began to look as if the whole industry might collapse, but Oppenheimer's perseverance in the dead hush of the shutdown was eventually rewarded. In 1933, things did begin to pick up at last, and by then he had not only all the former members of the Syndicate lined up solidly behind him but also all the independent mineowners in South Africa, West Africa, the Belgian Congo, and the Portuguese colony of Angola.

Once the diamond industry had revived slightly, Oppenheimer's success in creating an out-and-out monopoly on such a large scale came in for belated cries of indignation from many quarters, and in the mid-thirties the South African government appointed a commission to look into the matter. Presently, Oppenheimer appeared before it to explain his position. He said he was convinced that if the diamond industry was to survive, it would have to do so in the form of a monopoly. As he saw it, competition in diamond trading was necessarily unhealthy, because of the limited number of diamond deposits in the world; it was an inescapable fact that there were just so many stones still to be mined, and if mine operators were given a free hand, there would soon be none. Then the industry would die. It would not die in a blaze of glory, either, because, with mining companies breathlessly digging away in furious competition and dealers dumping their output on the market, the price of diamonds would fall disastrously. The thousands of employees in



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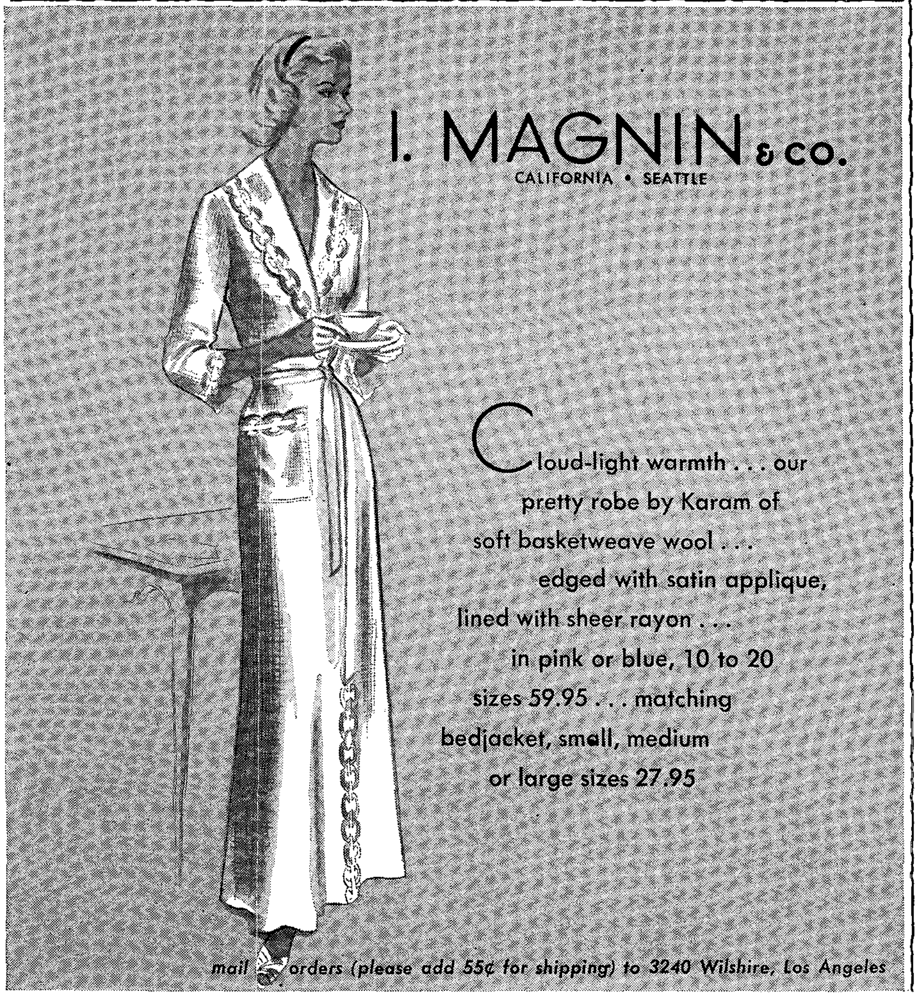

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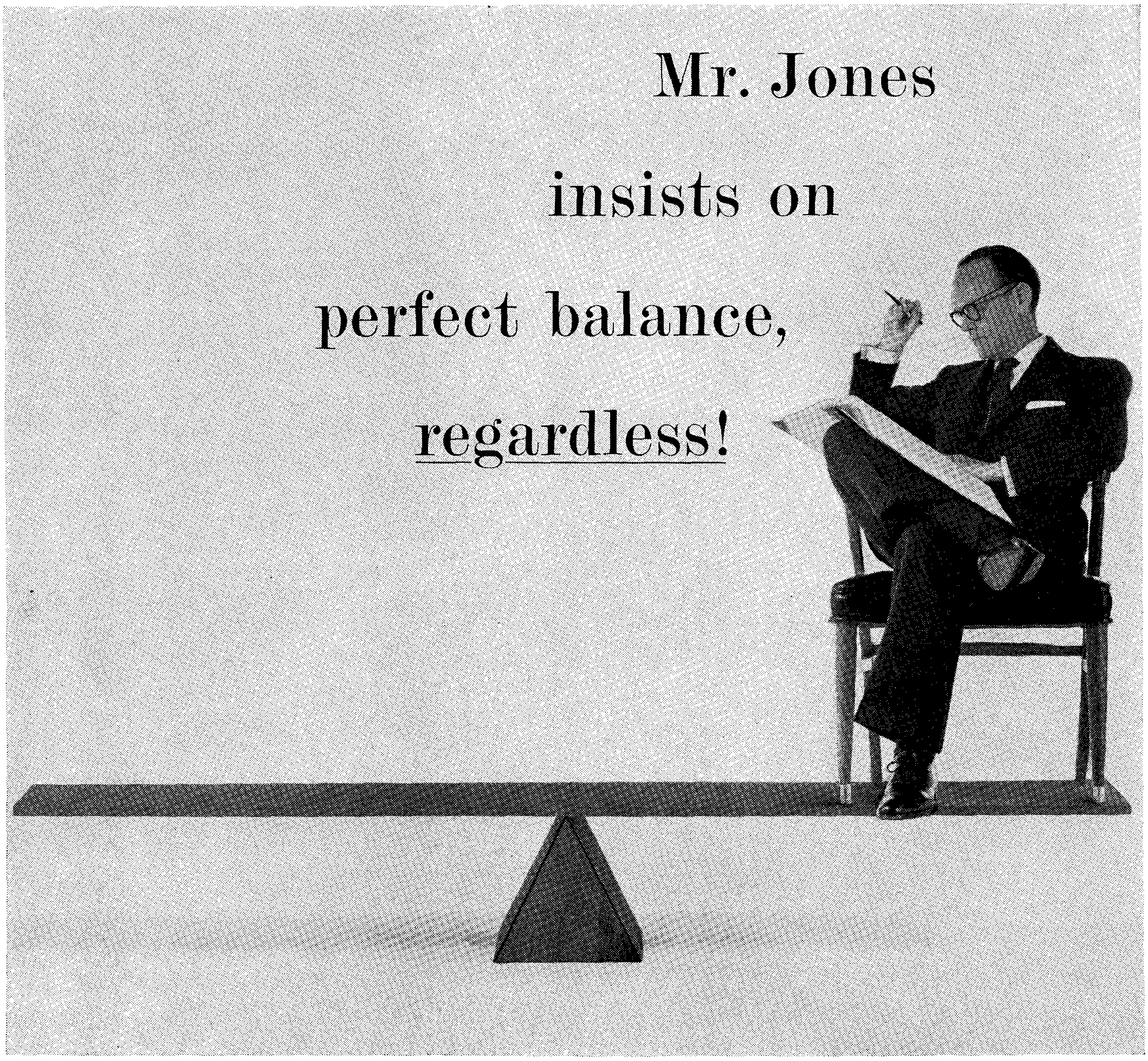

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the industry—miners, assayers, cutters, and the rest—would then suffer at least as much as the financiers, Oppenheimer pointed out; in fact, no one at all would profit. The death of the industry had to come someday, he conceded, but he felt that everything possible should be done to postpone it. And monopoly, in his opinion, was the only answer. The commission listened and was convinced, and, by and large, the government of South Africa has let the diamond industry be guided by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer ever since. A lot has happened to the industry in the last quarter century—there have been further consolidation and further streamlining, old subsidiaries have been eliminated and new ones have been created—but it has remained a monopoly, under Sir Ernest's guidance, and its profits have gone up and up and up.

BRENTHURST, the Oppenheimers' not particularly magnificent Johannesburg estate, is in a residential section known as Parktown, on the outskirts of the city. The grounds are spacious and well tended, and though the house, which is of white stucco, is only fair-sized, it has the large rooms and high ceilings that people living in a warm climate usually favor. (The temperature in Johannesburg rarely falls below fifty degrees.) Here Sir Ernest and the present Lady Oppenheimer—the former Caroline Harvey, of Buckinghamshire—spend the greater part of their time. (Lady Oppenheimer is the widow of the late Sir Michael Oppenheimer, who was the son of Sir Ernest's brother Bernard, so she has been Lady Oppenheimer twice. Moreover, she has a son by her first husband who is also Sir Michael Oppenheimer, and *his* wife is Lady Oppenheimer, too.) Sir Ernest's days in Johannesburg follow a fairly set routine. He goes to his office at nine and spends much of the morning in conference with his son. Since Sir Ernest has never been one to care much about particulars—the broader aspects of business are what appeal to him—he delegates the details to trusted executives. These executives say he is a good man to work for, because he doesn't interfere as long as the job is being done properly, and the junior employees he deals with from time to time like him, too, because he is unfailingly gentle and courteous. He can be icy and tough, of course, or he wouldn't occupy the position he does, but one gathers that he hasn't had to be tough for a good many years. At around noon, he has a whiskey-and-soda in his office and then goes home for lunch. For

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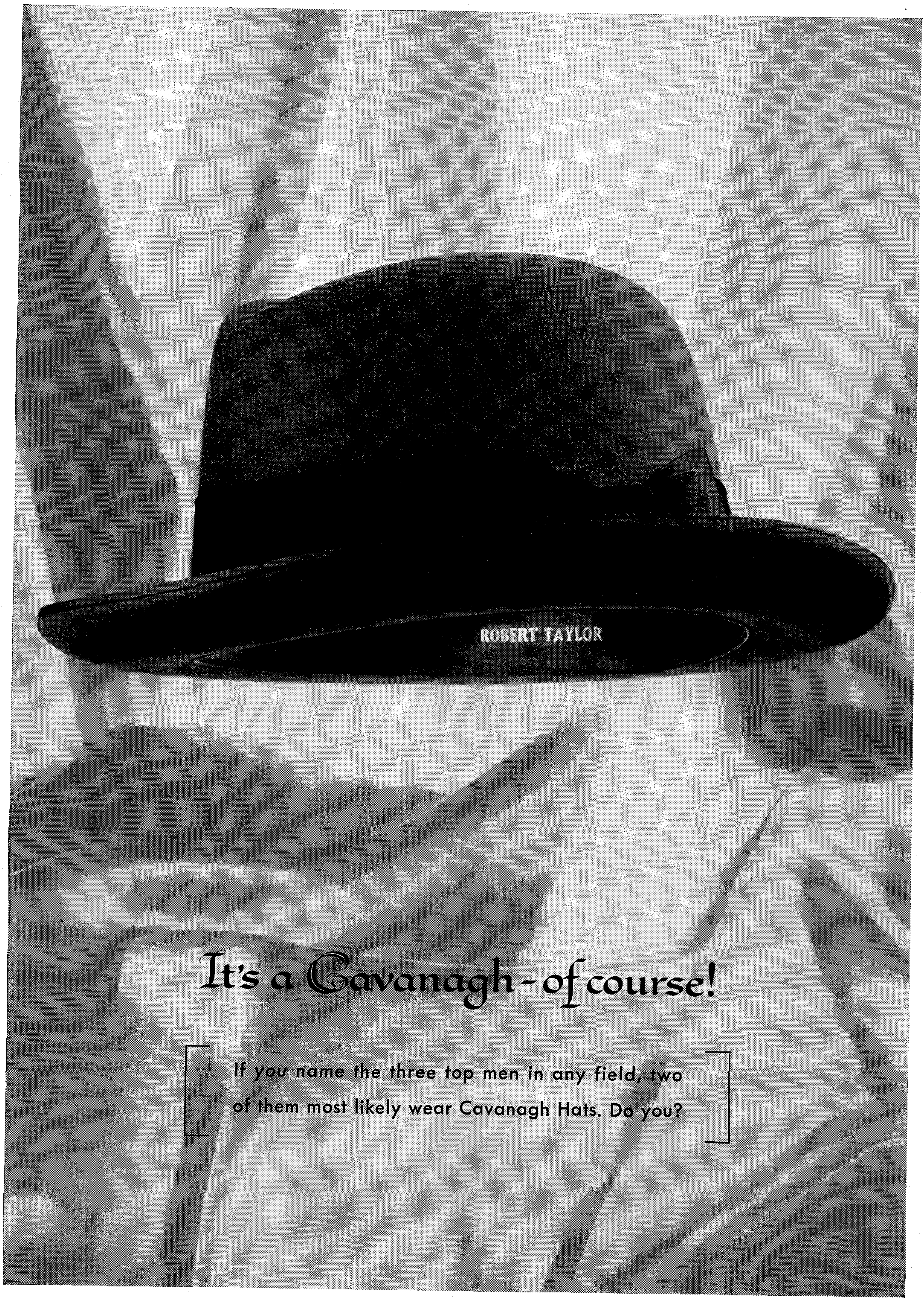
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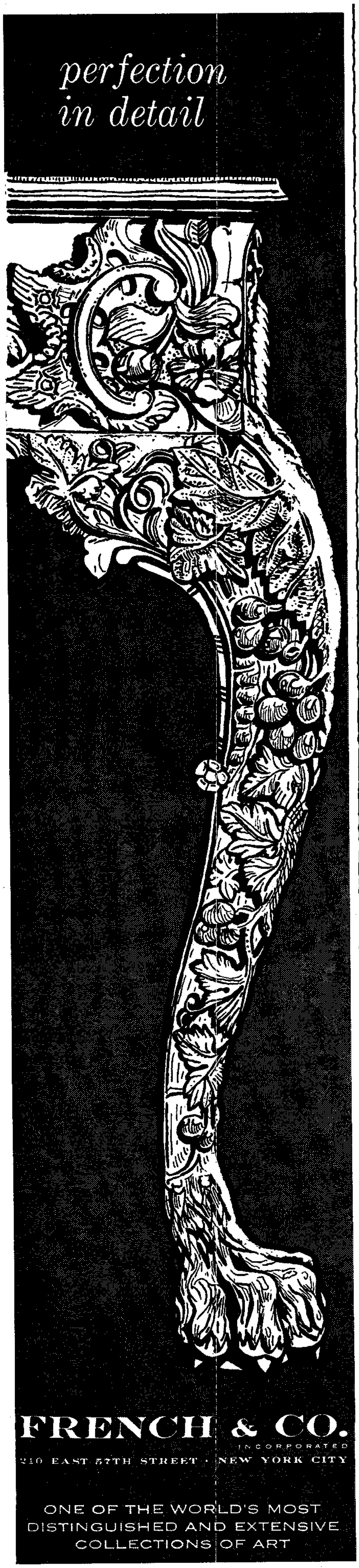

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several years, he followed a strict diet, under the impression that he had diabetes; not long ago, however, he switched doctors, and the new one has decided that he may not have diabetes after all, so life at Brenthurst has relaxed a good deal. Nowadays, he rarely returns to his office after lunch; instead, he is likely to take a long, brisk walk—so long and so brisk that his friends fight shy of invitations to join him.

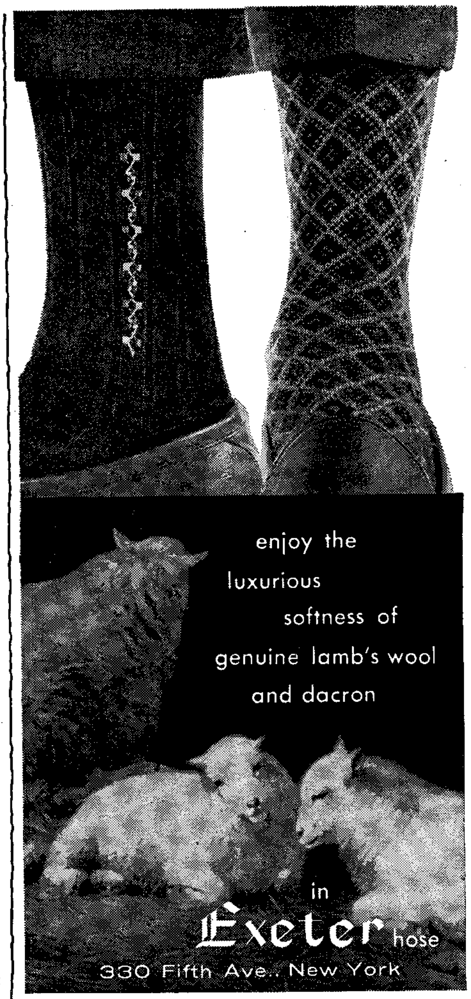
One evening not long ago, Sir Ernest and his wife—a good-looking woman with gleaming white hair and a humorous expression—gave a small dinner party at Brenthurst. Among the guests were Harry and his wife, the former Bridget McCall, who live nearby; and two or three of Oppenheimer's associates at Anglo American, accompanied by their wives. Sir Ernest told his guests he had spent a pleasant afternoon deciding how he would hang several paintings that had just arrived from London, where he and his wife had kept a flat until a few months before. When dinner was over, he ushered the party into the library to have a look at the pictures. "Here is a Sisley," he said, stopping in front of a canvas that stood on the floor, propped against a chair. "And this I'm very fond of—this Renoir. But have you seen my Goya? There she is." The Goya, a portrait of a lady in court dress, was hanging on the wall at the far end of the room. "That's the one I like best," Sir Ernest said.

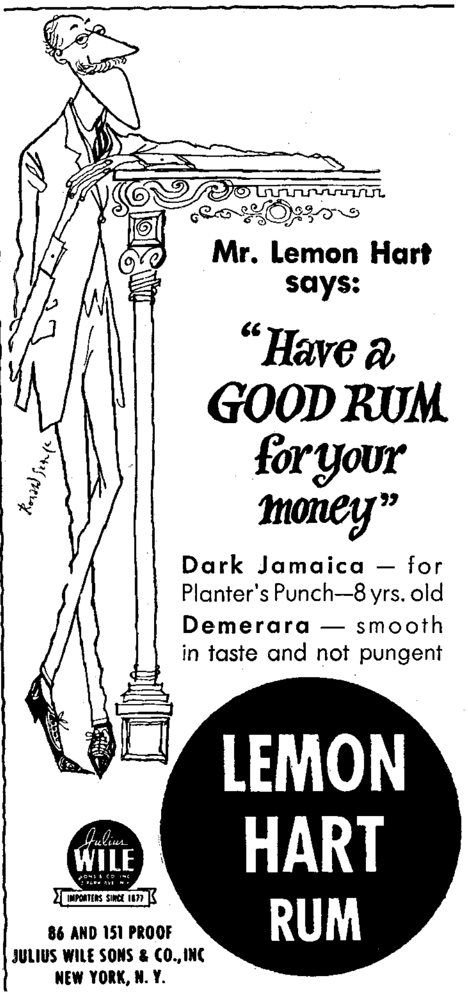
Inevitably, the talk soon turned to diamonds, and then to one diamond in particular—a big stone that had recently been extracted from one of his mines, the Premier, near Pretoria. It was rumored to be one of the most beautiful diamonds ever found, and Sir Ernest's guests had heard a further rumor that he was considering buying it himself. (He is not like a lot of diamond men, who are bored by the stones they deal in and do not encourage their wives to wear them; he has a small collection of stones, notable not for their size but for their color and beauty, and Lady Oppenheimer enjoys wearing diamonds, though not in profusion.) Sir Ernest lent credibility to the rumor by talking eagerly about the new stone. "It is beautiful," he said. "It is lovely. I wish I owned it."

"Why don't you buy it, then?" asked one of his guests.

Sir Ernest shrugged. "It would cost a lot of money," he said.

The talk gradually moved on to politics—also inevitably, perhaps, in view of the fact that Harry Oppenheimer





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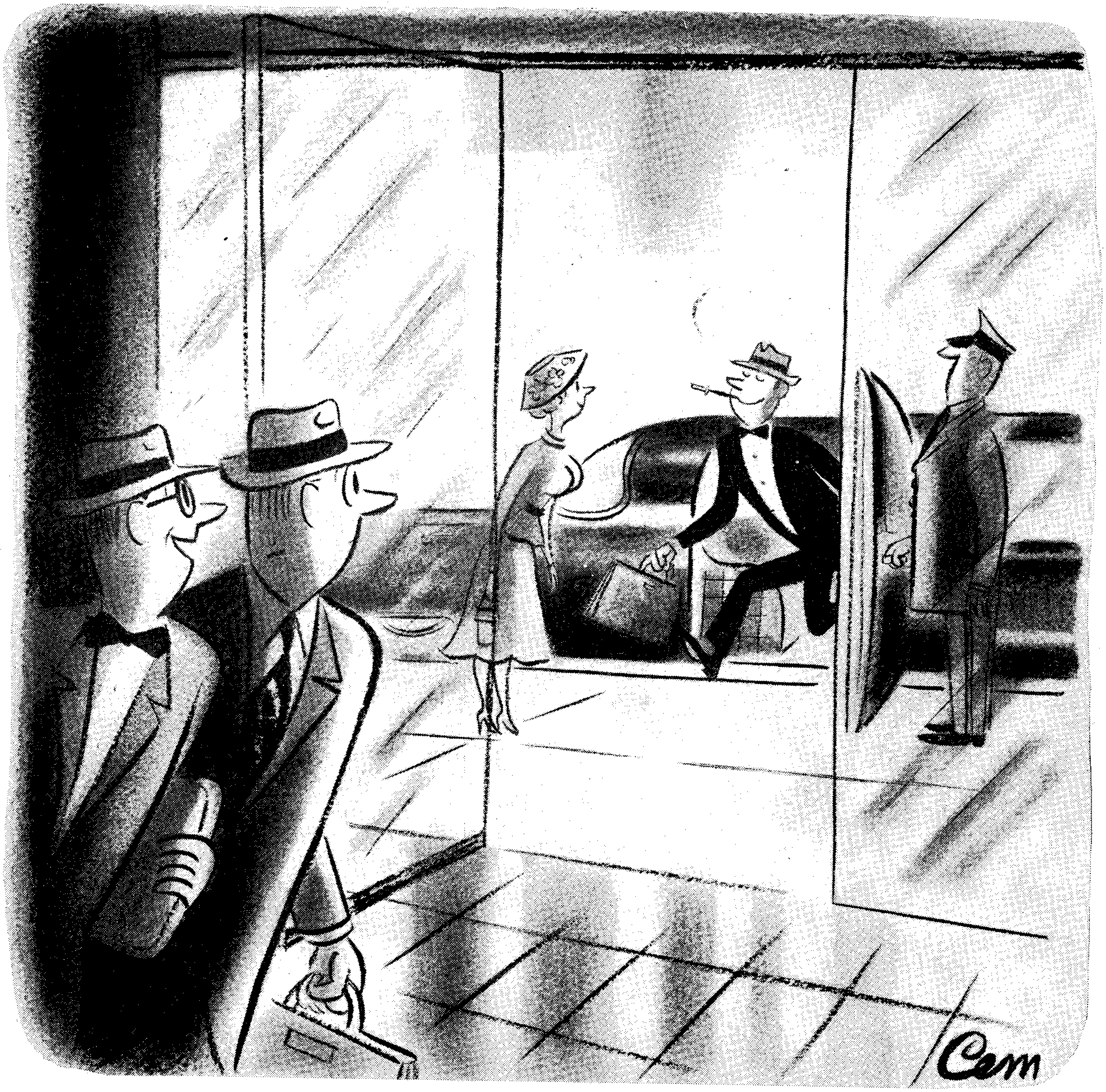

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has been a Member of Parliament since 1948, representing his father's former constituency of Kimberley. "Politics were different in those days," said Harry, speaking of Sir Ernest's time in the Assembly. Like most political careers in South Africa of late, Harry's has been stormy. "The House was quieter then," he went on, "and that was because it represented a much more restricted group. Men in my father's position had things more their own way."

"Yes," said Sir Ernest, with a reminiscent smile. "Yes, I suppose we did."

Actually, Sir Ernest did have an occasional fight on his hands while he was an M.P.; like Rhodes and the various other De Beers directors who have sat in the House of Assembly, he faced the same accusation that his son faces today—that of being nothing but a tool of the big-business interests. Nevertheless, Harry was right; things were different in the twenties. The Boers, who have since pushed the Nationalist Party into power, were then obliged to play second fiddle to the British—their superiors in wealth and education. Harry Oppenheimer finds himself in an entirely changed setup, and a peculiar one it is. In almost any other capitalist democracy today, a giant firm like De Beers or Anglo American would be regarded as the epitome of reaction, but as things are counted in South Africa, the Oppenheimers—father and son—are dangerous liberals. They and the United Party, to which they belong, believe in the advancement of what the local politicians always refer to as the Native. The Nationalists complain that the Oppenheimers treat the Native too well; the welfare benefits that De Beers gives its workers, they say, boost expenses for everybody else who employs Native labor. Moreover, the Oppenheimers have got to be watched lest they import dangerous ideas from Rhodesia, the British protectorate to the north, where, as a matter of government policy, the Native is due for advancement. Rhodesian Anglo American, one of Sir Ernest's firms, is currently developing a group of mines in the Copper Belt of Northern Rhodesia, and it has built whole towns for the African workers, with comfortable houses, decent schools, and excellent hospitals. A few years ago, he proposed building towns of the same sort near some of the gold fields of the Union of South Africa. He thought, and still thinks, that workers do better work when they are contented, and that they are more likely to be contented if they are able to live with their families

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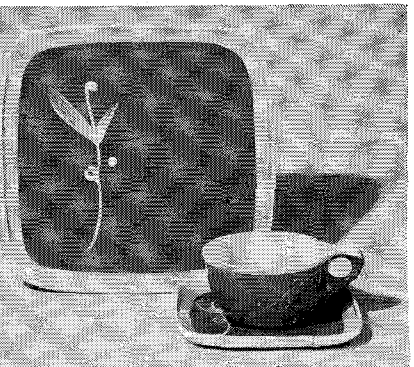

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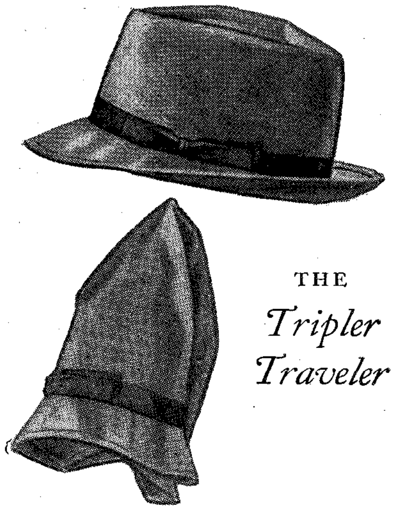
than if they are shut up in barracklike compounds, as they are at Johannesburg. But the South African government didn't like the idea at all. It would never do, said the Cabinet Ministers concerned; it would create permanent "black spots" in the middle of "white country." So Sir Ernest wasn't permitted to put up his workers' towns, and the Nationalists emerged from the controversy more certain than ever that the Oppenheimers must be carefully watched. Another reason they regard Sir Ernest with suspicion is that he is interested in the University of Witwatersrand and has several times endowed it in one way or another. As everybody knows, they say, universities are hotbeds of radicalism—and especially the University of Witwatersrand, because it accepts Native students along with white.

It seems probable that if the Oppenheimers weren't so important to the country's economy, the government wouldn't tolerate them at all, but up to now it has vented its displeasure chiefly in threats. On one occasion, for example, a Minister, enraged by some critical remarks Harry had directed at him in the House, shouted across to the Opposition benches, "Perhaps we'd better raise taxation on the mines! How would you like that?" When Sir Ernest heard about this, he showed no great concern. "They talk," he said. "They *talk*, but they don't carry out half of what they say they will do." Harry is not quite so confident, possibly because he gets around a great deal more than his father. It is one thing to observe the Parliamentary battle from one's home and something else to be taking part in it. As for getting around, Harry is constantly on the go. His business headquarters are in Johannesburg, where he serves as deputy chairman of Anglo American and also keeps an eye on the affairs of De Beers and a host of other companies of which he is a director, but the House of Assembly meets in Cape Town, eight hundred miles to the south, and when it is in session, he spends the better part of each week in that city; his wife, who often goes along to Cape Town with him, has refurbished an old house in the Malay quarter there. Harry flies back to Johannesburg for long weekends, during which he attends to his business affairs, and he frequently interrupts the journey halfway with a stopover at Kimberley, to see how his constituency is faring and to make a side trip to nearby Mauritzfontein, where he owns a stud farm. Even when the House isn't in session, he keeps dart-



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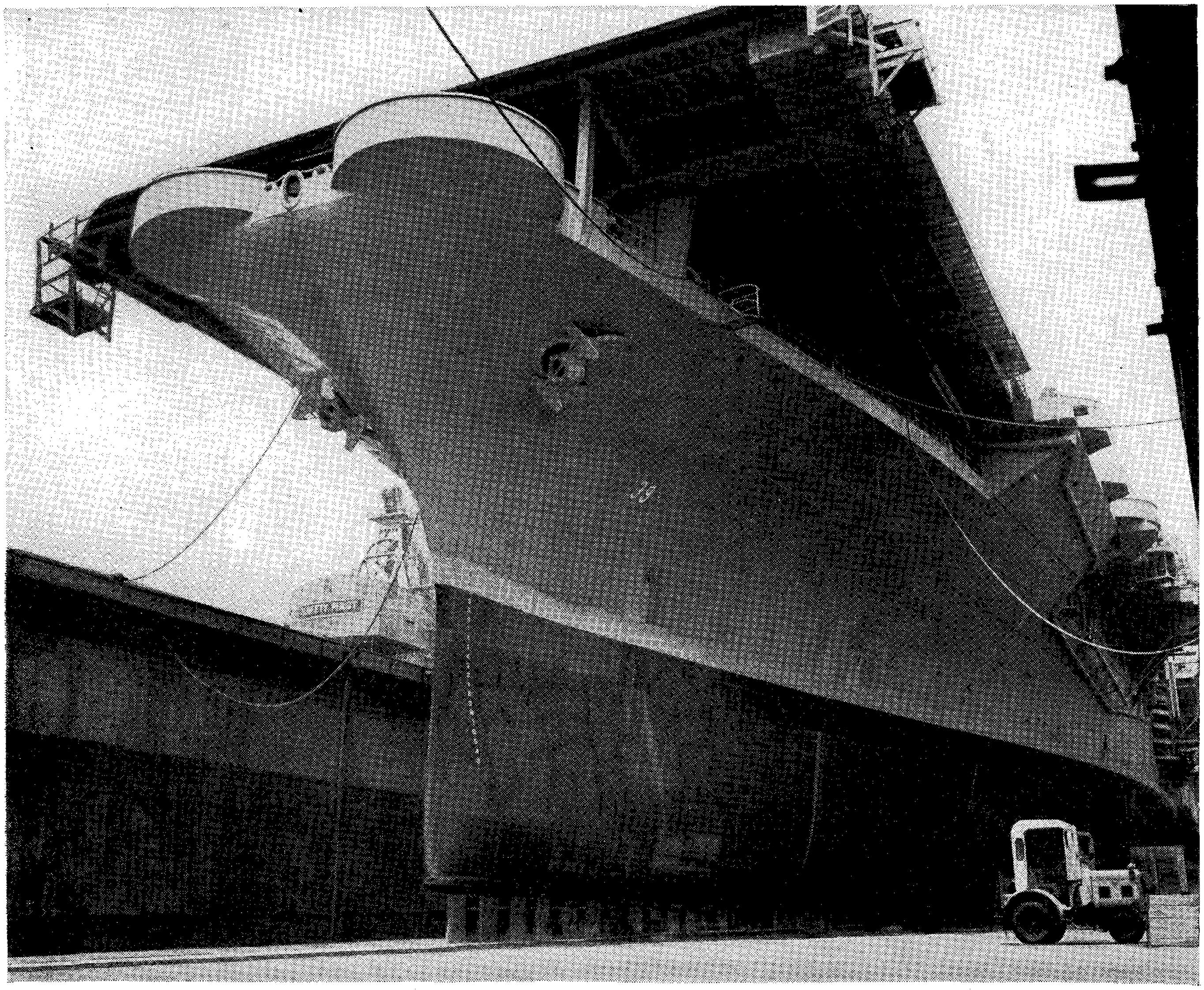

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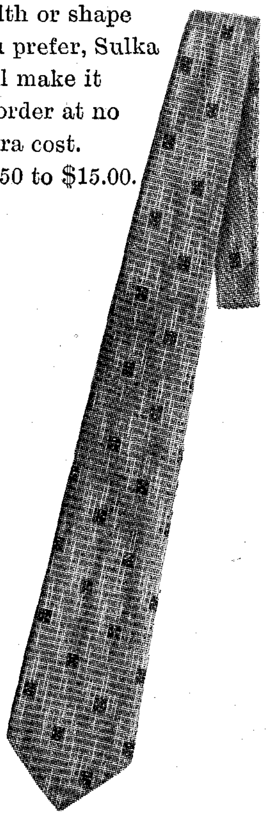

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ing about—to another farm he owns, in Southern Rhodesia, and to the family interests in Tanganyika, the Congo, the Copper Belt, and so on.

People who have watched the progress of the Oppenheimer family in South Africa don't go along with the adage about remarkable fathers' having unremarkable children; indeed, a lot of them believe that, given time, Harry may well outstrip his father in business acumen. Sir Ernest had only the ordinary schooling of a boy in a small German town, and went to work immediately afterward at a highly specialized and not necessarily broadening job. Harry attended one of the best schools in Johannesburg (and Johannesburg has some very good schools) until he was old enough to be sent to an English public school. He attended Charterhouse and, later, Christ Church, Oxford, where he took an honors degree in Modern Greats, also known as P.P.E.—philosophy, politics, and economics. He and his wife have two children—Mary, thirteen, and Nicholas, ten.

Like his father, Harry is fairly short and compactly built, but otherwise the two men don't really resemble each other very much. Harry's hair and mustache are darker, and his manner is more abrupt. He is given to speaking rather rapidly. "He is an excellent listener, but the sensitive can recognize in a faraway look his slight impatience with a slower thinker who elaborates a point that he has grasped several minutes before," a writer for the London *Sunday Times* observed a year or so ago. Harry was unaware of his faraway look until he read the article, and says he now tries to suppress it.

The house that Harry Oppenheimer and his wife occupy in Johannesburg is called Little Brenthurst, more in deference to the head of the family than as an indication of how its size compares with that of Brenthurst proper. Years ago, Sir Ernest made a collection of all the books about South Africa that he could lay his hands on—many of them big, heavy two-volume works bound in gilt-tooled leather—and these are now in the Little Brenthurst drawing room. Some unusually fine pieces of Chinese porcelain are interspersed among them, and on the high mantelpiece stand a few late-seventeenth-century plates bearing the insignia of the Dutch East India Company, which founded Cape Town. "I don't collect from a historical point of view," Harry said one evening recently when he saw some guests admiring the porcelains. "I don't really collect

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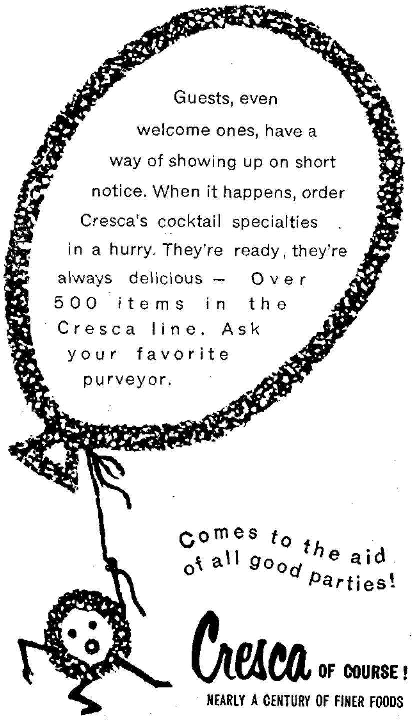
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All very well, you may say, but aren't these women covered by other media? We *have the facts on that, too.* 51.5% of Post families don't buy any of the 4 major women's books. And 82% don't buy any of the store-distributed magazines. So it appears that the Post not only is America's No. 1 family magazine, but also ranks as one of the very top women's magazines, too!

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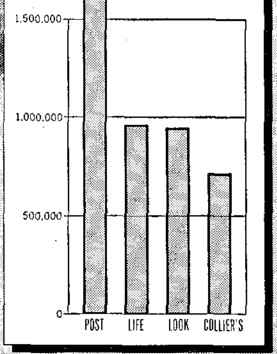
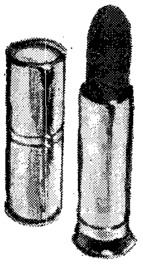


America reads the Post



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at all, in the true sense of the word. Collectors fix on one sort of thing at a time, don't they? I just buy something now and then if it has beauty."

SOME weeks ago, the younger Oppenheimers made one of their periodic visits to Cape Town, where Harry was scheduled to make his annual speech for the Opposition following the administration's presentation of its budget for the next twelve months. Many South Africans consider this speech the high point of the political year, and the occasion of its delivery has become something of a social event. Cape Town is a very old city, for South Africa, and it retains a stately, provincial flavor. Appealing though this is, most Cape people who can afford to do so live outside the city, either back in the woods or along the beach, and local friends of the Harry Oppenheimers often lament what they consider their ill-advised originality in having chosen a house in the Malay quarter—a noisy and turbulent part of the city. To visitors from the industrial Northern Hemisphere, though, the neighborhood doesn't seem terribly citified, and the house itself is a lovely little one, with a plain front of pink stucco. It looks out on a steeply sloping street in front and, in the rear, on a courtyard that is shaded by tall trees, further cooled by an ornamental pool, and surrounded by a high wall, over which the top of a mosque is just visible.

On the eve of the day Oppenheimer was to deliver his speech, a small party gathered in this courtyard for a drink before dinner. It was the Moslem hour of prayer, and the muezzin of the mosque appeared on his gallery and chanted to the faithful and went in again. Oppenheimer was staring absently at the pool. "How ridiculous politics is!" he said suddenly. "Take this budget. Nothing I say is going to make the slightest difference, yet I've got to discuss it, merely because it's the custom."

"I suppose one goes into politics for some special reason," said a young man just out of Oxford. "I wonder what it is. A sense of power?"

"Not in my case, certainly," said Oppenheimer. "I can satisfy my desire for power—if I have one—in other ways. I think it's more a sense of responsibility. And then, too, I didn't exactly go in for politics. Politics came my way, that's all."

The next day, Mrs. Oppenheimer presided at the lunch table in her husband's absence, explaining to her

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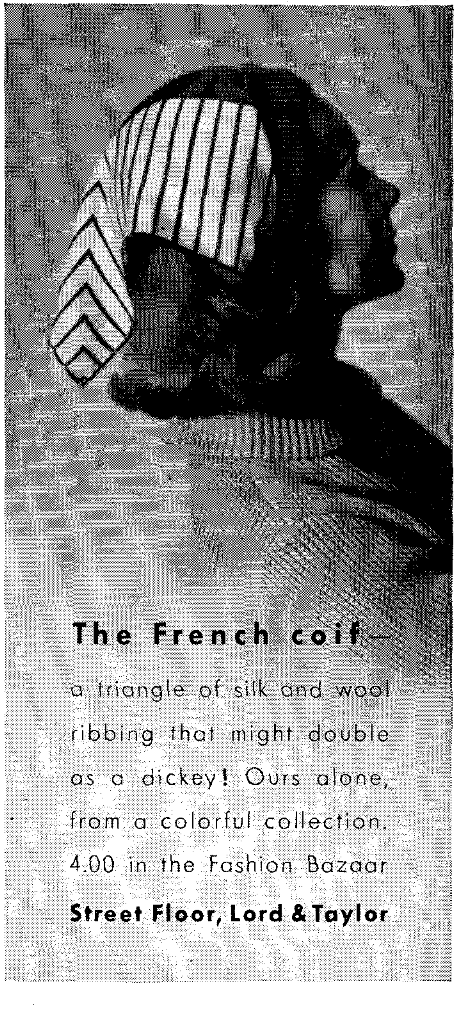

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guests—a touring English couple and a man from the Anglo American office in Johannesburg—that he was already at the House. His turn to speak would come early in the afternoon, she said, and she had tried to arrange things so that her guests would arrive in plenty of time, because there was sure to be a crowd in the Visitors' Gallery. When lunch was over, Mrs. Oppenheimer excused herself and reappeared in formal afternoon attire, with hat and veil and gloves, and everybody started for the House of Assembly. On the way, Mrs. Oppenheimer told the newly arrived English couple that the first answer to the speech on the budget would be made by Mr. Waterson, the Member for Constantia, on behalf of the United Party. After he had moved various amendments to the Finance Minister's motion, her husband would second them, and would take off from there.

The solid, handsome Assembly building, fronting a tree-bordered boulevard, looked unusually animated, for a throng was converging upon its entrance. There were many women on hand, dressed in pretty, summery costumes—white hats, white shoes, and linen or silk dresses. On reaching the gallery, Mrs. Oppenheimer settled her party in one of several small compartments, like shallow theatre boxes, that look down on the United Party side of the house. Before departing to take her seat in a special section of the gallery reserved for close relatives of members, she passed along one more bit of information concerning the South African Parliamentary system. The proceedings, she said, are bilingual. As a matter of policy, Nationalist members make their speeches in Afrikaans. The United Party members usually reply to them in English—more or less as a matter of policy, too, but also because some of them can't speak Afrikaans. Up until twenty-five years ago, only English was spoken in most South African schools, with the result that many children of English extraction grew up knowing merely the few words of Afrikaans that they had picked up from Afrikaner playmates. Now Afrikaans is spoken in a large proportion of the state schools, so the next generation will presumably be better fitted to deal with the linguistic complexities in the House of Assembly. Meanwhile, most M.P.s of British descent—and there are quite a few in the United Party—must either sit down and learn Afrikaans this late in the day or wait for translations of the Nationalists' speeches. One thing that annoys Oppenheimer's opponents is that he is

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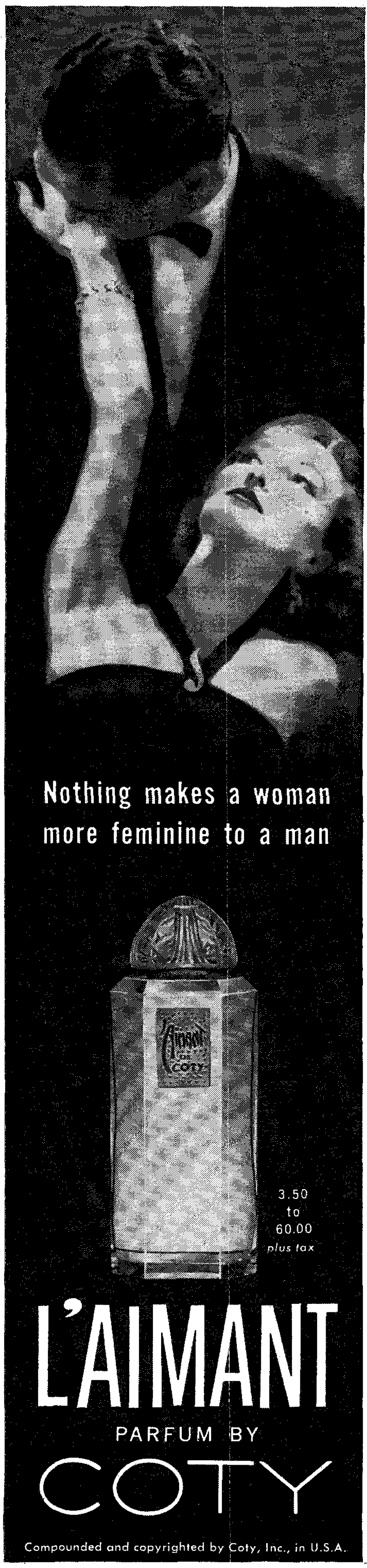
fluent in Afrikaans, having conscientiously learned it at the time he entered politics.

One of the Nationalist members was on his feet while Mrs. Oppenheimer was explaining all this, but her group was not alone in paying little attention to him. Members drifted in through the door, bowed toward the front of the room, where the Speaker was sitting, then took their seats and started chatting with their neighbors. In the crowded gallery, visitors were busy hunting for seats. Presently, Waterson took the floor, and listed a number of objections to the budget, including a major one to the effect that the Finance Minister, who was also the Minister of External Affairs, should "take more active and effective steps to attract private investment capital for the Union." His speech was reasonable, well arranged, and agreeably delivered, but there was no fire in it; it was cool and gentlemanly, and that was all. Not until Waterson sat down did the House begin to stir. Harry Oppenheimer stood up, and in the gallery people leaned forward. This was what they had come for.

Starting in a calm, informal manner, Oppenheimer spoke like a man who hasn't thought out beforehand what he is going to say (unlike Waterson, he didn't use notes), but it soon became obvious that he knew precisely what he was doing. Before embarking on his main theme, he contrived to inject a little humor into the solemn debate. The Minister, he pointed out, had said that the South African Reserve Bank had succeeded in checking inflation, and had added in the next breath that it needed increased powers to deal with inflation. "Now, these clear contradictions which underlie this budget require a good deal of fundamental thinking," Oppenheimer went on. "Fundamental thinking, even for someone as quick-witted as the Minister, takes a good deal of time, and the Minister is a busy man. He has not only to cope with Finance but also with External Affairs, and he has in addition to cope with his self-imposed portfolio of propaganda, which probably occupies the greater part of his time. I must say that I wish the Minister would give up his self-imposed portfolio of propaganda, not because it is not important but because, while he has very great capabilities for other work, in this field he is extraordinarily incompetent. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. There is surely no one who devotes more attention to the Press than the Minister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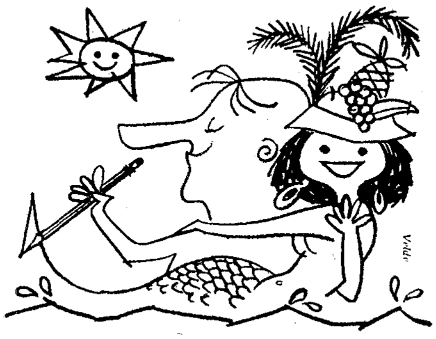
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of Finance, but there is surely no one who succeeds in getting a worse Press for himself, or for South Africa, than he does." Having had his fun with the Minister, Oppenheimer proceeded to a technical but lucid analysis of the budget—speaking easily and rapidly, and swaying a little with the rhythm of the words. It was a skillful performance, and even the other side listened attentively. Oppenheimer was speaking against a party of stubborn, self-righteous people, firmly in control of the government, on behalf of a far more sophisticated and liberal group. Since he was addressing both sides, it was necessary for him to hit a balance between their standards; the message not only had to attack the Nationalist budget but had to attract and hold the attention of the United Party. In succeeding, he sounded like what he is—a man well trained in Britain. But a man born and raised in Britain could not have pulled off the trick in Cape Town.

No sooner had Oppenheimer sat down than the visitors in the gallery stood up and started out. For the spectators, the business of the day was over. As a Nationalist M.P. took the floor, the ladies in their white hats and the gentlemen in their dark coats were moving in a great flood through the passageways, greeting one another with smiles and enthusiastic comments, and drifting in a mass toward their shiny cars under the trees on the boulevard.

—Emily Hahn

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

Pin-ups are by no means universal, a European survey reported in Dublin indicates. Austria, for instance, while famed for its beauties, has no glossy magazines with glamour-shots and the local film industry doesn't go in for the chorus girl type. Greece, original home of history's first pin-up, Venus de Milo or Aphrodite, isn't cover-girl minded either. The Greek soldier carries his own girl's picture tucked in his wallet, and barrack walls usually are covered with battle scenes or national heroes. Germans prefer the healthy blonde outdoor girl to curvaceous Hollywood beauties. And in Spain the fierce morality campaign introduced by the Franco regime 12 years ago strongly discouraged pin-ups. Anyway,

The average human body temperature is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, but it usually falls slightly below this figure in the morning and is slightly above in the afternoon.—*Paterson* (*N.J.*) *Call.*

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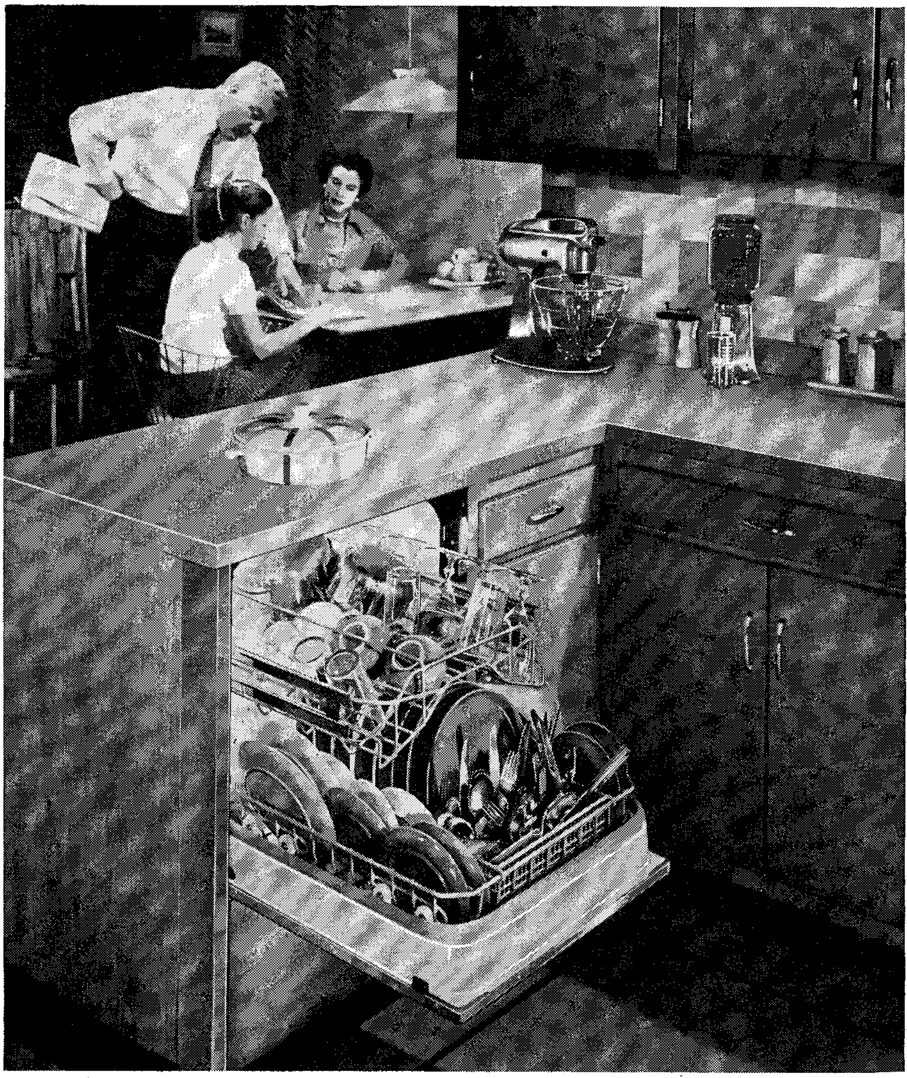

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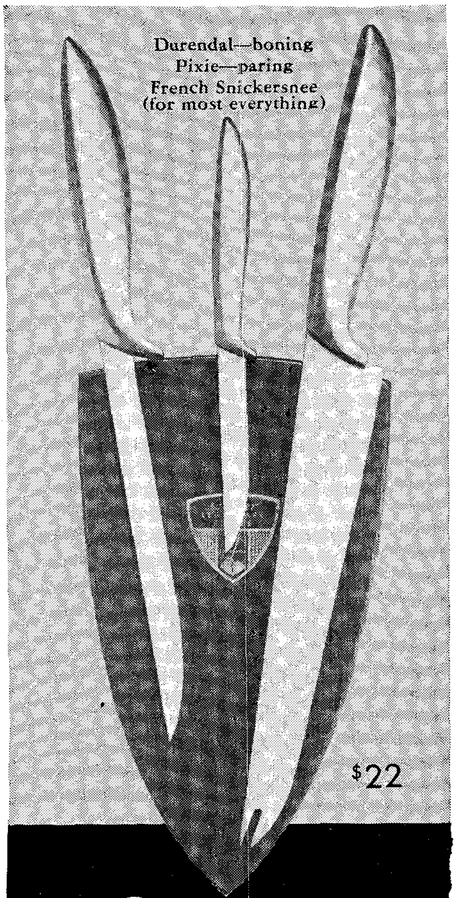

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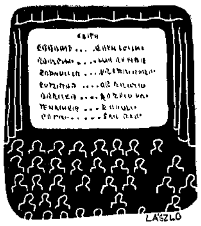

MY regimental flag, usually flying among the banners of those embattled traditionalists who stick to the notion that monkeying with the dimensions of a screen can add nothing to the merits of a picture show, will now be lowered in surrender to a movie called "Lust for Life." This account of the career of Vincent van Gogh has been photographed in CinemaScope, and it seems to me to have been very much worth while to get all the width the technique provides into a picture attempting to show what van Gogh's eyes lighted upon as he pursued the sun from his native Holland to the South of France. Produced by John Houseman and directed by Vincente Minnelli, the film is at its most ingenious when, having given us some remarkable camera interpretations of the areas in which van Gogh flourished, it proceeds to put before us the canvases on which he recorded his impressions of his environment. Since his output was enormous, only a comparative handful of his works are on view in "Lust for Life," and, as it happens, many of them are fairly familiar. Still, they are all exciting, and so, indeed, is the greater part of this film, even though van Gogh's psychological intricacies are not fully explored or explained. He was, as you may know, an epileptic, and apparently he had few really tranquil moments in his life. And yet, in his letters to his brother Theo, which are used to good advantage on the sound track, he did convey his tremendous satisfaction with all the color of his world.

Even if the movie doesn't delve as deeply as it might into the mental processes that made van Gogh behave the way he did, it nevertheless, in the person of Kirk Douglas, confronts us with a character well worth our absorbed attention. Mr. Douglas, who, wearing red whiskers, bears a striking resemblance to van Gogh's self-portraits, succeeds most skillfully in arousing a conviction that he is, in truth, a painter beside himself to capture light and hold it forever on canvas. He is equally effective at depicting such varied aspects of van Gogh's life as his

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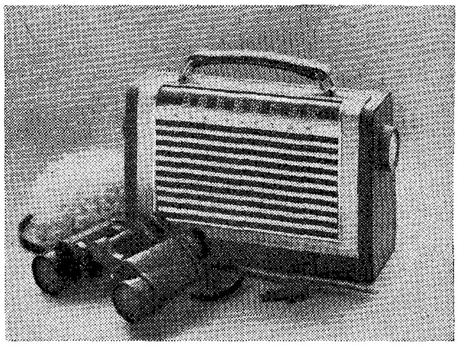

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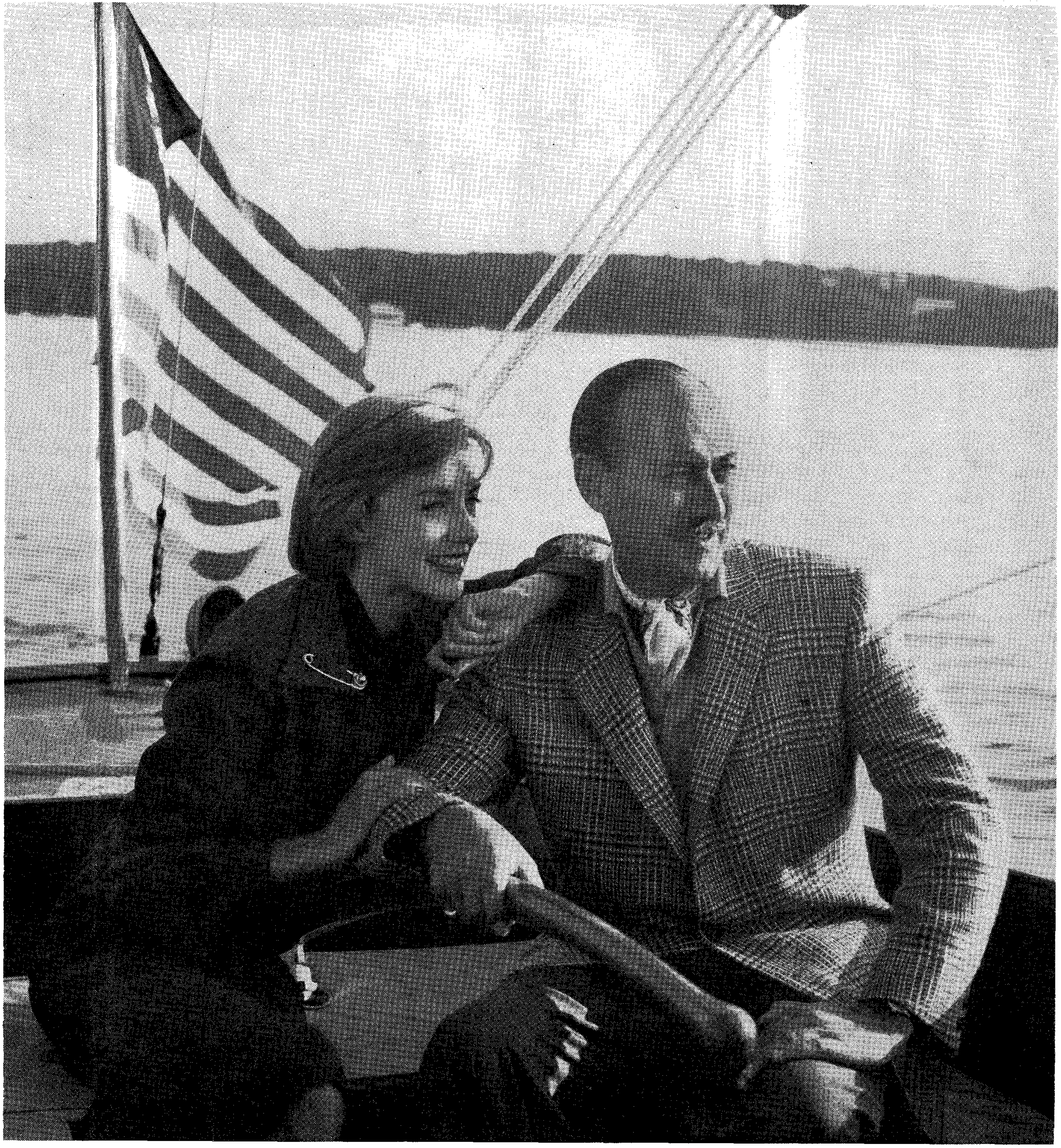

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clumsy attempts to be a missionary to Belgian miners, his affair with a tired demimondaine (Pamela Brown), his relationship with his fond and forbearing brother (James Donald), and his unsettling friendship with the arrogant Paul Gauguin (Anthony Quinn). While all the actors in the piece are estimable, it is the cameramen who deserve most of the credit for the larger merits of "Lust for Life." This is one of the few films about artists to demonstrate that the camera can follow the lead of those it is attempting to portray.

"ATTACK!," adapted from "Fragile Fox," the play by Norman Brooks, is an unusual American film about the Second World War in that it shows one of our commissioned warriors to be a lily-livered dog. The officer in question, a captain assigned to the European Theatre of Operations, has been elevated to his rank with the help of a colonel who hopes that the captain's father, a big wheel back home, will remember his favors to Junior. The colonel is pretty sure that the outfit the captain has been placed in command of won't see any action, but suddenly the Nazis bust loose and the captain's cowardice is revealed in full bloom. All this is fine stuff, but toward the end the movie slopes off into lunatic melodrama when a lieutenant under the captain's command decides to do in the caitiff. Up to the sad point where the script begins to ask the impossible, Eddie Albert is frighteningly plausible as the captain and Jack Palance is convincing as the competent and vengeful lieutenant. For all its foolishness at the finish, "Attack!" is a damned sight more interesting than most war films, where everybody but the enemy is as noble as an Eagle Scout. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The police vice squad arrested 13 men in raids on two alleged gambling games at North King Street addresses yesterday evening.

All were taken to police headquarters and booked on charges of being present at a gambling game. Bail was set at $25.

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•

He scored with one out on a single by O'Connell, and the latter took second on the Needless throw to the plate. Aaron singled for the third time to score O'Connell. Another Needless throw to the plate put Aaron on second.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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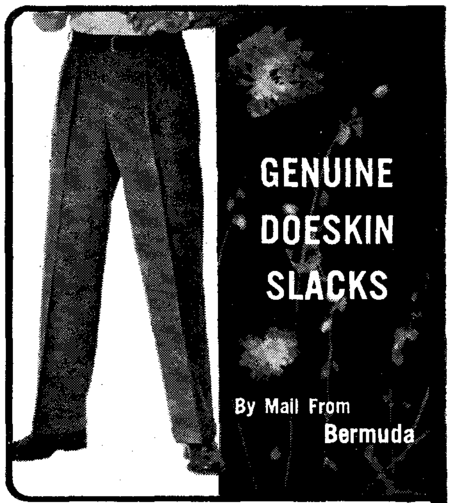

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 17

AFTER the Cairo talks ended in failure last Sunday, Londoners found themselves wishing uneasily that they knew what to think, or at least had a glimmer of an idea of what the Government was thinking, but no one seems to feel that Wednesday's and Thursday's debate on Suez, for which both Houses of Parliament were haled back from their long vacation, cleared up the uncertainties completely. The question that everyone had hoped the debate would answer straight out was whether England and her old ally France were looking toward the United Nations for a settlement of the Suez case or, as the Government's critics have been noisily claiming, were still nursing the idea of a short, swift settlement by other means—which not everybody thinks would be so short and swift. The Government took the point, but all the same many people feel that the debate still left a good deal of ambiguity hanging about and was, moreover, not particularly impressive as a national demonstration.

The stage was set beforehand for a historic, extraordinary occasion. As happens before a profoundly shaking event like a royal abdication or a declaration of war, large crowds jammed into Downing Street to see the Prime Minister set out from No. 10, and more crowds milled back and forth outside the Houses of Parliament in the rare sunshine of the rare, perfect September day (autumn having shown reluctance so far to make up with some hot Indian summer for the disastrous real thing). In the excitements of the Commons debate, Sir Anthony Eden and his Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, were indeed warmly advised by the Opposition to abdicate, and accused of having issued something like a veiled invitation to war. They cheerfully ignored the advice, since cries of "Resign!" are simply the classic Parliamentary formula for the expression of Opposition discontent, and they strongly denied the accusation. The first reaction to the Prime Minister's announcement that the United States, France, and England have founded a "users' association," which proposes to pilot its own ships through the Canal—the Egyptians being politely "requested to coöperate" from the banks—was star-

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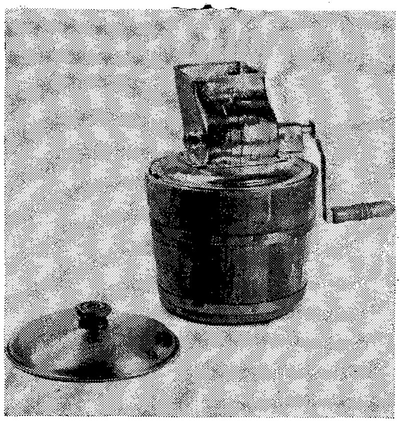

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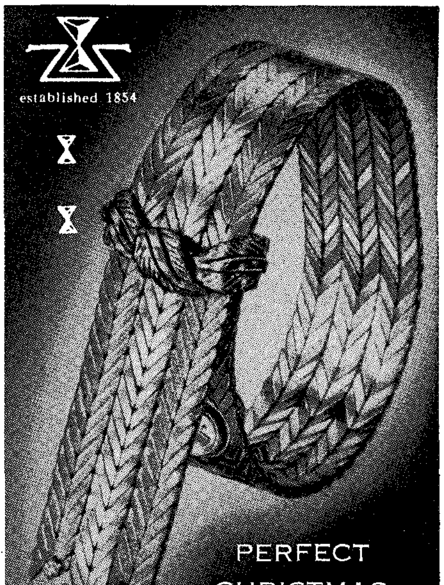

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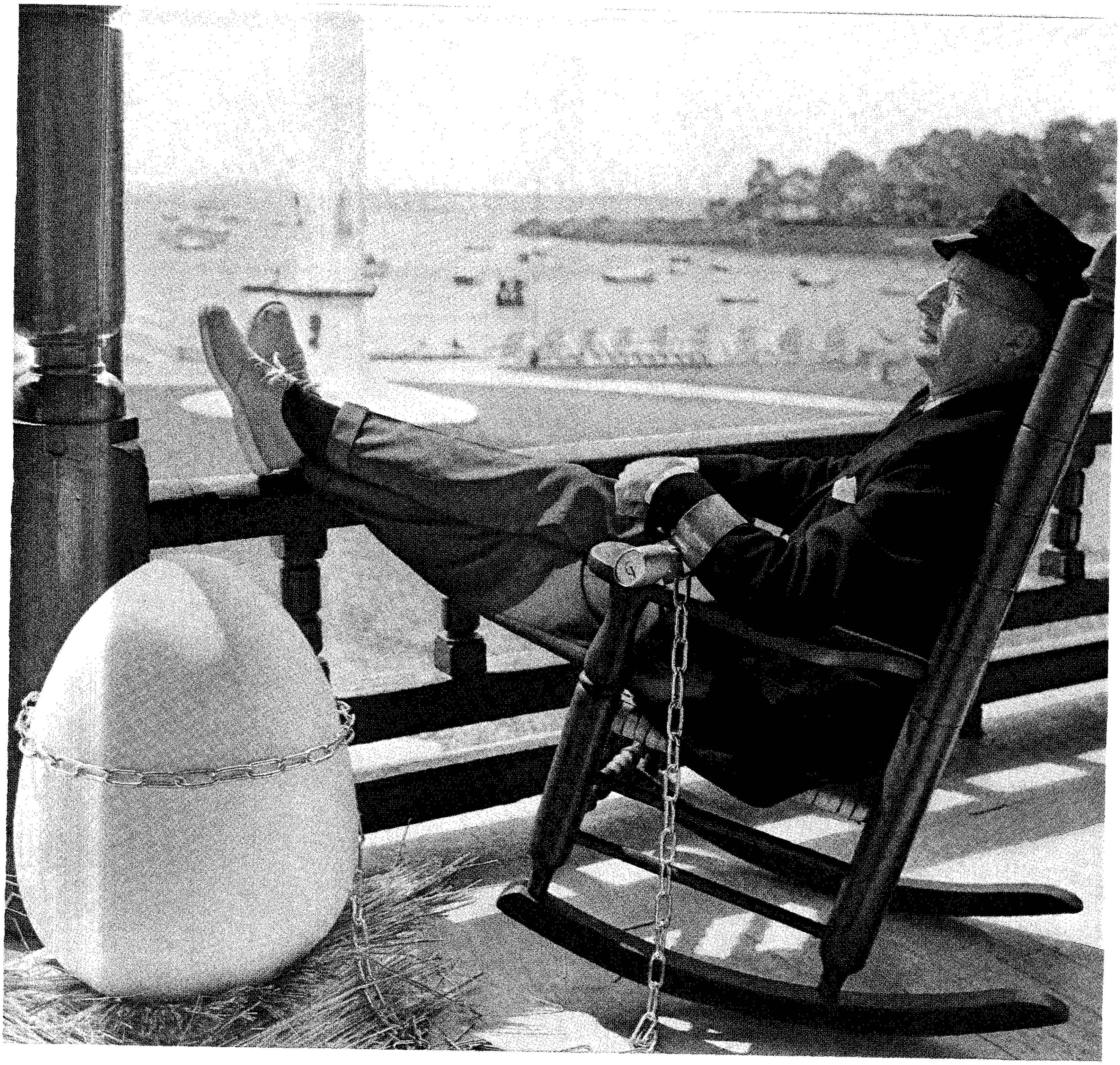

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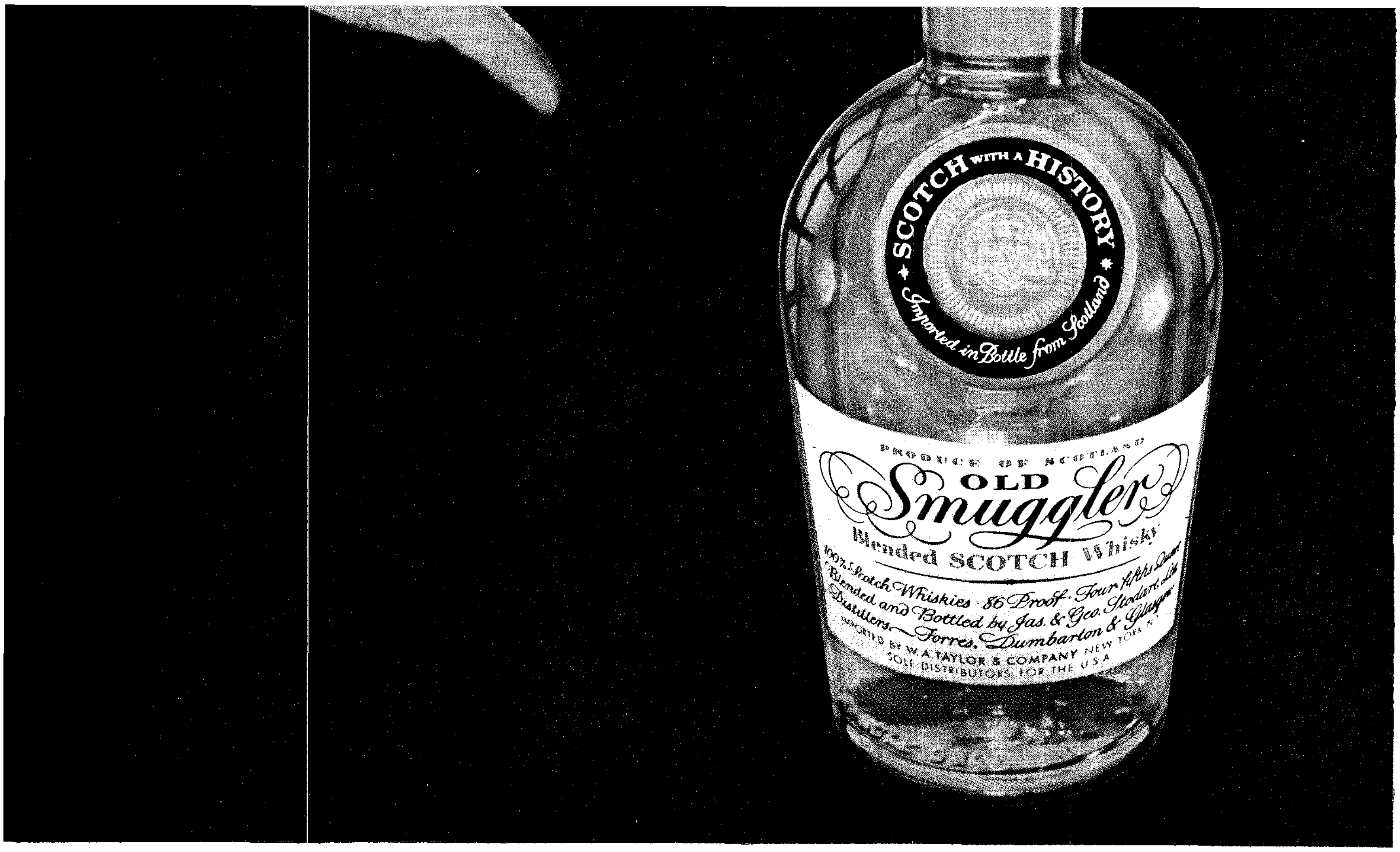
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tled and mixed. The Socialists and the Liberals immediately slammed down their verdict that the project could not fail to be "provocative," to say the least, in a situation so packed with international dynamite, and entered motions of censure to say so. The Prime Minister's own party cheered him to the echo—especially for his vigorous declaration that though "for this country military action is always the last resort," his Government was "not prepared to embark on a policy of abject appeasement," appeasement being the particular sore spot in the national consciousness and the thing that Eden has been fighting in one way or another all his political life. It was subsequently announced that all the nations at the London conference that preceded the unsuccessful Cairo talks will meet here again this week to discuss the possible workings of the Canal users' association.

Meanwhile, the most important thing that emerged from last week's debate, as most anxious citizens see it, was the Prime Minister's promise—given late Thursday evening, in the dramatic last minutes—that if Colonel Nasser should blackball the new Suez club as decisively as expected, the situation will be dumped into the lap of the Security Council, which is just where a large section of public opinion thinks it should have been all along. There is considerable mystification in many people's minds as to why Sir Anthony did not give this assurance in his opening speech on Wednesday, which would have saved a lot of time and temper all around. The whole synchronization between Washington and London in the presentation of the new plan seemed odd and has caused confusion. The Opposition, which on Wednesday was obviously impressed and somewhat set back by the great, solid presence of the United States in the lineup for the users' association (and therefore had difficulty criticizing it as a dangerous venture cooked up between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay), on Thursday reacted with satisfaction to the news, only then coming over the tape, that Mr. Dulles had told his press conference the United States did not intend to "shoot its way through" the Suez Canal—a matter that Labour claimed had been left purposely vague in the Eden speech.

After Sir Anthony's final, Thursday-night pledge that his Government was indeed thinking its way toward a settlement by the United Nations rather than by shooting, the Liberals withdrew their motion of censure, and quite a few Britons irately think that the Socialists ought to have withdrawn

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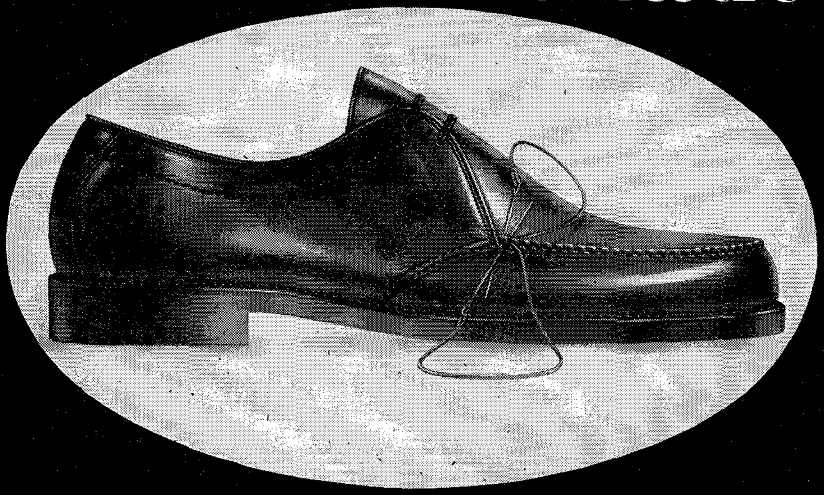

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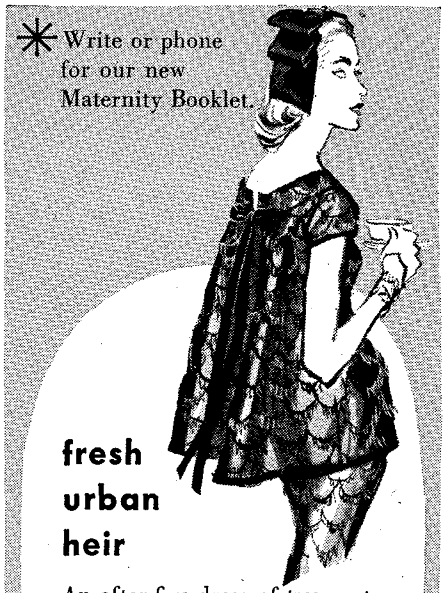
theirs. They lost it, of course, by a clear-cut Government majority, but it is felt that its being left on the record may have given Cairo a totally misleading idea of just how firmly all parties agree on the main aspects of the Nasser seizure.

The Prime Minister qualified his promise by saying that it was impossible to give an absolute guarantee that in an emergency force would not be used without prior approval by the Security Council, and the Opposition made no objection. In the jubilant Socialist opinion, Sir Anthony's last-minute pledge was nailed down only by the direct, hammering questions of Mr. Gaitskell, the Opposition leader, but there are also those who think that what may have encouraged the Prime Minister to give it then was the quiet legal voices raised by two rather specially qualified speakers—Sir Lionel Heald, a Conservative and a former Attorney General, speaking in the Commons debate, and Lord MacNair, an independent peer and a former President of the International Court of Justice, whose speech was reportedly the sensation of Wednesday's debate in the House of Lords. Both of them gave their impressive views that it would be better to put the case against Egypt (in Lord MacNair's opinion, not such a bad one, either) as honorable plaintiffs now, rather than to wait until later events had perhaps forced England and France into the position of defendants in the dock of history, and the support they received in both Houses—not to mention from ordinary people outside—was striking.

On the whole, though, such expert, reasoned, and restrained speeches were unhappily few in the two-day Parliamentary argument. Considering that it was conducted with the eyes and ears of the world turned toward it, the Commons debate seemed to many who were there to degenerate disappointingly into a political free-for-all, with the Socialists and the Tories testing their rival sets of lungs in support of their leaders, and with the tremendous issues at stake often lost sight of altogether in the uproar. What impression the impassively watching ambassadors of Egypt and the Arab states took away to report to their governments it is hard to say. Many of the Labour speakers appeared to be confused as to what debate they were in and to be running through the popular old anti-colonial speech about the rights of poor, small nations threatened by big, imperialistic ones. Even Mr. Alfred Robens, who will be the Foreign Secretary in any future Labour Cabinet and who proposed the vote of cen-



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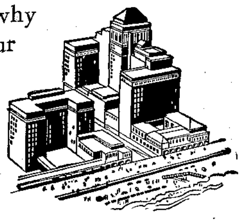

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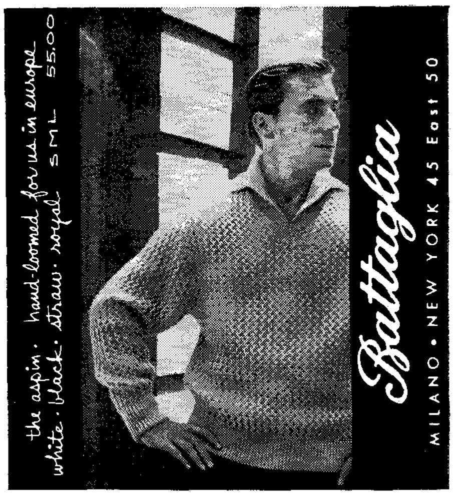
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sure, said some pretty funny things, as in one passage where he took the Government to task for making extensive military preparations against a people who were more than half illiterates—a telling point, he seemed to feel, though even the Labour press next morning sarcastically did not. Mr. Gaitskell repeated firmly, in spite of the antics of some of his rank and file, that Labour's official attitude remained as he had given it in the first Suez debate, on August 2nd; that is, Labour backed the Government in its grave view of the Egyptian action and differed only over the best way to tackle it. But since August 2nd Mr. Gaitskell has been under fire from the Bevanite *Tribune* and from other pacifist Left Wing elements in the Party, and prior to his statement the Tories took up some time noisily accusing him of having moved a nimble step to the Left from the nonpartisan solidarity of his early speech as a result of pressure from his wild wing, which sees an opportunity to make up the ground that it has unquestionably lost in the country during the past two years. Since August 2nd, too, the Trades Union Congress has met in Brighton and unanimously warned the Government that organized labor is against the use of force over Suez without United Nations approval, and Mr. Gaitskell left no doubt this time that, barring the emergencies the Prime Minister mentioned, the stipulation was the backbone of his party's policy.

Maybe the feeling that the oratorical standards of the debate were not up to the occasion was sharpened by a rumor that went around the galleries to the effect that Sir Winston Churchill would speak on the second day. The rumor turned out to be false, but it kept everyone's gaze travelling expectantly to the gangway corner where the great man habitually sits, appearing nowadays almost invariably benign and somewhat Dickensian, with his pink face, his black coat, his wide shirt cuffs, and his squarely planted small and elegant-looking feet. The old oracle kept its shutters up, but the thought of the majestic sombre composition on the theme of appeasement and aggression that might have rolled from it made everyone else's pronouncements fall rather flat and thin.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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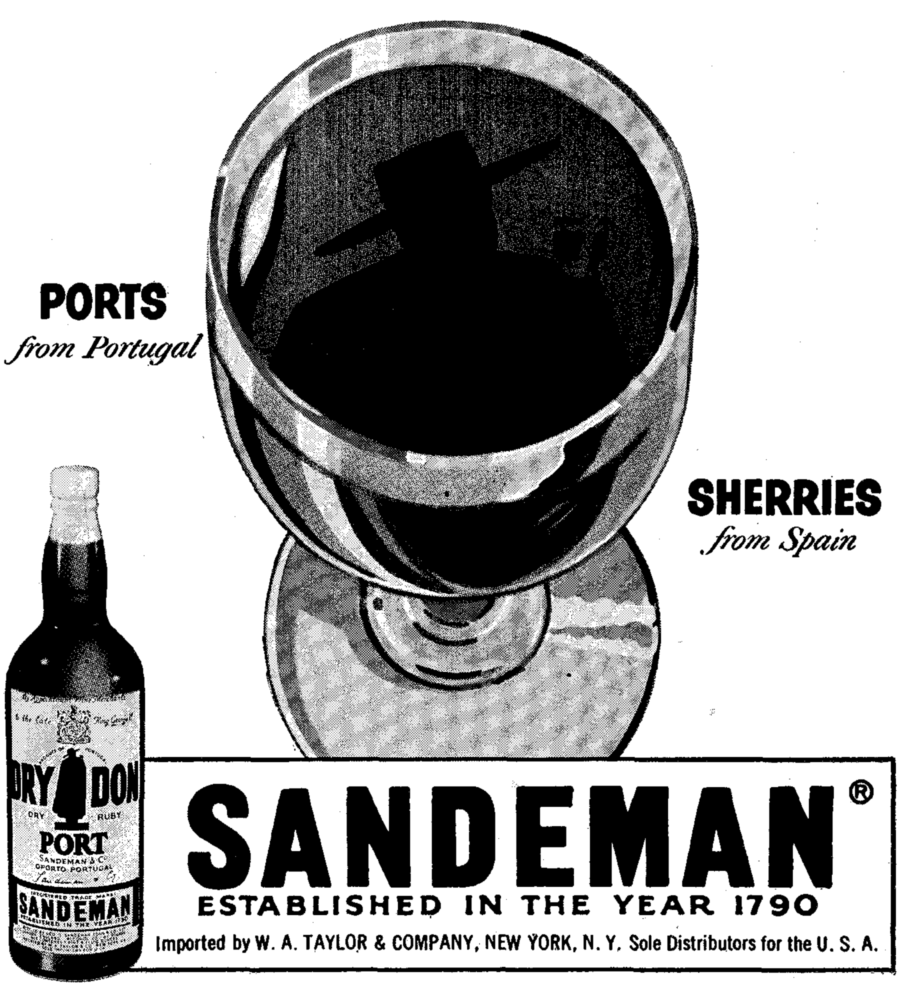
—*Morristown (N.J.) Daily Record.*

Daylight time?



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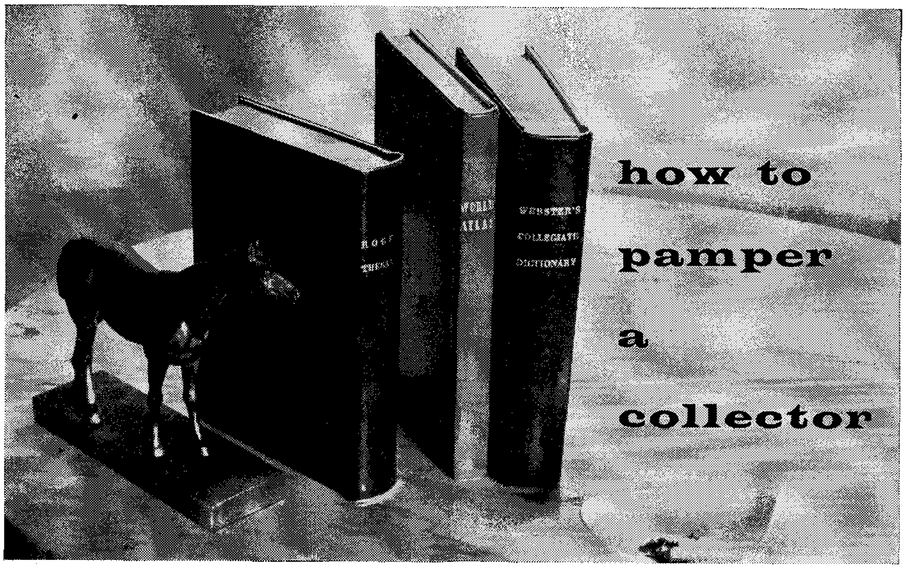

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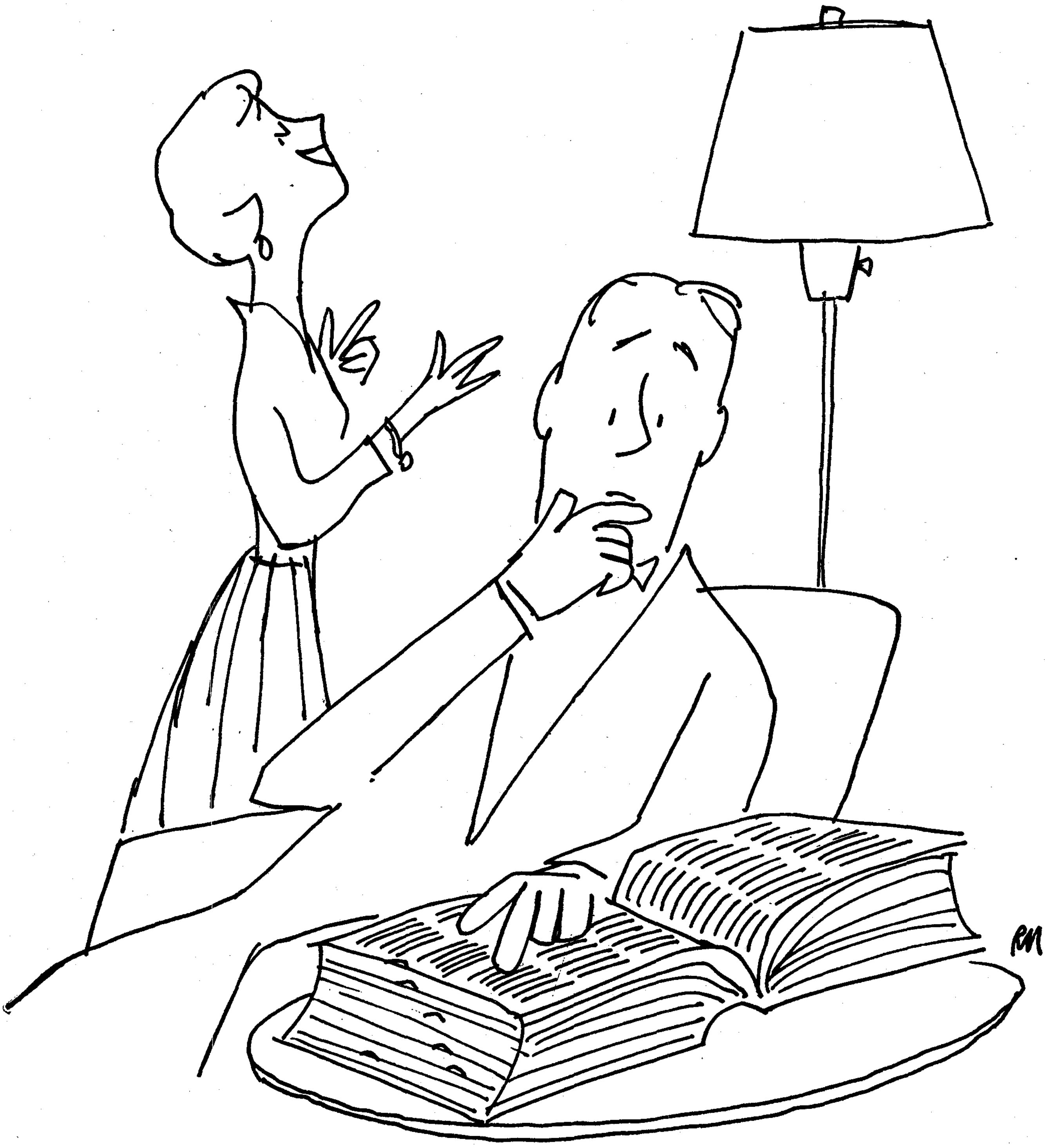
A man's guide to women

Woman-Talk vs. Non-Woman Talk



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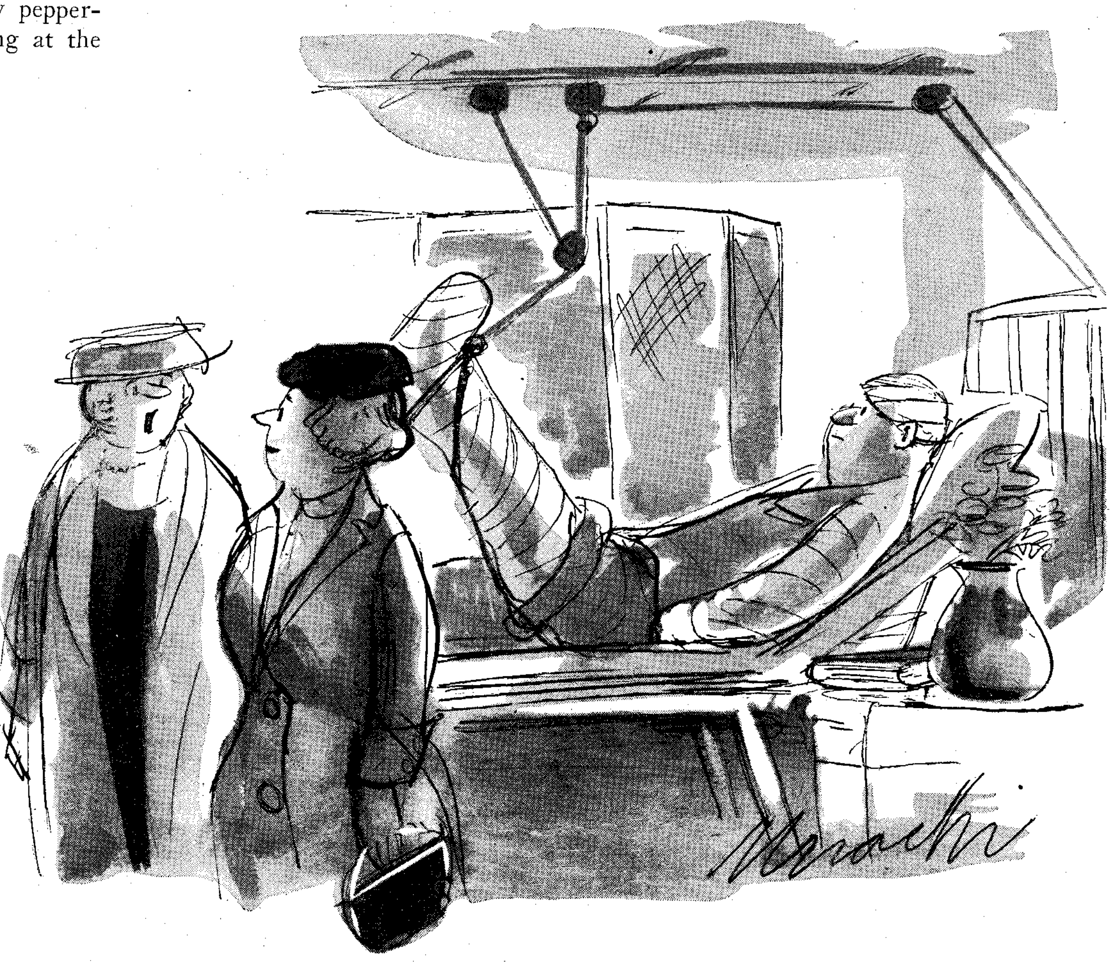
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE seem to be two ways about it this autumn, at least in the opinion of the American ready-to-wear manufacturers. We are to be very tweedy indeed, or we are to be sleek as cats in black broadcloth and satin and simple wools made luxurious by satin bands and fur trim. And we are to look bulky, even barrel-shaped, or, despite the many bloused effects in the new season's bodices, we are to be willowy. (I love the big, enveloping coats and capes around town, but I wish the suits looked trimmer; the ubiquitous "semifitted easing down the body" often looks merely clumsy.)

Before I go into detailed inventory, I think I should dwell a moment or two on the noble work of two designers—one because he always blends perfectly into whatever the current scene is, and the other because she is a leader who defies classification. This is an elaborate way of saying Mr. Ben Zuckerman and Miss Pauline Trigère. You take Mr. Z., now. Heavy, heavy pepper-and-salt tweed is all the thing at the moment, so he shows the simplest possible dress of it, with a round neck, elbow sleeves, and a self tie just above the waistline in front as the only indentation (at Bendel). Do you like those bloused effects? He shows a lumberjacket suit, with a straight skirt, very low pockets, and brass buttons adorning the pockets and marching down the front (Bendel again). Or do you like skirts flaring? Saks Fifth Avenue has a violet tweed Zuckerman suit with a gored skirt. For that matter, Saks also has his suit of pepper-and-salt tweed on which he's put a fat bolster collar of black beaver, just to show he's hep to the vogue for fur trim. As for coats, he has done not only a flaring sports one of oyster-white llama wool (Hattie Carnegie) and a raglan one of that good old pepper-and-salt tweed, lined with white lapin, but a remarkably dressy one of black zibelline wool, with a sable collar that stands away from the neck at the sides and loops down a bit in back (both of these at De Pinna). Or is sleekness the objective? Zuckerman takes care of this with his black broadcloth costume—a little nothing of a dress that has a string tie, a white rose across the waistline in front, and a box jacket whose trim is either white satin or white mink. Lord & Taylor is infatuated with this one, as it is with lots of Zuckerman's work.

When Pauline Trigère cuts a simple wool dress, it couldn't *look* simpler. Such as an oxford-gray sheath with a round neck, long sleeves, and hips slightly padded in the new manner (Jay Thorpe, for one of many). And no one can cut a coat with more arrogance. One example, latched onto by De Pinna, is of cream tweed with a charcoal crossbar. It swings out furiously in back, and its huge patch pockets are set in a cockeyed diamond pattern that measures seventeen inches from one point to its opposite number. This is gay enough, but the minute night descends, a really wicked twinkle gets into Trigère's eye. Consider her black jersey early-evening dress. It seems quite casual—cap sleeves and a round, collarless neck that is fastened with a rhinestone pin at the throat. The dress, though, is carefreely slashed from the jewel practically down to the waist. This is at Bonwit Teller. If you like Trigère's "veiled" look, consider a couple of her dance dresses at De Pinna. One is of black peau de soie with deep, inverted pleats to make the skirt full. The décolletage is cut in a low V front and back but is filled in near the base with flesh chiffon veiled by black point d'esprit. The other is a belted sheath of black wool with a deep V neckline in back; veiling bound with wool provides circular cape sleeves. Among the other Trigère deviations from the norm is her "bird-cage" silhouette, which she accomplishes with an attached or separate jacket of black faille that is deeply bloused under the hips in back to make the dress it's worn with look even more slender. One such jacket, a separate (Bonwit Teller), has a deep, inverted pleat down the back, to give extra width, and crystal teardrop



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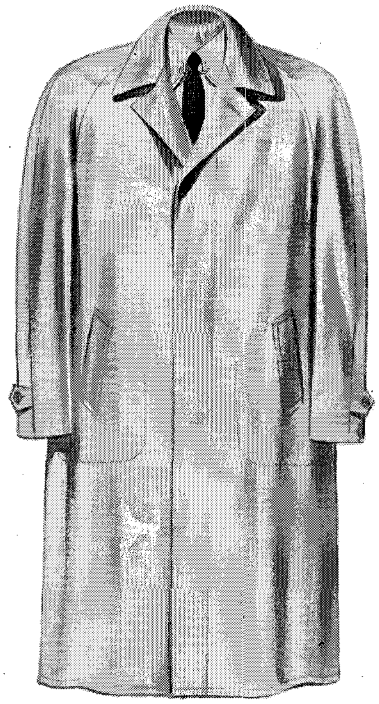

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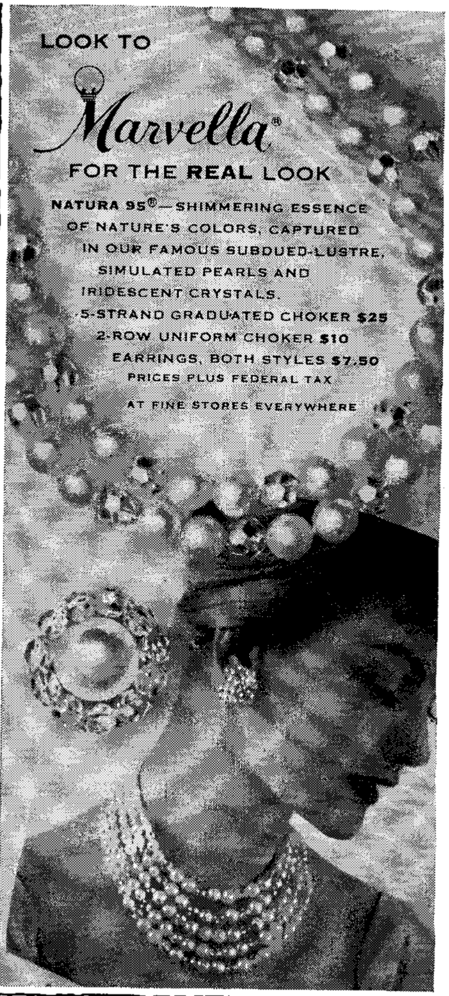
buttons down the inside of the front closing. This is shown over a slender formal dress of black broadcloth that is slightly bloused above the Empire waistline—a touch that is typical of Trigère this season.

SEEKERS of sleekness, whether for daytime or after dark (or both), will find many other golden opportunities. The first one that leaps to mind is Blotta's black broadcloth sheath with a black seal hem four inches high. There are shoulder straps and a square décolletage in back, but you *could* wear it to lunch if you covered it with what Blotta calls his Flipper cape-jacket, which is of gray tweed. This is wide and circular at the hipbone, and a seal band goes across the elbows, at the slits where the arms emerge, to give the effect of cuffs. Bonwit Teller owns this outfit, as well as a tailored version in gray wool, which is for early daytime. Bendel Originals contributes a suave restaurant sheath of black pussy-willow broadcloth, with long, tight sleeves (a rarity, and a relief, this season) and a shallow décolletage that goes out to the shoulder tips. This one cries out loud for a dramatic, tilted hat. Suzanne Augustine, a girl who makes the most extreme styles wearable, is apt to put a band under the bosom to hint at an Empire waistline, but she adds another at the normal waistline to reassure the timid. One of her current hors d'oeuvres, of black chiffon wool with a wide bateau neck, short sleeves, and a midriff that's encircled by two satin bands, is terrific enough on its own without the full lace overskirt that's intended to dress it up. This one is all around—Bendel, Hattie Carnegie, and Mimi Tuthill, to name just three. Another success is a Dior-New York invention done in black sheer wool. Its neck is oval, its sleeves are short, its back is plain, but drapery builds out and forward from the ribs to twist through a self-covered circle on the diaphragm, and two tubular panels descend the front from that point. At Rosette Pennington and Saks Fifth, among others. Larry Aldrich, always to be counted on for high style at a fairly moderate price, contributes what may be the dinner-dress wow of the season—a sheath of black broadcloth with a neck that is a modest bateau in front but is slashed at the back in a savage V almost to the waist, where it has a tab fastening and a satin bow with streamers. It's $95, and Gunther Jaeckel is only one of the shops that dote on it. Gunther also likes Aldrich's black satin shirtwaist dress in



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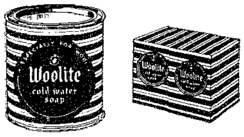

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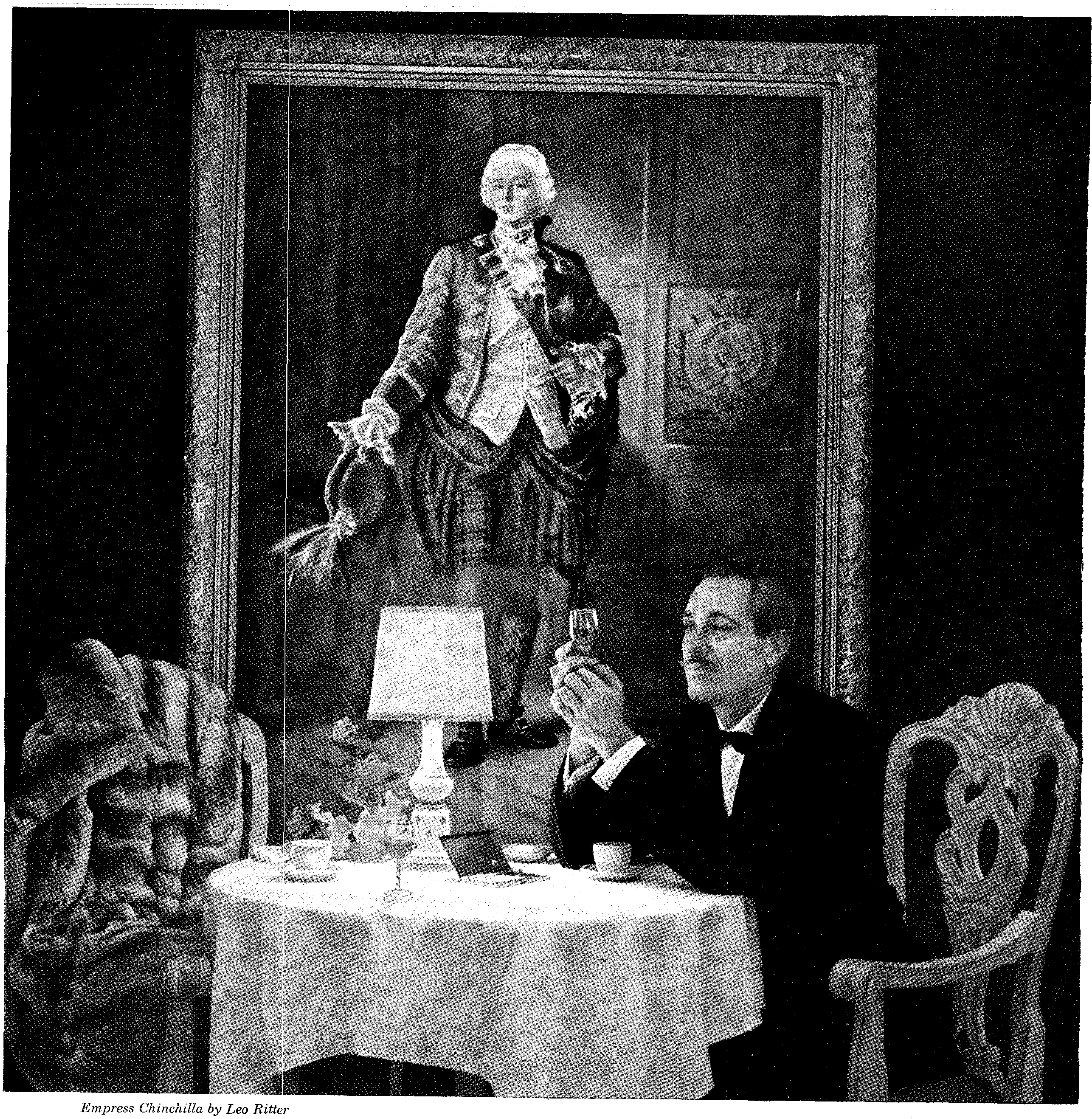

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reverse (it's buttoned down the back); there's a bateau neck in front and the proper bloused look above the natural waistline. And, after many years of privation, the town is full of simple black crêpe dresses for all day long. Jay Thorpe is notably supplied; my advice is to study the establishment's Howard Greers and Ben Reigs first. Winston, by the way, is not a party to sleekness this season; he's gone in for softness instead. Exhibit A is a costume of thin black wool whose bolero is tied with string bows at the neck and again just under the bust. Its long-waisted top is lacy black wool knit over flesh chiffon, and below the bolero the sheerness of the chiffon becomes quite apparent at the midriff. Bergdorf is one sponsor.

FUR-TRIMMED suits and costumes, too, are frequent this fall, so I shall touch upon only a few topnotchers. Lots of these clothes are equipped with waist-length bolero jackets. Branell makes a jacket of charcoal-and-white tweed, with a tiny shawl collar of white mink, to go over a dress that has a high-waisted white satin top. Gunther Jaeckel, one admirer of this ensemble, has also acquired Aldrich's combination of a red duvetyne jacket that sports ranch-mink lapels and a dress of red broadcloth with a deep, square neck in back. A major triumph is Pattullo's jacket of cranberry wool, with a wide band of ranch mink lying flat around the neck and overlapping a bit in front to fasten. There are double-breasted buttons below this, and the jacket is gathered slightly in back to get that bloused effect. The dress is news, too—a sheath of the same wool with a band starting under the arms and buttoning high across the back. De Pinna and Saks Fifth are just two of the beaux who fell for this outfit. Saks is also in favor of costumes that include jackets of American broadtail, such as Anna Miller's, which involves waist-length fur. The dress of black sheer wool that goes with it ends in a pleated skirt. Of the two-piece fur-trimmed suits on parade, a memorable one is Vera Maxwell's dun-brown tweed, with three crystal buttons below the almost waist-length shawl collar, which is of ranch mink (Rosette Pennington). Ruby Ross, now in new quarters, on the third floor at 17 East Fifty-third Street, has Bass-Feit's suit of black cashmere, on which black fox romps down both sides nearly to the waist.

SUITS without fur can look just as luxurious. What Bonwit Teller calls ribbon-knit tweed, a very silky but

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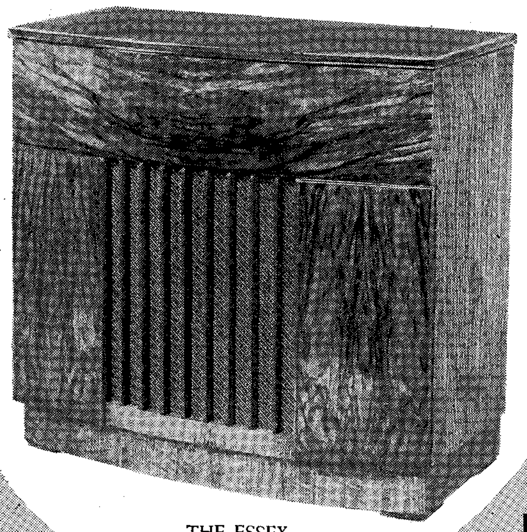

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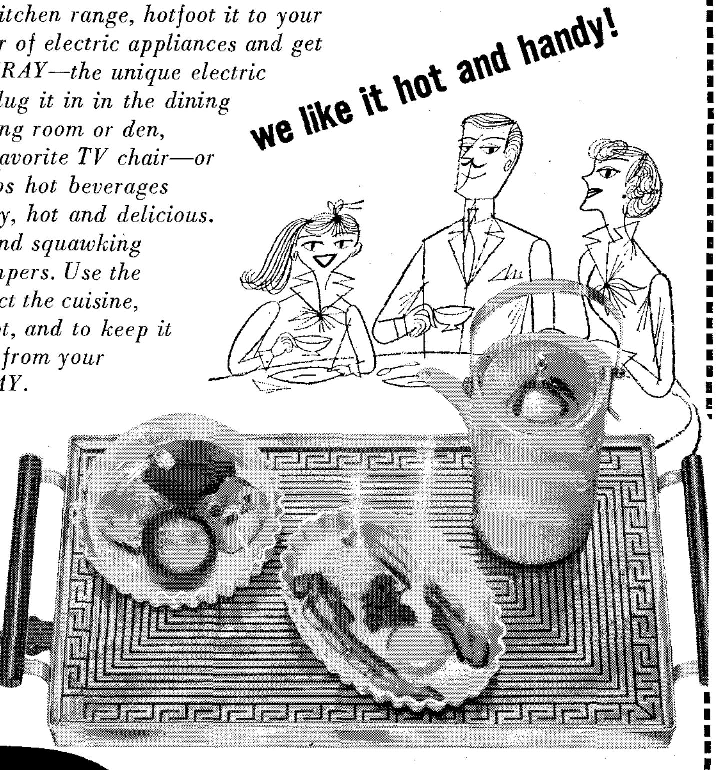

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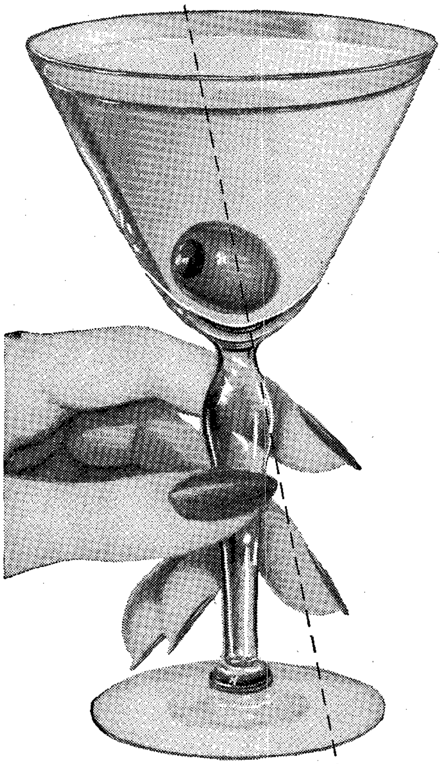

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nubbly material, is used in many designs by Monte Sano and Jablow. Bonwit also has a dressy daytime confection, by Jablow, of a heavy wool knit that manages to resemble petitpoint. This is trimmed with satin. Another Bonwit passion is tweed suits with full skirts, particularly those made by Marquise. Some of the Marquise skirts have outward umbrella tucks; some are soft inverted pleats. And while we are on the subject, Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, is another advocate of full-skirted suits; among her ideas is a two-faced (reversible, that is) wool in taupe and tobacco or gray and blue, with a long jacket above the swirling skirt. Irene (only at Gunther Jaeckel) likes her jackets long and fitted, even though we're in a hipbone-length, semifitted era. One of her skirts, circular at the hem, suggests a trumpet flare; the slim jacket that goes with it is slit at the sides and snugly buttoned down the front below a tab placed high on the chest.

In general, though, suits have straight skirts, despite the trend toward bloused backs this year. Monte Sano has consigned a gray-flannel beauty to De Pinna—wide revers and single-breasted buttons descending the semifitted front, two self bands crossing just above the kidneys, and a mild bloused effect above. Among Anna Miller's dressmakery suits at Bonwit is one of fine checked worsted, with the sunburst pleats that go down the back caught in by a leather belt.

COATS made extra marvellous with fur or unusual fabrics abound, and Bonwit has a great selection. A dressy one by Raelson, of a shiny, silky wool on the order of zibelline, is lined with black lapin, and its dolman sleeves taper to the wrist. This has a high-style hood besides. (It's at Bendel, too, done both this way and in pepper-and-salt tweed.) Another Bonwit treasure is Heitner & Heitner's coat of red fleece with a deep shawl collar of ranch mink; a third, by Jablow, is a handsome job of a heavy, heavy tweed that looks like interwoven braid—black and white, mauve to purple, or orange to red. Just a vast, enveloping coat with a belt high across the back. Lord & Taylor goes in for fleece coats cut wide and flat, panel fashion, down the back, and many of them are by Dior-New York. To be contrary, L. & T. also shows a real barrel shape by Monte Sano, of wool with vertical taupe-and-gray herringbone stripes separated by narrow black bands. For those who still crave chesterfield types, Originala has made one (al-

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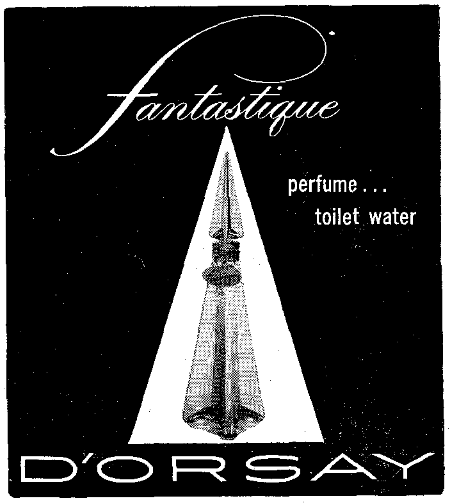

Fantastique
perfume...
toilet water
D'ORSAY

so at Lord & Taylor) with set-in sleeves, six double-breasted buttons, and a mink collar like Lucius Beebe's. Bendel has taken a fancy to a perfect coat by Jane Derby. It's a straight one, of that wool knit that resembles petitpoint, and it has the brass buttons that Bendel is fond of this year, to say nothing of crossed lapels and pea-jacket side pockets.

WHEN clothes these days are understated, they are understated indeed, like the casual wool dresses by Traina-Norell. T.-N. makes starkly simple chemise dresses (a belt goes with each one, but you are supposed to scorn it) of wool jersey. You'll see it at Bonwit et al. The décor of one is merely a half-inch band and a tailored bow below the round, collarless neck, and another band and bow adorning the pockets that jut in front of the hips. There are buttons in back descending to a seam that marks a low yoke. Lord & Taylor, a staunch advocate of everything Traina-Norell does, especially worships some dresses of extra-heavy jersey, with a self belt a good four inches wide and attached at the bottom to the normal waistline, making a mighty snug wide midriff. The skirts of some of these dresses are slightly gathered, like modified dirndls; in these cases the color is beige, red, or black. Slender versions, with dolman sleeves, appear only in black. Another simple dress that sticks in my mind's eye is a honey by Seymour Jacobson in black, gray, or beige wool jersey (Bergdorf). Dovetailing V folds go down the front of the bodice, and there's a sunburst-pleated skirt. It's just $70. Bergdorf is the sole possessor of a slick coat-dress by Terry Allen, done in black French broadcloth with a white pin stripe or in Burgundy broadcloth with a pink stripe. It has a fly front and a satin ascot—oh, nothing at all to it, really. Dior-New York presents many unspectacular wool masterpieces, among them a dress of tobacco or Burgundy wool with a bateau neck that goes out to the shoulder tips. Folds of the wool, however, fill it in, rather like a scarf. (Hattie Carnegie is one of its proponents.) The atelier of Oleg Cassini is rife with beautiful princesse fashions, most of which have wide bands that hint at Empire waistlines, and his knits are exceptional. Particularly a dress (at Saks Fifth Avenue) that looks hand-knit, all purple and red and green small Vs on a black ground, and producing a stained-glass effect. It has long, tight sleeves and a tiny crossed collar of ribbed black

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faille. Not for striding across the moors, exactly.

As for life after dark, it should be noted that the full-skirted, small-waisted doll dress is still very much with us, and that Traina-Norell has done a lot to maintain interest in it. One version involves a skirt that is entirely small side pleats and a covered-up top that is slashed to the waist in back and then primly tied together with string bows. A full crinoline underskirt and a flare on the hips, Infanta fashion, make it thoroughly bouffant (Bonwit and Bergdorf). Black or cerise Italian faille taffeta is the basis of this one. A newer Traina-Norell idea has the same pleats starting at each side of the deep V of material that descends below the waist front and back to give both puffiness and a long-torso look to it (Lord & Taylor). Galanos is another devotee of this flippant young style. Bendel shows his red satin number with short sleeves, inverted tucks below the waistline, and a wide but shallow décolletage. One of the offerings by Scaasi, an accomplished newcomer, is a brown velvet dress gored through the middle and rounded on the hips; the red satin top is slashed in front, so that it can be turned back to show the chest or allowed to blow upward against the throat. Oleg Cassini clings to his princesse line for evening, too. One of his representatives (at Saks Fifth) is of black peau de soie. Its skirt is gored and circular, and the décolletage is low back and front, but a number of straps curve across the forward exposure and up to one shoulder.

I have said that there is both slickness and softness in the new fashions. And there is drapery. And nostalgic charm, from the days when Irene Castle queened it and Lucile was the top dressmaker; all of it suggests 1912 and a musical called something like "My Dear Lady." The nostalgic clothes are likely to be draped up on the hips to an ornament or a flower placed to one side just under the bosom; they are also likely to have a high waistband of satin or some such fabric. (This is true, too, of the daytime things in this genre.) Especially wonderful for very thin and flat-chested women. Howard Greer (Jay Thorpe) is in his glory, for he served under Lucile when he was but a lad. His beautiful trailing chiffons of this vintage include a strapless one of emerald and sapphire chiffon. The green goes in folds across the back, comes forward over the ribs to an ornament at the center under the bust, and falls in folds down the center front; the skirt is blue

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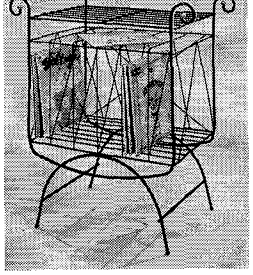


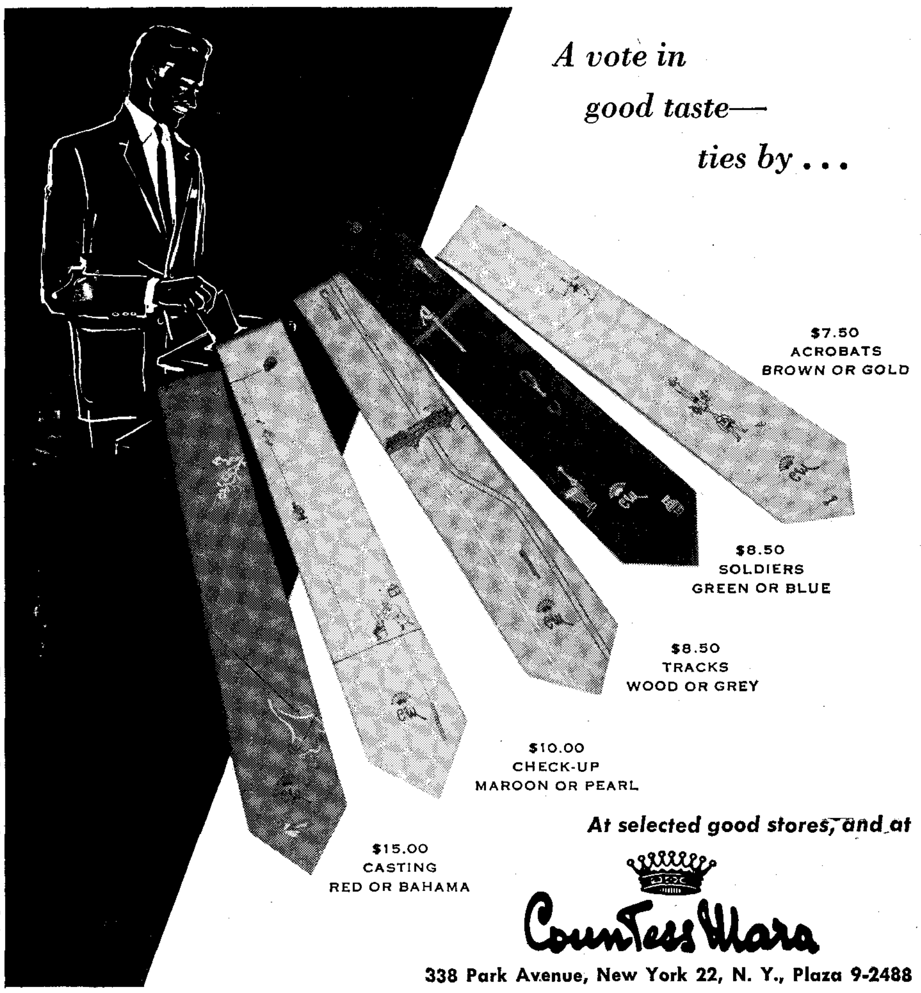
and trailing. Jay Thorpe also harbors a day-length gem by Rosalie Macrini—hunter-green or black silk crêpe, with a fichu collar that goes out over the shoulders and ends in a huge pink rose on the chest. Panels float below the rose, but the dress itself is a sheath. Another J. T. item is Winston's satin sheath with a wrapped cummerbund just below the bust and a flower *on* the bust. From that flower depends a gathered chiffon panel that loops under one side of the hem in a harem drape. Traina-Norell, who was already doing this kind of thing several seasons back, weighs in with a black velvet sheath and a white linen fichu that is edged with pleating and Val lace; there's a moss rose high on the waist to finish it off (Gunther Jaeckel).

This brings us to very formal evenings, and again I shall merely leap from one to another of the high spots. One is Galanos's black crêpe vamp dress, with diagonal shirred tucks up one side of the strapless bodice, more shirred tucks at one side of the skirt front, and a trumpet flare forward on the other side; the back couldn't be plainer. Bergdorf is crazy about it. At Mimi Tuthill (and her customers so conservative and all), there's Macrini's black velvet slithering to the floor and, over it, the damnedest big Japanese lantern of a cape of pink satin, cupping under the buttocks and swelling out something fearful above. A startler, and sort of wonderful. Galanos also contributes one of the chiffon dresses of the season (Hattie Carnegie and Bergdorf Goodman, among others). It's dance length, with yards and yards of swirling skirt. The sleeveless, oval-neck top is banded vertically in front with his pet satin ribbon and diagonally in back. Bonwit has a full-skirted Dior-New York dress with a black velvet strapless top and an emerald or American Beauty brocaded satin skirt. It should appeal to the diplomatic set and environs. A wide satin cummerbund picks up the red or green of the skirt. And, to return to Mimi Tuthill, there is Scaasi's marvellous evening coat of peacock satin, with inverted Vs making a sweep from behind the arms down at both sides of a flat panel. It goes over an ice-blue satin evening dress. —Lois Long

•

This is No Gag: First spell out NASSER. Then spell out STASSEN. Then figure out what three letters are common to both.—*From New York Confidential, Lee Mortimer's column in the Mirror.*

Too much for us, Mortimer, you and your confidences.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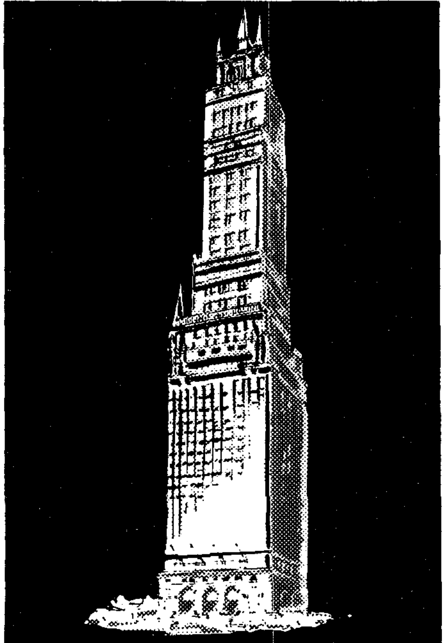


AN ADDRESS OF INTERNATIONAL PRESTIGE

A ROLE IN MANILA

ONLY once in my life have I played the part of a hero. I did so deliberately, and at the same time quite by accident, and the memory of that performance and that day still returns, after nearly a dozen years, to fill me with uneasiness and guilt.

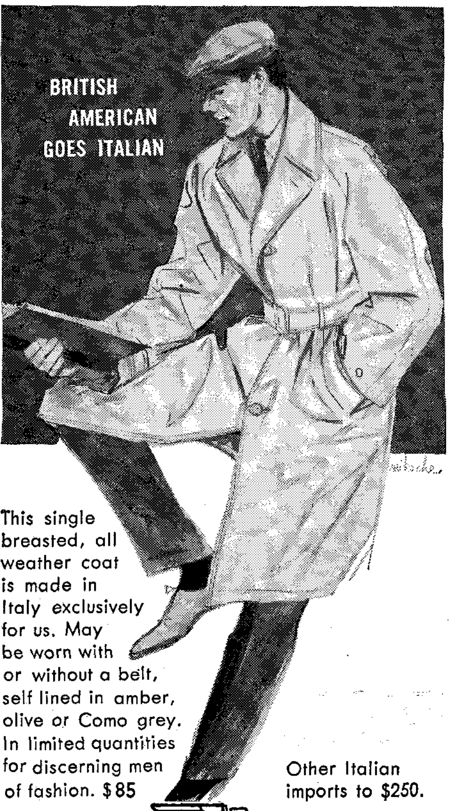
It was soon after Manila had been liberated from the Japanese. I was a gunnery officer on a destroyer that stood anchored in the dirty, silt-brown, choppy water where the Pasig River pours into Manila Harbor. A Reserve officer, I had been in the Navy five years and was profoundly ignorant of all naval matters except gunnery and destroyers. I hung over the ship's rail that day, watching stores being brought aboard, and occasionally looking along the shore at the big, spare, beautiful apartment houses. They had flickers of black above each window, indicating that they had been gutted by fire during the fighting. A sailor tapped me on the shoulder and said the captain wanted to see me on the bridge.

"Burdick, you're going to be shore-patrol officer this afternoon," the captain said. He was young, confident, and Annapolis-trained. He smiled. "Take two men and hit the beach around thirteen hundred. Liberty starts then for all ships in the harbor."

"Captain, I've never done shore-patrol duty," I said. I had seen shore-patrol officers with S.P. brassards on their arms, sticks in their hands, and .45s buckled to their waists, and I had assumed they were civilian policemen specially recruited for that type of work. Like all Navy men, I instinctively distrusted them. "Maybe one of the other officers has had shore-patrol work before," I suggested.

"No, Burdick. You. Alphabetical order, and you're first." The captain smiled again. "Get two men. Report to the senior shore-patrol officer on the dock. There've been so many fights, drunks, and general trouble that the regular shore patrol needs extra help. Take along a .45."

I went over the ship's roster carefully, and picked the two oldest and strongest chief petty officers. Both had had long duty in the Regular Navy and I knew they had done shore patrol in ports all over the world. One was Chief Seed, a boatswain. He was quiet, scrawny, but very powerful. The other was Chief Trainor, a big, pot-bellied signalman. He looked exactly like a medieval friar who had been



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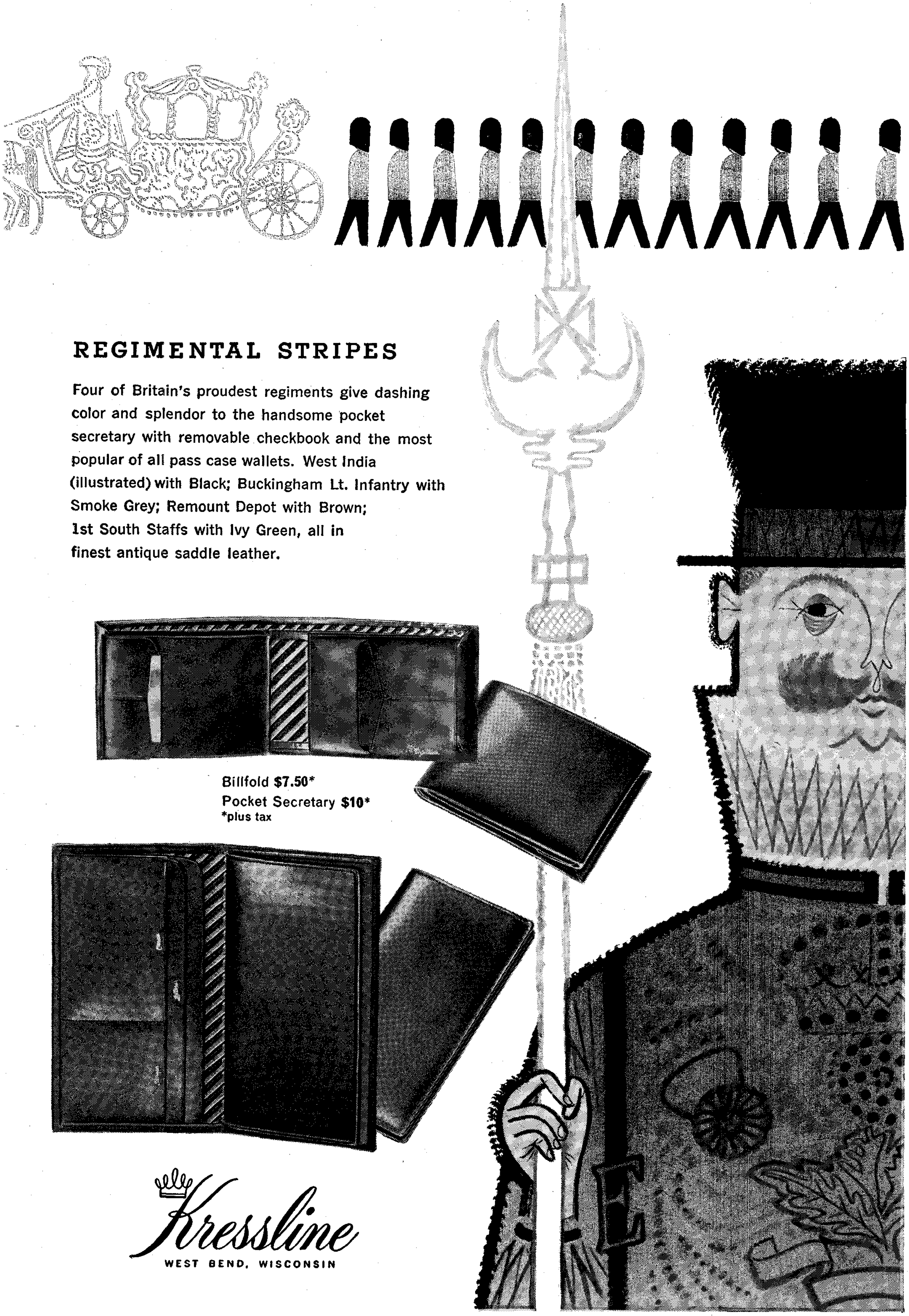

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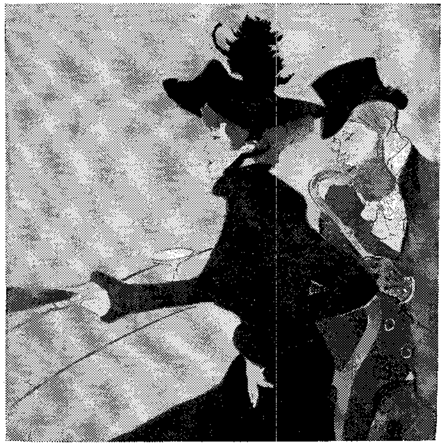

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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stripped of his habit and clapped into a chief's uniform. His pate was bald, with a thick fringe of hair around it. When he semaphored, it was a delight to watch. He wedged his belly against the box in which the signal flags were stored, set his legs apart, and wigwagged, the flags moving in swift, precise motions that heightened the impression that he was a friar engaged in a ritual.

The two chiefs and I went ashore and reported for duty to the senior shore-patrol officer, who was a lieutenant commander. He told us to go to the U.S.O., and said he would send for us there if we were needed.

I was on my third doughnut, and beginning to soften toward the duty, when trouble came. From the street rose a sound that was human but had all the alarm and tension of a siren. It was small, at first, shrill and distant, but in a few seconds it grew loud, and suddenly it was in the U.S.O. building itself. It came from the mouth of a very agitated Filipino. He tore through the building at top speed, his eyes bulging, and when he saw the brassard on my arm, words rushed out of him—Tagalog, English, pidgin English, and Spanish. I could understand none of it. Chief Trainor took him by the arm and shook him hard, and at once his words came out smoothly and urgently, all English.

THE Filipino owned a dance hall. A clean, decent, respectable dance hall, the largest in Manila, he said. Because of an argument over a girl, several hundred Marines were about to fight several hundred Filipinos. The gutters would run with blood—and, he added, the most beautiful window in Manila would be broken.

"We better go, Mr. Burdick," Chief Seed said. "There's probably only a half-dozen people down there, but we better see."

The chiefs were calm, and the U.S.O. girls watching the scene smiled at them and at me with confidence and something like respect, so I was calm. As the four of us swung out the door, I slapped the .45 on my hip with a casual, practiced hand for the benefit of the girls.

The Filipino talked frenziedly as we trotted along the street. He was wearing long, pointed shoes, a pin-striped suit with trousers that came up to just below his armpits, a shirt of soft yellow, and a black bow tie. He wanted us to hurry and was too polite to demand it, so he flew around us as we

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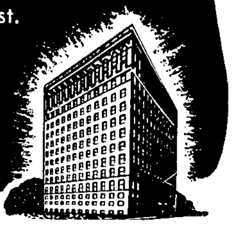
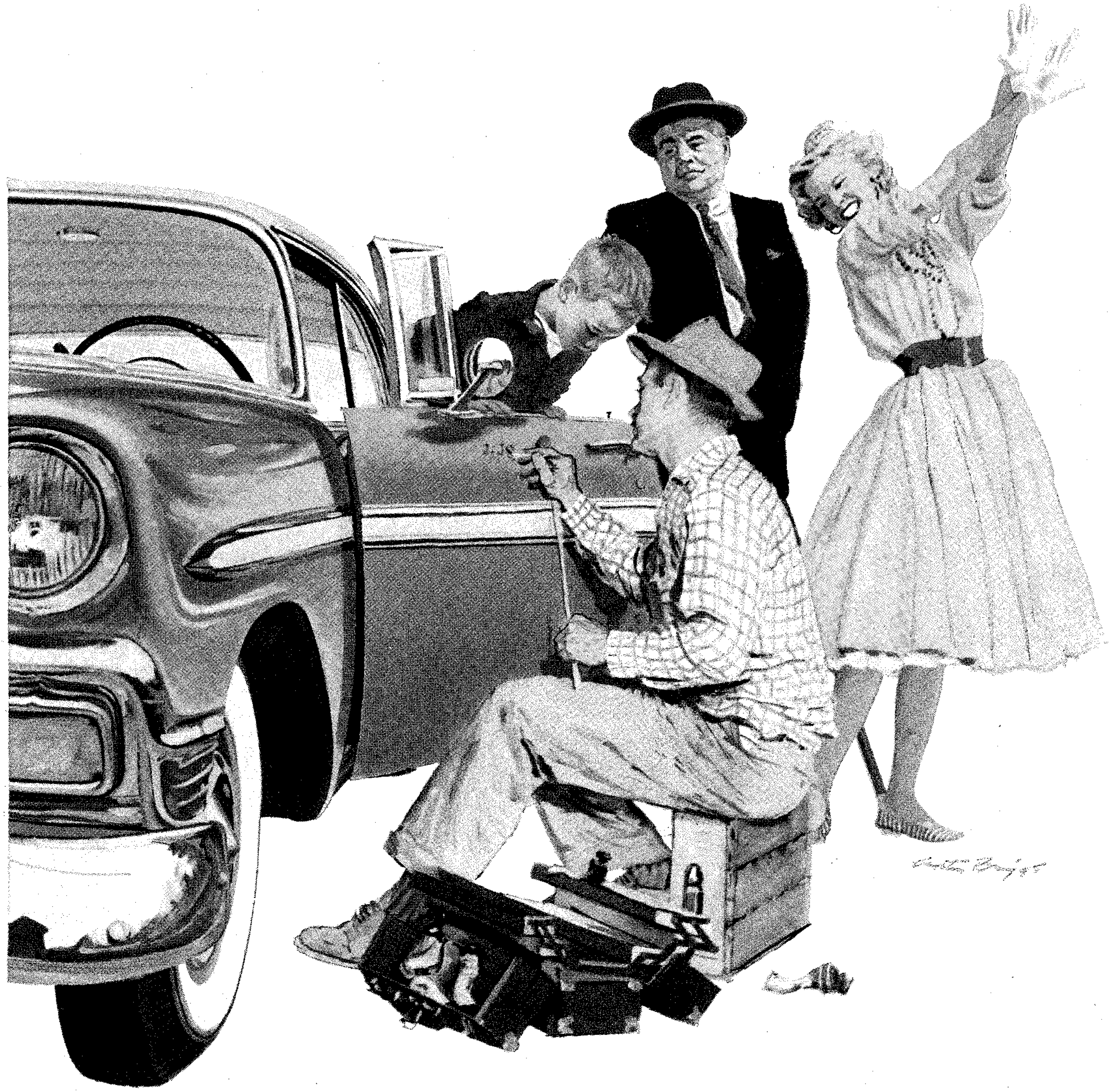


Just a whisper from the Lake!



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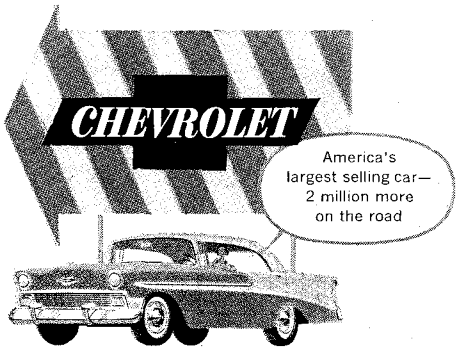
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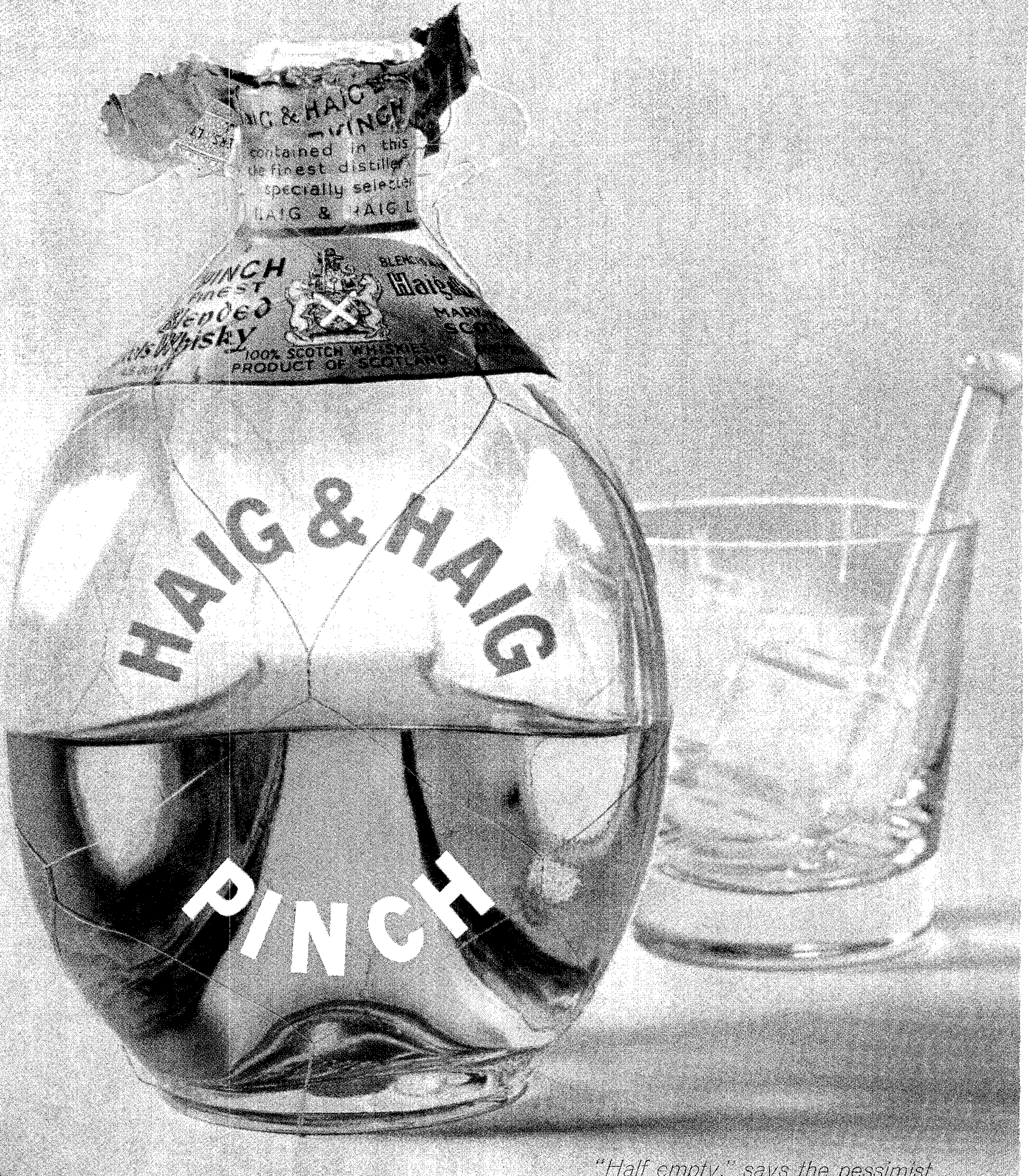
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went, swooping and circling in a desperate mute appeal for speed.

We went up a small hill, and then the street dropped down in front of us and I could see the whole scene clearly. Most of the buildings in that area had been ruined in the last days of the fighting; there were black smears around their windows, the roofs had collapsed, and torn wiring and bits of char, cloth, and splintered wood lay spilling out of their doors. But the dance hall was intact—a three-story building, with the dance floor on the second. The windows up there were jammed with girls looking down into the street. And the Filipino had exaggerated less than Chief Seed thought. There were almost a hundred Marines, soldiers, and sailors drawn up into a clot in the street, and they faced a slightly larger clot of Filipinos. We paused for a moment.

The two groups looked like those pseudopodal objects that one sees under microscopes. They were homogeneous but made up of tiny units. They roiled slowly and heaved, and each of them seemed to have a sort of membrane that held it together. Each put out a protrusion, like a small neck, and the two necks almost touched, but they were not yet in conflict. The American clot was blue and white and khaki-colored. The Filipino clot was more diverse, and a fringe of ragged boys had gathered behind it. "Hurry, Captain, hurry," the dance-hall owner said. I had already told him twice I was not a captain. "The window will be broken."

On the ground floor of the building was a huge plate-glass window, intact. How it had survived the fighting I cannot guess, but clearly it was the owner's

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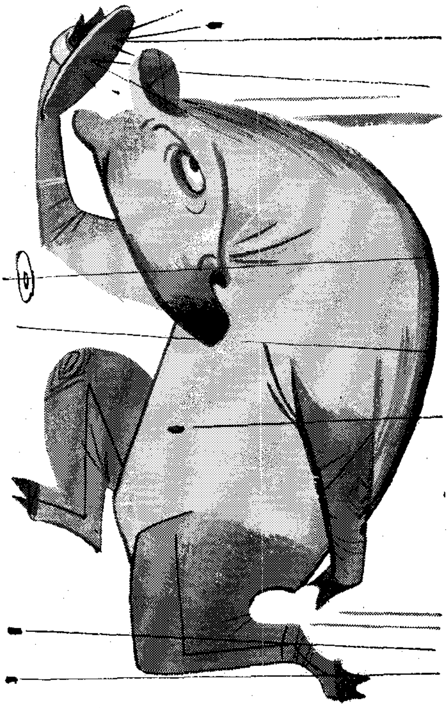

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(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

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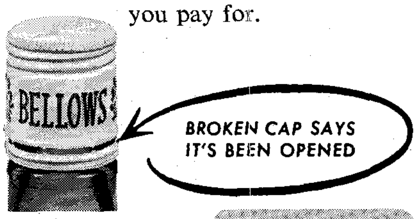

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most prized possession. Shining and very clean, it dominated the entire drab street. Behind it shimmered colorful life-size pictures of the dance-hall girls. I knew it would never survive the mass fight that was brewing. Someone would throw a fist, a rock, or an opponent through it.

I glanced at the two chiefs. Their faces seemed expressionless, even bored. I surmised that this was not an unusual situation. I went down the hill toward the dance hall, pushed along the sidewalk there, and came into the clear area where the necks of the two clots almost touched. The tip of the American clot was a Marine corporal. He was big, and his head was bent forward. He was speaking in a low voice, making his words very clear. "Look, if a girl comes in a dance hall she's anybody's, see?" he said. His eyes were red. A flat white bottle stuck out of his hip pocket. It was Manila whiskey—cheap, raw bootleg so bad that the American authorities had begun publishing a daily list of the men who had gone blind from it.

The Filipino at the tip of the other mass listened silently. His expression did not change, but once or twice his right hand flicked over his chest and then snapped back to his side in a gesture so intense and threatening that it made my stomach tighten. The two clots wriggled, made encouraging sounds, surged forward, and then fell back. I walked over to the leaders.

"Look, Corporal, you're creating a public nuisance here," I said firmly. "Now shove off, and I won't arrest you. We'll just forget it."

The Marine turned his head slowly and looked at me. His red-rimmed eyes were hard, and I knew instantly that he was impervious to both authority and reason. He smiled a tight, tough smile and shook his head. "Lieutenant, you just run along and you won't get hurt," he said. "This is private. You try to get tough and you'll be mobbed. You just amble—go along."

I shivered, or felt that I did. I knew what had happened. I had already exhausted my authority. I had depended on my insignia and the chiefs', and on the Marine's training and military discipline, and none of them had worked. I felt cold, as if I had been literally defrocked. At the same time, I became aware of something else: the air between the two clots was so dense it actually seemed to smell of menace. Patience and time were running out, and in a moment the two masses would surge together. The protrusions would

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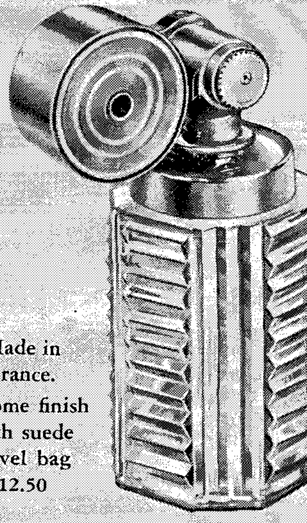

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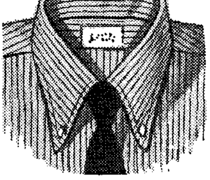

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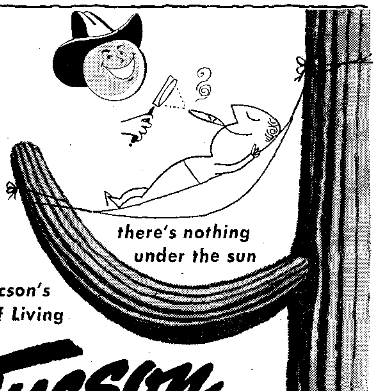
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snap at each other, and then the clots would break their membranes and swirl together in rage.

Distinctly, and for the first time, I realized that this was dangerous—that someone might even be killed. "I'm not fooling, Corporal," I said, and my voice came out scratchy and uncertain. "You shove off."

He grinned wickedly, with utter confidence, and turned back to the Filipino. He started to utter precise, low-pitched words again. I looked at the two chiefs. Their faces were still expressionless, but as they caught my eye they both grinned a little. Chief Trainor shook his head slightly, as if at a puzzling joke.

"The gook has got a knife in his coat," Chief Seed said quietly to me. "When he takes it out, the fight will start."

I became aware that between my shoulder blades was a hot, itching spot, and I felt as if a huge drop of sweat were being squeezed out of it. Chief Seed winked at me and stepped back, and I felt a sudden relief. The chiefs had been trying to tell me something. The wink was a signal, and it called a blurred but perfectly recognizable picture to the top of my mind. The picture was a montage of any number of movies I had seen. In its foreground were a good tough man and his two friends, and facing them were a bad tough man and *his* friends.

I knew what to do. I winked at the two chiefs. Their grins vanished, their faces became expressionless again, and I turned back to the Marine, utterly assured. "All right, Corporal, I gave you your chance," I said, and my voice was as tough as his.

He looked at me quickly, with surprise. I smiled, confident because of the chiefs' grins and Chief Seed's wink, and because of the after-image of the black-and-white picture still in my mind's eye. Calmly I undid the button of the flap that held my .45 in its holster. Deliberately I took the gun out. I whipped it up and brought it down flat against the side of the corporal's head. In just the way I had known it would happen, his eyes rolled up, his mouth went open, and he collapsed, falling slowly to the ground. He was unconscious before he hit it, but I had already seen the immense astonishment on his face.

I moved forward and swung the gun again, but this time I was experienced and steadier. The Filipino's hand, reaching for his knife, stopped with its fingers just at his lapel, and

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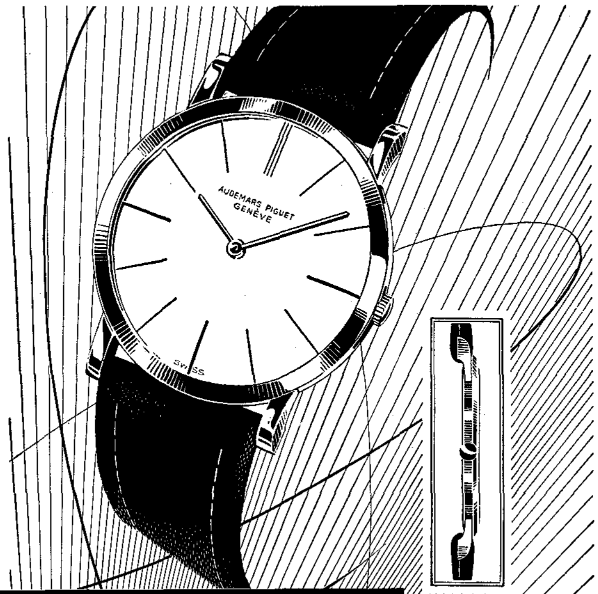

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he, too, fell to the ground unconscious.

I shifted the gun in my hand, held it at hip level, and flicked off the safety. I swung the muzzle in a casual half arc toward the Marines. "All right, now. Clear this street," I said crisply. "In thirty seconds, clear the street or . . ." I moved the gun menacingly.

The Americans stared. They were not frightened, but immediately there was the sound of feet shuffling. Men moved backward out of the clot; the membrane broke and they became soldiers and sailors and Marines again, drifting off down the street.

I smiled, and it was the easy, confident smile of the Western sheriff halting a lynching mob at the door of his jail. I turned to the Filipinos. This time, I did not even speak. I merely waved the gun. The Filipinos pushed back, and the clot of them dissolved, and in thirty seconds the street was empty except for the two unconscious men at my feet, the chiefs, the dance-hall owner, and the girls watching us from the windows. I looked up at them, stuck the gun back in the holster, and closed the flap. I took out a package of cigarettes and lit one, and held the pack out to the chiefs.

"Jesus, Mr. Burdick, that was close," Chief Trainor said. His voice was parched and tight. "I never saw a crowd as mean as that one. That was awful close."

"What do you mean?" I asked, staring at him. "Just like any mob, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't, Mr. Burdick," Chief Seed said. "I never thought we'd get out without them tearing us to pieces. I was trying to tell you. My God, man, you got guts, I'll say that!"

Chief Trainor's face was pale, and for the first time I noticed that there was a sheen of sweat on the skin beneath his eyes. His whole fat body was trembling in a fine, almost invisible way. He nodded agreement with Chief Seed. "Awful close, Mr. Burdick," he muttered. "Awful close."

Instantly, I was racked by a terrible belated spasm of fear. The chief's wink had been a warning, and I had completely misinterpreted it. I had gone to the edge of the abyss and returned, and now I realized that it had been an accident. My hands began to tremble, and I dropped the cigarette. I did not look at the chiefs.

In a few minutes, an Army ambulance came. I don't know who had sent for it. I watched the Marine and the Filipino hauled away. Then I went back to the dock and made a report to the senior shore-patrol officer. Later, I went to the hospital where the two men had been taken, and an impressed and respectful colonel, a surgeon, told me that both of them would live, but that the doctors had had a hell of a time patching up the Filipino. He laughed softly. "You're a pretty tough S.P. officer, Lieutenant," he said. "They don't usually come in that badly chewed up."

I stared at him without speaking. I wanted to see the two men—to assure myself that they were safe and would live—but I could tell from the surgeon's eyes that he would not understand. I turned away, and at once I had the feeling that guilt was literally pouring into me, like a burning juice in my stomach.

When I got back to the ship, I found that Chiefs Trainor and Seed had already spread word of the episode, and that day, and all through the rest of my tour of duty aboard the destroyer, I moved in an aura of respect that made me uncomfortable. The tough eggs, the rowdies in the crew, made excuses to speak to me. The captain said nothing, but he looked pleased whenever he saw me. I grew unhappy and restless. I was a hero who did not deserve to be one—to whom the memory of his splendid moment brought more distaste than pleasure. And when, finally, the fighting was over and I was due for discharge, I left the ship—and my role—with intense relief.

—Eugene Burdick

• •

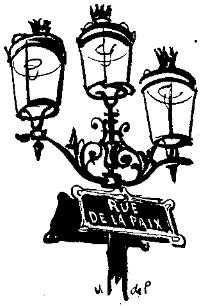
IN THE SAME CLUB CHAIR

He sat in that same chair. The chair is the same
But not the man. I can't remember his name.
The chair is as young as ever. The man is so old
He seems some other than him I used to behold
Sitting there. But *is* he another? As soon as he
Stiffens his raised eyebrows and stares at me,
I realize we ancients are still the same
Youngsters, though each has forgotten the other's name.

—Percy MacKaye

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 18



A REMARKABLY dignified plea by the management of the Ritz Hotel here has just been handed to the hotel's regular clients, and it not only gives a positive, if restrained, picture of what is happening on that select level of Paris life but reflects, in a way, what is happening on every stratum of life in France. In its English-language version, this note of warning, after recalling the high traditions that the name Ritz has represented for more than half a century, says that to maintain them "a great deal of perseverance and effort is required, especially in these times of extreme standardization and industrialization." The hotel's restaurant ideal, the note goes on, remains that of "service as perfect as possible, and cooking in accordance with the principles laid down by César Ritz and his collaborator, the famous *chef de cuisine* Escoffier, pupils of whom are today still working in our kitchens. The expenses necessary to maintain these traditions are exceedingly high and are becoming almost overwhelming. Considering the foregoing, the managing directors would be most grateful if, uniting your efforts with their own, you would do them the honor of taking your meals in their restaurant during the time you are staying under our roof." This is, of course, an ultimatum, as the guests have well understood. Currently, Ritz suites are booked two years in advance and single rooms a year at least. It is now clear that guests who do not take at least one meal a day in the restaurant will not have the Ritz roof over their heads in 1957 or '58. *Vive Escoffier!*

Food prices are trying to go up again. Last week, bakers in Paris and in about half of France, on orders from the National Bakers' Confederation, were asking their customers for an extra two francs a kilo for bread, as "a benevolent contribution" to help pay the bakery workmen, who have demanded a fifteen-per-cent increase in wages. Many customers called it "passing the hat" and refused to chip in; anyhow, government prefects ordered the public not to. To maintain a fixed price on the French staff of life, the government with its

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THE STORY is told of an Englishman who was candidate for a seat in Parliament. He was noted for his florid eloquence, and he was giving his best of it to a big political rally.

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When the applause died down, a lone Scotsman who had strayed into the hall shouted from the rear:

"What, mon! Hae ye no ambition?"

Scottish ambitions in bygone centuries were rather warlike. Today, however, they are devoted to excelling in the peaceful arts—among other things, to the production of the world's finest whiskies. Pre-eminent among them is Scotland's Prince of Whiskies, 12 year old Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky.

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We can say, however, that the supply of Chivas Regal is being distributed in America fairly and equitably. If your spirits merchant or barman should happen to be out of it when you call for it, a second call from you will be deeply appreciated by him and by us, too. According to the opinion of American friends of Chivas Regal, it is a whisky truly worthy of a second call.

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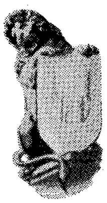
right hand gives seven and a half billion francs annually in subsidies to wheat, flour, and the bakers, and then with its left hand, as the bakers are now complaining, takes back, out of their particular four-billion subsidy, two and a half billion in taxes. Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, many bakers all over France struck. By Thursday, almost to a man, the bakers in Paris had shut up shop, so Parisians had no bread—nor could they even eat cake. Furthermore, on Tuesday, Paris was also deprived of fresh fruits and vegetables; the *marchands des quatre-saisons*, or open-air venders, had struck against government-controlled prices, and, in coöperation, produce merchants sent nearly nothing to the Halles. These present struggles between business and state are part of the dangerous revived battle between commerce, fighting for freer profit margins, and government, trying to maintain blocked prices to ward off further inflation. If the cost of French living reaches the fatal index figure of 149—the norm being the living standards of 1949—the French minimum wage will automatically rise to meet it, in accordance with a law passed in July, 1952. In this July of 1956, index prices were already up to 146, and by the end of August they were at 147. The lads who deliver telegrams for the post office have just gone on strike for twenty-four hours, and telephone charges are reportedly about to rise by twenty per cent. The Banque de France is now printing new ten-thousand-franc notes bearing the image of Napoleon Bonaparte, a historic spender. At night, while the lighted fountains on the Place de la Concorde flow like silver, two enormous tricolor electric signs placed among the trees by the two museums, the Orangerie and the Jeu de Paume, now urge the nocturnal public to "Subscribe to the National Loan of 1956."

INGRID BERGMAN, after all these familial years, has just made what seems like her début again in commercial films. In her new cinema, "Elena et les Hommes," which had its première last week, with queues a block long on the Champs-Elysées sidewalk, she is head star among four star men, Mel Ferrer, Jean Marais, Pierre Bertin, and Jean Renoir, the last of whom directed the picture. She plays the role of an 1880 Polish princess (which takes care of the Swedish accent that overlies her fluent French); is enchanting, elegant, and a brilliant comedienne; and by her focussed, intelligent acting dominates



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Mister Mustard *says:*
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the men and the screen. And she looks lovely—like the old Bergman, and hardly any older, either. The film is a kind of period farce of colors and crowds, arranged in Renoir's enriching compositions as if they were paintings. The main characters sweep in and out of these tableaux like animated portraits—illustrations in a free and easy, often very funny story of amorousness and intrigue, with happy endings even for those gentlemen who lose out. Marais, in a mustache, plays a version of General Boulanger, who once almost toppled the Third Republic; Ferrer, speaking excellently dubbed French, is a French aristocrat; and Bertin, easily the best of the male actors, is a comic and stylish old bourgeois, the only one of the three who is rich enough to be engaged to the lady all three desire. She, impoverished and so well dressed as to have already sold her last pearl, gives her inflamed soul to the General's lost cause but in the end gives her love to the young noble, the plot being a plain and fancy burlesque of chauvinism, château life, and even love, which becomes more confusing than comic as the gags finally become stale. The direction and presentation are pure Renoir from start to finish—an example of the stunningly special, colorful style and the genial social manner he has made his own. To the French, it is something like a second generation of the art of his illustrious father, who painted more canvases in his day than any other Impressionist of France. It is evident that in the film his son has composed too many such tableaux; too generously pictorial, it needs some erasures, some omissions, especially in the kissing bee of the finale, which New York would find too very very French—as Paris has found it.

BOOKS of domestic recollections by widowers are rare in literature; it is more often the widows who take up the pen. Now a volume called "Près de Colette," by her widower, Maurice Goudeket, has appeared, and is being translated into English for London and New York. Goudeket was thirty-five years old and unknown when he and Colette met, at Cap-d'Ail, in the Midi, and she was already past her mid-century and famous, the uneven balance and odd resultant attraction making for the kind of romance of which she had written with tragic impressionability in "Chéri"—a romance that she herself lived happily with him for thirty years and that he, the survivor, succeeds in recording in this book. They were always a *ménage à trois*—she, he, and

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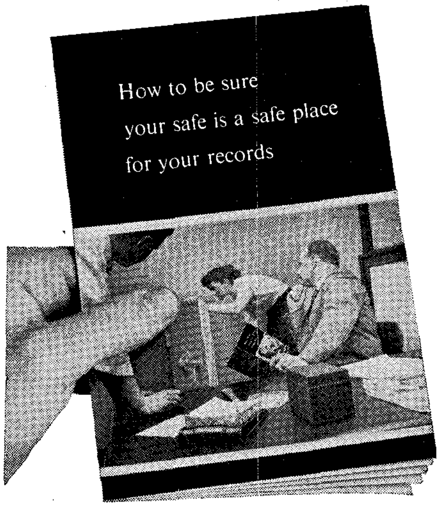

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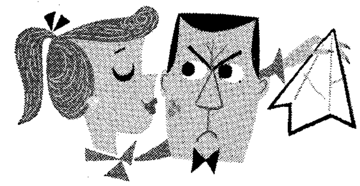
nature. This vast, intimate love she cherished for what was green and grew on the soil of France is revived in his book, usually in her own words, as if she were speaking again. There was, for instance, her personal passion for the forest of Rambouillet, where they often walked together, expressed in her echoed words: "Everything said about a forest is true, or becomes so. But it must be a very large forest, vast enough to reabsorb its nocturnal secrets at dawn, and at the same time its fringe of small wild beasts who strayed beyond its outline during the night." She was able to identify birds even at a great distance, he says, because of what she called "their styles." He also recounts his own Occupation history—how he was arrested by the Gestapo (they had thought Colette a Jew, which pushed him to the folly of declaring that he, at least, *was* a Jew, to teach them a lesson) and sent to the Compiègne camp. He reports that when Colette was told he could be saved from scheduled extermination if he became a camp informer, she said magnificently, without having consulted him, "We both choose his death." Some months later, she succeeded in having him released. His picture of her death is a great domestic souvenir, which, at the last, predated him. In the summer heat of her apartment in the Palais-Royal, where "the swallows passed at the height of the open window with sharp whistles," she pointed out to him her boxes of butterflies under glass and the birds in the garden. " 'Ah!' she said. Close to death and knowing it, she found everything more beautiful, more astonishing than ever before. . . . Her arm described an arc, which embraced all she had shown to me. 'Look,' she said. 'Maurice, look!' " She did not speak another word to him. The next day he watched her address, in mute syllables, "a veritable discourse" to Sido, her mother. "She was back in the garden of her childhood," and she died there.

SUMMER has finally come to Paris, in the early autumn. There are lovely cool nights that seem to be in communion with the calendar, and then sunny, warm July days, with the trees already carrying the colored foliage of October—a mixture of weather and seasons that passes everybody's comprehension and most Parisians' recollections but that serves well indeed for pleasure, for a feeling of holiday here at home at last. The farmers, who did not cut their wheat when they should have normally, in mid-July, are now making their harvest in mid-September,

SMEARY, DEARIE?



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mowing and threshing and bringing in a fine retarded, rich, ripe, dry crop. No one has ever seen the seasons so turned about and around, but never has a St. Martin's summer been more welcome than this, which should by rights come in November.

THE shoe is on the other foot now. When the dangerous Suez Canal crisis began, Paris loudly complained that Washington was manifesting too little concern over the vital matter, and today Washington is showing so much concern that the French wish it would let up somewhat. A plaintive editorial in *Combat* this week opened by saying, "As on most of the days that God grants us, M. Foster Dulles had something to say yesterday." —GENÊT

•

THE MUSK OX AND THE MUSK

The *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society* reports that the musk plant, *Mimulus moschatus*, used to possess a strong and delectable scent; a few years before the First World War, in the reign of Edward VII, the scent disappeared, and it has never come back. The *Journal* fails to point out that a similar disaster has not yet overtaken the musk ox, *Ovibos moschatus*.

Behold the bounding ovibos
  That in the northern dusk
Lumbers around on arctic moss
  All redolent of musk.

But what a grievous sense of loss
  Pervades each garden plot!
Moschatus is the ovibos,
  But *Mimulus* is not.

Once, cottage rooms along the Usk
  And by the Severn shore
Smelt strongly of the gathered musk;
  They smell of musk no more.

In good King Edward's brassy reign
  (He of the ample beard),
The scent of musk began to wane
  And gently disappeared.

Nature, appalled by all she spent
  On perfumed beast and flower,
Decreed that one must lose its scent,
  And, in an evil hour,

The cottage garden lost the toss.
  The dreary arctic scene
Reeks of the fragrant ovibos,
  While round the village green

The yellow flower below the wall
  Is but a scentless husk;
Only the aged still recall
  The odor of the musk.

—R. P. LISTER

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

I WAS HERE

AT nine-thirty each morning of the working week, when the doors of the Olivetti Sales Corporation's glass-and-marble typewriter emporium at 584 Fifth Avenue are thrown open for business, a member of the staff threads a fresh sheet of paper into an Olivetti Lettera 22 portable that for the past two years has been firmly fastened to a pedestal on the sidewalk out front as an invitation to the public to do a bit of typing and see how nicely it runs. Every half hour or so, a clean sheet of paper is inserted in the machine, and at closing time the day's take—a jumble of whatever has come first to the minds of the idle, the curious, the angry, the yearning, the introverted, the extroverted, the sick, the hale, the lonely, the lovelorn, the muddled, the pure, and the salacious—is turned over to the Olivetti advertising manager, in the hope that here and there among the disjointed jottings will be a few bona-fide names and addresses that can be added to his list of prospects for promotional brochures. So satisfactory is the operation of the Lettera 22 and so solid are its moorings that one passerby was inspired not long ago to pay tribute to both by pecking out a delicate confession of the larcenous stirrings in his heart: "It has come to my attention that this typewriter is locked to its base." Another conveyed this idea rather less subtly when he wrote, "Dear Sir: I wish to complain that this typewriter is not very good. The reason is that I can't take it home."

Scrutiny of a recent six-month accumulation of the manuscript the Olivetti people have acquired in this fashion—a total of more than two thousand pages, often typed on both sides—now and then affords a poignant or appalling glimpse behind the façades of the people who stroll or stride along Fifth Avenue, but it also shows that the mundane writing down of one's name takes precedence over all other forms of graphic self-expression. Next in prevalence are those battered old sentences "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party" and "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," and variants thereof. Then come the slogans, personal messages, maunderings, and obscenities. There is much gibberish and improvisation, and clumsily garbled words flourish above and below the neat, clear, smooth product of the professional typist who has paused during her lunch hour to compare the action of a foreign machine with that of her office pet.

A first assessment of the evidence reveals that the average man or woman in New York cannot correctly quote even the most frequently typewritten sentence in the English language. Nine out of ten of the people who apply themselves to the Lettera 22 write, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country," which, of course, is wrong. This may be an unconscious expression of a suspicion that the country is sorely in need of the services of good men, but in view of the quality of many of the essayists' spelling and typing it seems more likely that the majority of them—and no doubt many who simply pass the Olivetti by—do not know the correct wording of the famous line, which was originally written by a man named Charles E. Weller in the autumn of 1867. In that year, Christopher Latham Sholes, of Milwaukee, built the first practical typewriter, and Weller, a court reporter and a friend of Sholes, agreed to try out the machine as a means of demonstrating its speed and general usefulness. Later, Weller wrote a book, "The Early History of the Typewriter," in which he recalled, "We were then in the midst of an exciting political campaign, and it was then for the first time that the well-known sentence was inaugurated—'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party' . . . and repeated many times in order to test the speed of the machine." For some obscure reason, the sentence was picked up by typewriter salesmen and repairmen all over the English-speaking world, and is still used for that purpose. The general acceptance of "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" (origin in doubt) as a similar test is more readily apparent, since it contains all twenty-six letters of the alphabet and thus gives the better part of the keyboard a workout. The Olivetti sidewalk practitioners are even more inaccurate with this one, and go far afield to misquote it—"The lazy fox ran over the sleeping dog" and "The big red fox jumped quickly over

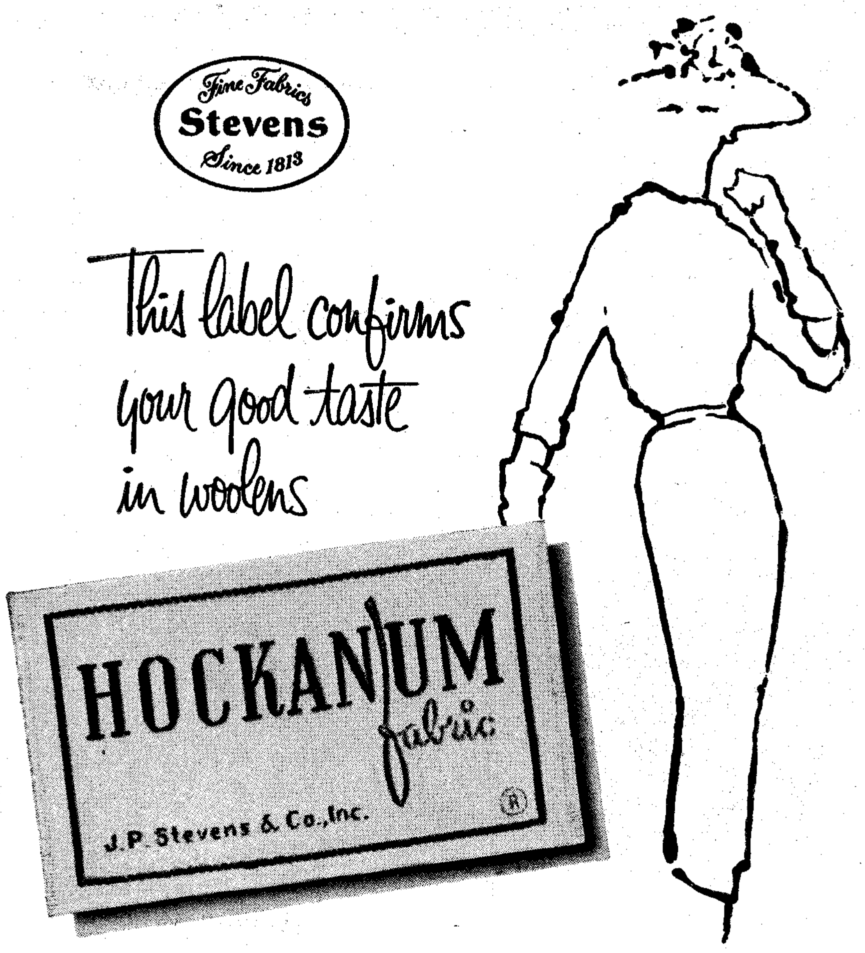
VOTE FOR HE
GARDNER REA

"Come now, folks, this baby must belong to one of you."

the lazy sleeping dog" being a couple of characteristic samples.

A thousand years from now, an archeologist exhuming the Olivetti manuscript from the rubble of the corporation's archives would have little difficulty determining the era of the writings; the love messages addressed to Marlon Brando and the references to Grace Kelly would clear up that point. Generally, the Princess is mentioned in contexts that suggest an author who hoped to share in the magic of the lady's good fortune just by writing down her name, but on one of the earliest pages of the document an admirer betrays no sign of such optimism; indited by a finger that obviously has never before encountered a typewriter key is the plaint "Todaz is the day of the gig weeding and i am not onvited." (For "gig weeding" read "big wedding," and you have it.) On other pages, current plays and pictures get their share of attention, and at one point Sir Laurence Olivier is apostrophized by a longing spinster; there are several early-summer, upper-case prophecies that the Giants will cop in 1956, and a comparable number of counter-revelations that this is to be a Dodger year again. General Perón is both praised and consigned to death, and so is General Franco. "Guns for the Arabs!" shouts one entry; "Arms for Israel!" bellows another. When it comes to pinning down a specific date, the archeologist will be gratified to find "I love you happy anniversary honey. I love you too. 1956 August 8th. Your my everything for always." And when it comes to attaching names to the faceless throngs who have paused before Lettera 22, the archeologist will be overcome by the largess. The pages are littered with names—in two colors of ink (red and blue), in caps and lower case—and frequently a name is typed out over and over again, as if writing it just once had failed to allay the writer's dread of anonymity.

Cries and protests against the punishments inflicted by life—and, more particularly, by civilized life—are registered forever. "MISERABLE LATE LUNCHES" is one dyspeptic complaint. A classic lament rings from another page—"MY FEET HURT." A passing neurotic timidly confesses, "I am very nervoes and I v." A bolder chronicler notes, "The world is in a very bad state of affairs." On the same sheet with this observation one sidewalk philosopher writes, "In the end it shall be the same . . naked we came from our mother's womb and naked we shall leave this existence called life



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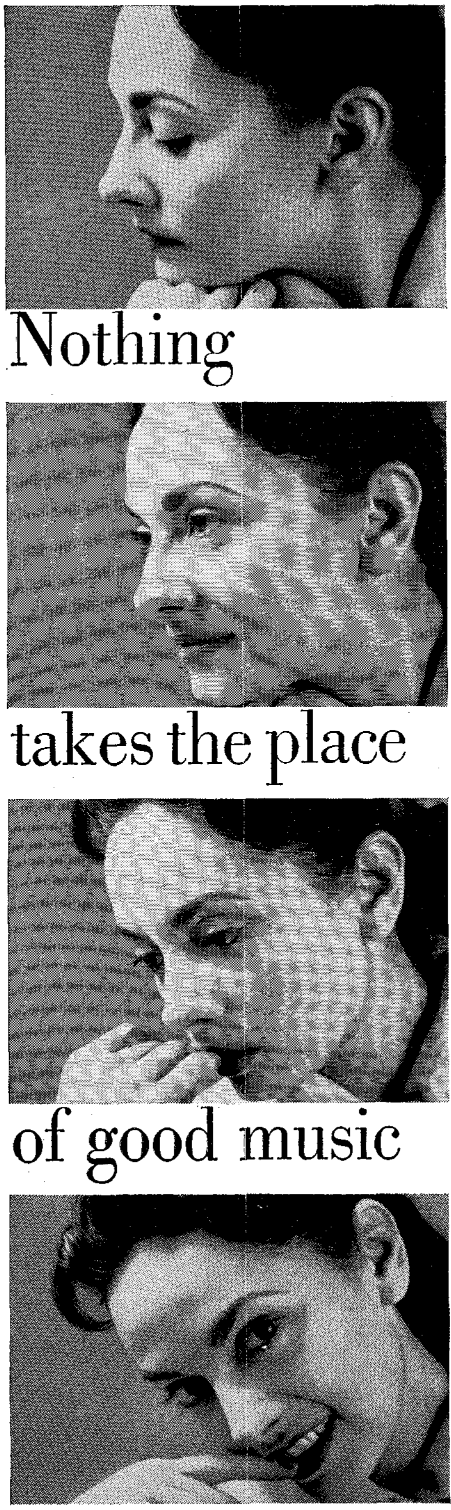

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t kkkkkkkkkk," and another remarks grimly, through the red ribbon, "TAKE IT EASY YOU GOT A LONG TIME TO DIE ?????????" A lost soul hammers out "SATAN SAVES" three times, and a passing liberal enters into a controversy in the South: "IT IS BETTER TO DIE ON YOUR FEET THAN LIVE ON YOUR KNEES GOOD CHEER YOU PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM IN MONTGOMERY ALABAMA YOU'LL WIN YOUR FIGHT YET."

On one page appears the advice, in blue letters, "Go thou to Rome, at once, the city, grave and Paradise," and this is followed by a switch to the red ribbon for the admonition "Pity the poor Kinkaju. His name is potto" and the pathetically brave little joke:

To my dear, long lost friend, Marcel Apfelbaum
Go soak your head Tut tut goodby
Lovingly yours
Frances Spanier
P! S! Only fooling.
P. P. S. I love you.

On another page, the reaction to a fine day that has gathered in some part-time bard's breast emerges as "Pleasure and golden morning and high summer." On the reverse side is the simple, touching statement "I love America. Anna Barberino" and, some lines below this, the death wish, complete with rattle: "Strange as it may seem it is now time to die sdddddfdswddddds nikki."

Lovers communicate. "Dear Al," one writes. "I waited for you for half an hour. Now drop dead. MARGE." And another: "I love you so much I could die if I were not with you." A tender third reads, "Goodbye my fancy. I love you, Janet." Farther on, an admirer strikes a somewhat more sinister note: "Melisande: Have you forgotten me? Call, but watch out for Herbert as usual!" Also the shy approach: "Dear Barry I want to tell you that Beth likes you very much signed of course Beth."

Souls of the most diverse sort materialize for the moment out of the void, register, and pass on: "La tout n'est qu'ordre et beaute," "Luxe, calme et volupte," "This world is a wonderful place," "The jewelry Business stinks," "Sandy green meadow by the stream," "Vita Brevis Ars Lunga," "Aus Wien kommen sehr viel Hubsche Frauen." A single line, and they are gone, leaving one to puzzle over who they were and why they wrote what they did. Indeed, the mystery and anonymity of many of the writers invite endless speculation. Thousands of feet a day shuffle past the glittering Olivetti store front. Some of the unsigned typists leave clues behind, such as the sailor who batted out, "Hear

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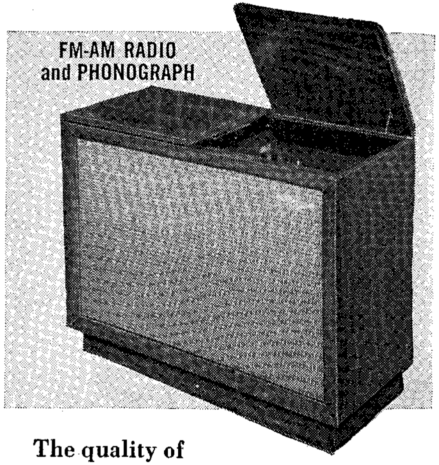

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this now." (But *was* he a sailor, since what he meant was "Now hear this"?) And the printer or linotype operator who could not resist writing, "etaoinshrdlu," and the homesick Italian who rejoiced, "Fa piacere scrivere di nuovo su una Olivetti," and the anguished student with his, or her, "Why doesn't New York State abolish the Regent examination?" Little dramas are sometimes played out on a single line, like this one, clearly the collaboration of a passing couple: "lenny lets go steady," followed by the wary protest of the hunted and unwilling male, "i don8t wabt to." The "Kilroy was here" hangover from the Second World War persists, manifested either by outright imitation or by the substitution of the writer's own name. Once in awhile, a more drastic switch is made on the timeworn line, as in the inverted "I was here Peter"—with its haunting question as to whether Peter is the informed or the informant—and in the faltering effort of the insecure mortal who wanted only to confirm himself to himself, and concluded that he was not certain even of that: "I was here. . . . . ?"

DAY in and day out, running through the bulk of the Lettera 22's gleanings like a Wagnerian leitmotiv, there is the self-identification of Olivetti's most persistent repeater—"I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening." Over a two-month period recently, nearly seven hundred sheets of mechanical doodling were produced by itinerant scriveners, and on a high percentage of them at least one contribution by Frankie Lanzaro is to be found. He is a man of many moods, and there are days when he lacks the buoyancy to precede his name with the personal pronoun or to follow it with his title, and even days when he feels up to no more than spelling out a wraith of his first name—"Fnkie," perhaps, or "Fraki." On the days when he is not represented at all, it may be that he has been sent off by his employers to deliver a message in some backwater of Queens or Staten Island, but it is apparent from the testimony of the typewriter that on most days, no matter where his errands lead him, he manages to chart a course that will take him past the inviting machine. Then, when the moment comes at last, he stands sorrowfully or angrily or triumphantly before the marvellous instrument miraculously placed there to give him the opportunity to express himself, and, with many misfires, bangs out over and over again his proud statement: "I

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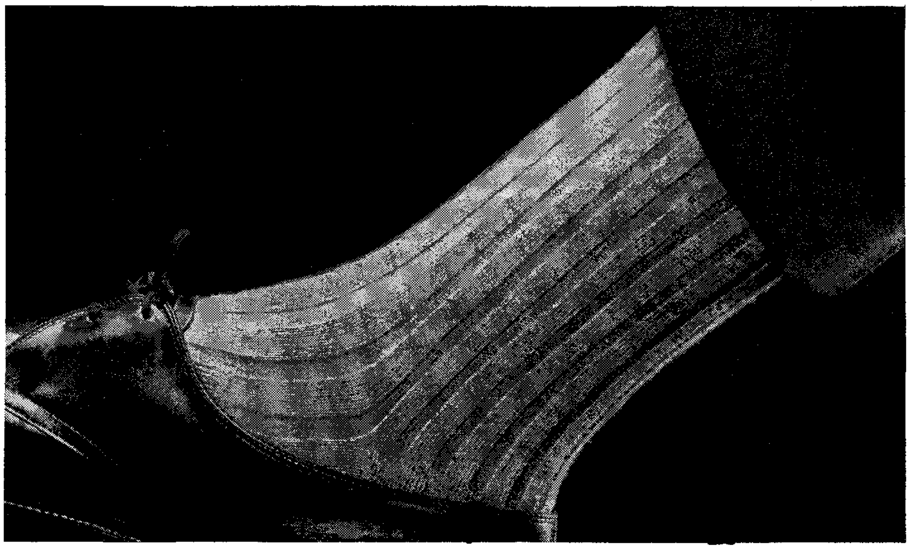

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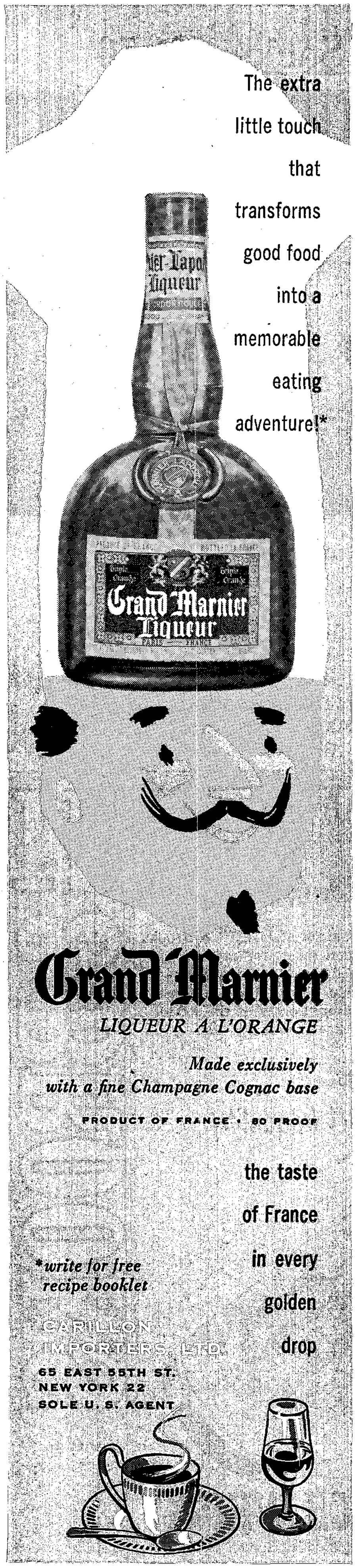

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Frankir Laxero Messemget for Courrier and Lightenjing."

Frankie's runner-up as a repeater is the nameless chap responsible for "Go thou to Rome, at once, the city, grave and Paradise"—a quotation, no doubt, but not to be found in the standard anthologies. Well and cleanly typed, it appears as a single line on three consecutive days, each time as the first entry of the morning, and then skips two days, after which it is encountered once more before vanishing for good, as though the writer had obeyed his own admonition and departed for the Eternal City. But Frankie, while he may have his lapses, does not vanish; in fact, he scores close to seventy per cent for daily attendance. On some days, "I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening" appears, in one version or another, anywhere from ten to several dozen times. There is evidence that Frankie is occasionally on hand bright and early in the morning to greet the machine and its virginal sheet of paper. One cannot quite escape the picture of Frankie lurking in a nearby doorway at nine-twenty, waiting for the clean sheet to appear. On such mornings, full of vigor, he happily covers the entire page with flawless versions of his "I Frankie" manifesto, graciously leaving a couple of inches between the lines for those who come after him. On other days, he does not show up until both sides of the page are jam-packed with typing. In such an emergency, he switches to the red ribbon, defiantly hammers out his trademark over the blue musings of his predecessors, and departs—comforted, no doubt, and satisfied. On days when the prolific messenger is feeling thoroughly dejected, he is likely to leave a version of his name so halfhearted and garbled that it can be recognized and reconstructed only by the most experienced students of Frankie Lanzarism. Or he may not even bother to turn to a blank part of the paper. On one occasion, confronted by a page on which some shaky practitioner had just typed, "Now is the time to go, now is the time for all god men to crmmmmmmmmmmmmmshhf," Frankie showed his languid presence in the unambitious overprint "I Frankie bcncfrankei." A few days later, even though Frankie found the page practically blank, his only contribution, written in four widely spaced lines, was

fr fr kieb
fr
fr nkej
f

Maybe Frankie wasn't well, or the boss had complained about his delays en

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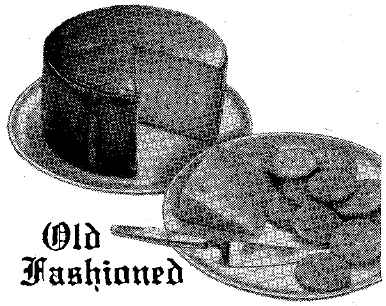

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route. At any rate, his mind was clearly elsewhere.

It is these moods of Frankie's that obstruct any attempt to arrive at an estimate of him, especially since he gives us so few clues to what induces them. Is it the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or an acid-tongued supervisor or relative, or just artistic temperament and the megrims of suppressed genius that have the power to reduce him in twenty-four hours from the bold fellow who fifteen times inscribes himself as "I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening" to a fumbling, distracted Olivetti addict barely able to peck out "Frjankij Lanzerp"? We do not know.

Sometimes after Frankie has missed a day or two, he makes a smashing early-morning return, using both red and blue ink to cover a large area of the page, and pounding the keys with such violence as to make it improbable that the grumblers, the jokesmiths, the philosophers, and the just plain name-writers who might like to use the machine would dare draw near him. One side of the sheet of paper he assailed on such a morning is wholly covered with line after line of alternately red and blue stabs at "I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening"—and nothing else, with the exception of the name "john," which modestly intrudes at one point, though whether or not this is Frankie's handiwork it is hard to say. It may well be his, however, for he does not confine himself entirely to writing his name and profession. From time to time, indeed, he comes through with an authentic message, which to a degree illuminates the darkness surrounding him and gives us some insight into his personality. For one thing, we know that he is not a Republican, and therefore is probably a Democrat (it is impossible to picture him as a single-taxer, and his writings do not reflect the stereotypes of Communism), because early in our acquaintance with him, after signing in one morning, he states baldly, "I Frankie Lanzaro say that the Republicans are a bunch of bums. For all Icare they can jump ind the Laake." Later in the week, his political creed solidifies with the assertion "I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening say that the Republicans are a Bunch of Bums and they Stink on hot ice or cold What ever They Prefer." The same message is repeated a number of times in subsequent installments, with slight variations and sundry typing errors of a

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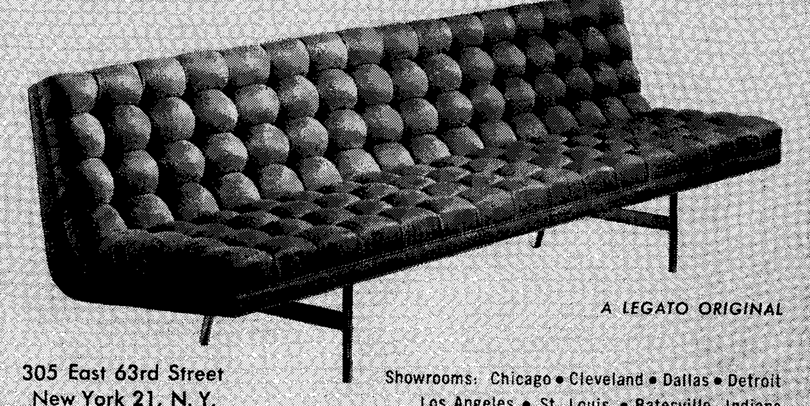

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sort that lead one to the deduction that Frankie has thick, stubby fingers, which frequently jam the keys, and possibly—so bad is his aim—weak eyes.

Then, there is the question of the gutter prose that appears in the Olivetti records with rather depressing frequency. Is it possible that Frankie has had a hand in it? The evidence against him is purely circumstantial. The indecencies are there on a number of sheets, and there, too—often close by—is Frankie. In the book of jurisprudence that guides the recent crop of advocates of guilt by association, this would amount to proof positive, but fair-minded observers must give Frankie the benefit of the doubt, for at no time does he betray the weakness, common among pornographers, of commenting on the work of his fellow-craftsmen. In one instance, to be sure, he appears on the line directly below an obscene commentary, and he is implicated by style when his reference to ice in connection with the Republican Party is later anonymously applied to some young ladies in an even more vulgar phrasing—unprintable, though apparently not unwritable. But the truth seems to be that the latter allusion is a generally popular *façon de parler* among the earthier members of the juvenile set, and not one on which Frankie has a copyright. The fact of the matter is that there is not a scrap of real evidence to show that he is the author of any of the distressing lines. In his defense, too, it should be pointed out that there are a number of pages containing such lines on which Frankie does not show up at all. Indeed, obscenity may even be upsetting to him, for on the baldest and most explicit page of all he appears just once—briefly and nervously and a mere ghost of himself—with a red-ribbon overprint reading, "Ifrankie jjjjjjjme."

No, the worst that can be definitely said of Frankie is that he is not a blithe soul but, rather, the prisoner of an obsession with his name and his job. But what of that job? Does ambition goad him to an ever-swifter completion of his rounds? Does he carry a marshal's baton in his canvas reticule? One day, after warming up with "mmmmmmmmmmmmmmnbcdnnnnnnnnnNNNNNNNNNNNNN," he writes fitfully, "I Frankie LLanzaro the gGraet Messenger for Courrier And Lightening I work FROM 8'clock till 530 P.M.," and then, on the next line, two words of stark confession—"big deal."

Well, there it is. It's out. Frankie has had a look at himself and has be-

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come aware that he has not made all that he might have out of his life. Frankie Lanzaro, the great messenger who works from eight in the morning until five-thirty in the afternoon—what a big deal *that* is! Many people contribute thousands of dollars annually to psychoanalysts to achieve the same result. Frankie got there practically on his own. But it must have shaken him, for after that entry he remains away from the Olivetti couch for an extended period. For more than a week, as a matter of fact, there is no trace of him.

MEANWHILE, others carry on. Peg and Scotty indite the Lord's Prayer. Somebody else writes, "Louis XIV le roi de solieul. Il a fait construire toutes les grandes palais de France. Hausman a ete l'architecht qu'a fait construire tous les grands boulevards de Paris." Our friend of "the city, grave and Paradise" has not yet left on his trip and is still bidding us go to Rome. An occultist declares, "The ultimate is after all in the hands of Tau," and, a few lines below, a disciple of the great dreamer asserts, "Freud is the answer to everybodies problems," while on the reverse side of the page comes this report from the Caribbean: "Los cubanos son las personas mas amables del mundo." But no Lanzaro. Somewhere he is facing and nursing the awful truth of his revelation.

More lonely days pass. Frankie is missing a lot of fun. He would have appreciated the starkness of the line, written in red ink, "the BerkeleyWdchool stinksbvsd." Whether it stinksbvsd or not, we are reassured by the inside information that "Cherrie loves Roger" and "Joan loves Max." Furthermore, there is reason to believe that during Frankie's absence Bennett Cerf has lingered over the Lettera 22, for we come upon "Any portable in a storm"—though whether that would have brought a smile to Lanzaro's tight lips is debatable. And there is a curious piece of editorial proselytizing in this stammering but nevertheless intelligible question: "w uld any ne care to write s mthing f or the Satrday Even in Post." A desperate lady named Dot turns the sheet sidewise to berate her reluctant boy friend in these terms: "You fool, don't you know my vacation is half over?" A baseball battle is waged: "Who is going to win the OENNANT THIS YEAR WHY THE DODGERS OF COURSE You're crazy Beat the dodgers." On another page is the succinct statement "You are a sun of a bitchr raffael e g." And still Frankie broods

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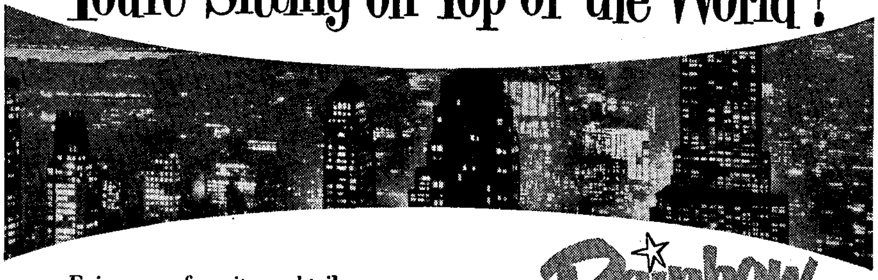

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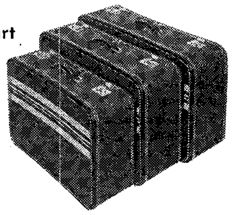

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in some dark haunt and shuns his favorite pastime, like a man who has bared his soul to another late at night and regrets it the next morning.

And then, all of a sudden—fresh and strong—Frankie is back again, apparently reconciled to his lot. After a ten-day sulk, he returns to the scene to bat out his emblem, loud and clear, in bright-red ink—"Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Vourrier and Lightening." But something is significantly missing, as the perceptive reader will already have noticed. The "I" has been dropped; the young man is now just plain Frankie Lanzaro. And from now on the "I" is more likely to be absent than present whenever Frankie signs in.

Frankie has picked a felicitous day for his return. On the same page, some lover of song and singers writes, "Callas is the greatest soprano in the world second only to Tebaldi RISE STEVENS IS THE MOST SEXY AND BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED MEZZO-SOPRANO IN THE WORLDBBBBBBBBBBBNNN BBBBB." And there, too, on that happy occasion, is Hyman Kaplan—or at least his spiritual descendant. In alternating red and blue letters a gentleman works out his name thus: "H*A*R*R*Y R*Y*S*N*I*C*K"—a very pretty job, of which Hyman would have been proud. Thereafter, Frankie remains loyal—signing in, assaying the flavor of Republicans under varying degrees of refrigeration, and generously sharing his space with the name-writers and the "now-is-the-time" and "quick-brown-fox" boys, as well as the ever-present devotees of the *cabinet-d'aisance* school of literature. One day, without warning, he reveals a hitherto unsuspected side of his personality. He is, we discover, interested in the ponies. Using the red part of the ribbon, he writes down a prophecy not to be borne out: "Needles winner of the American Derby." And a few days later, after a whole page of nothing but "Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for, etc.," the name Needles appears again, this time without context, and the line beneath it reads, "BLATZE BLUE RIBBON THE BEST OF ALL," followed by seven renditions of Frankie's name. This makes it difficult to determine his taste in drink. Frankie *would* confuse Blatz with Pabst.

THE final day of this arbitrarily limited dossier possesses some of the qualities of a nightmare. It starts off quietly enough, with "Three blind mice . . ." But then Frankie turns up, fresh from the office, with his special-

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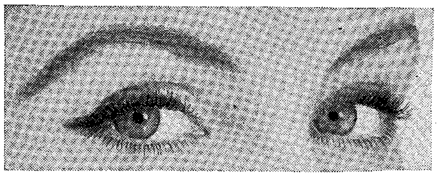

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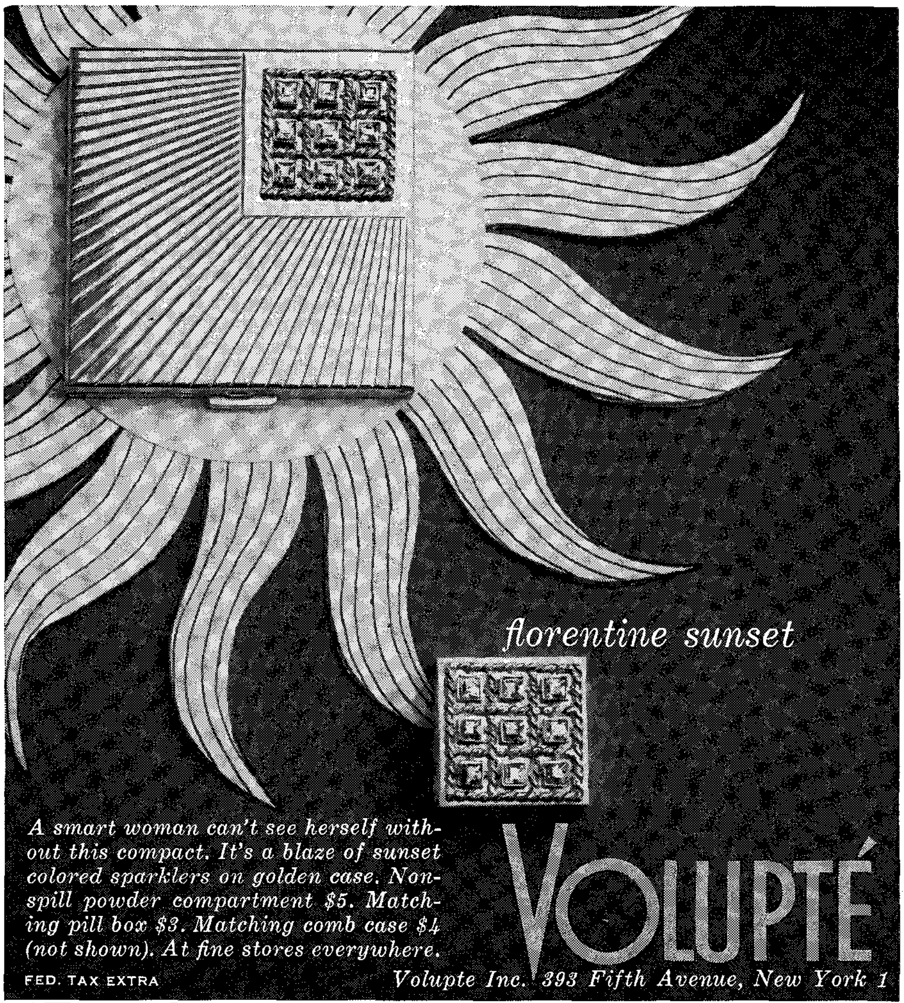
rush, must-be-there-before-ten packet to deliver, and pauses to worship at the shrine. He is moody, distraught, and all thumbs. One would think that with so much practice he could now write his name blindfolded. But this morning the best he can do is "Frajkit Oanzaro. . . . . Frankirt Lanxerp . . . Fr. . fr. . Frankiyy Lanzwrro Mesxenger for Cworrier and Liggtning." Having so registered, he leaves.

Some messing around on the typewriter by lesser lights ensues. Then what must have been the shade of Gertrude Stein suddenly appears, writes, "the women doctors. . . . . The nurse ate the window out of the blue shark's tail," and, doubtless after reading it over to make sure the rhythm is right, departs. The hours pass without much activity, except for a couple of "now-is-the-time" jobs and the hardly controversial statement "Judy was." Then Frankie—the still "I"-less Frankie—returns from the delivery of his packet, pauses again before the machine, and, no longer irresolute, raps out these startling and revealing single-spaced lines:

> Frankie Lanzaro Meseenber for Courrier
> and Lightening
> AAbig kiss and a big hug for my mumm.

But can this be our Frankie? Since when has the lad for whom the Republicans stink on hot ice or cold, who drinks beer and follows the horses, become a sentimentalist about Mom? Have we been wrong about him all along? The whole character we have seen emerge threatens to crumble. Two possible answers suggest themselves. A couple of days before, an unidentified author, more concerned with sentiment than with timeliness, had used the Lettera 22 to express his admiration of Mother's Day, already four months past or eight months in the future, and it may be that, thus influenced, Frankie so far forgot himself as to look kindly for a moment upon his old lady. It is also conceivable that in spite of the immediate sequence, Frankie did not write the second line at all. After he had left his trademark as a matter of routine and slouched back to the office, some sweeter nature may have paused and recorded his or her feelings about Mother under the Meseenber's byline.

The mad day is not yet done. "I am fresh like a daisy" is typed in the upper left-hand corner of the reverse side of the last page; the Stein influence reappears with "Tuggy Wilson was here go cat I cry;" and a whole slew of uptown rowdies pause to check in—appropriately using lower-case initials, except when identifying their tong ("jimmy,



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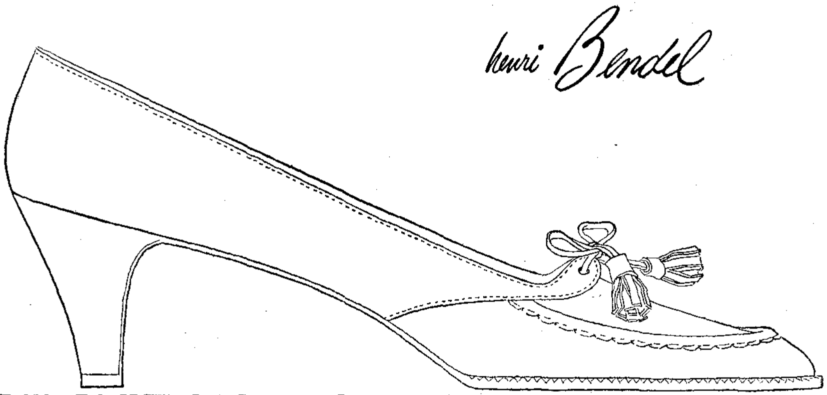

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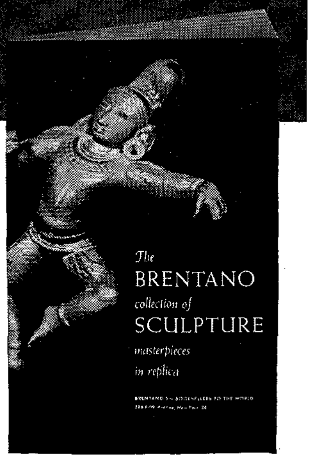
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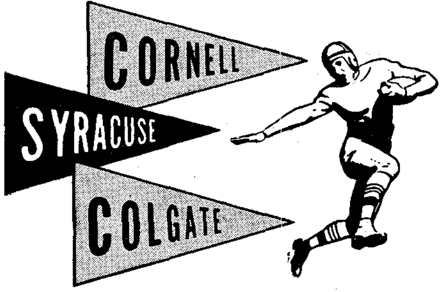

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little dee, tex, little bit, sammy, horseface, iggy, all of the Assassains of 128 ST")—before moving on to their rendezvous for some light entertainment with switch knife, cosh, and zip gun. Then comes one of the several paeans to Marlon Brando and to the love he is capable of inspiring. After coyly bandying his name about a bit, this correspondent abruptly lets her hair down and writes, "Dear Marlon Brando. I love you very much. Please call me as soon as you can. My telephone number is [here she gives one in Bridgeport]. I love ypu."

There follows a toying with the classics. Faintly and timidly typed is the line ". . . not marching now in the fields of Thrasimene," but apparently this erudite scribe had ambled along the Avenue only a few blocks when the itch to show off again got the better of him, for a few lines below the Thrasimene business one reads, "Settle thy studies, Faustus and begin to sound the . . ." Next comes a rousing bit of obscenity hammered out in capital letters and red ink. Then, back for a third time, comes our classicist, with "Arma Virumque Cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris."

And now Frankie is back, too. He finds a smidgen of space left on one margin of the page and, regally resuming his personal-pronoun phase, writes, "I Frankie Lanzaro Messenger for Courrier and Lightening say that." But Frankie doesn't say what, and he probably never will. —PAUL GALLICO

•

In the second singles match Hamilton Richardson, a five-year Davis Cup veteran at 22, beat 22-year-old Francisco Contreras 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Richardson is a bridegroom of less than three weeks. Recently it appeared that he had reached his peak and would never get better. His play against the Mexicans—and against the Canadians the week before—contradicts this theory thoroughly. His service was strong and accurate and gave confidence to the rest of his game. He moved with a sureness he never had before, especially on the volley. —*Sports Illustrated.*

Anyone for marriage?

•

THE NEW ARMY

[*From a bulletin issued by the Army Aviation Center Headquarters, Fort Rucker, Ala.*]

3. DAMAGE TO TREES: Severe damage is being done to Catalpa trees on the installation by individuals gathering catalpa worms for fish bait. The picking of worms is restricted to center military and civilian personnel and to the hours of 1630 to 1800. Extreme care will be exercised to prevent damage to trees. Catches will be limited to 50 worms per person. Military Police will enforce the above directive.

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THE RACE TRACK

Chasing the Girls

ONE of the major pleasures of watching the passing parade of horses is that from time to time there are events like the Beldame Handicap. Ever since 1939, when it was changed from a race for two-year-old fillies to one for three-year-old and older members of the sex, the Beldame, named for a famous runner of fifty years ago, has been as good a show as the Suburban or the Brooklyn. Also, it has always brought out topflight animals. As a matter of fact, the fourteen starters in the Beldame at Belmont Park last Saturday, which was won by Levee, had, among them, taken the cream off most of the important fixtures for the distaff side this season. Blue Sparkler went quickly to the front, followed closely by Parlo, and together they set as killing a pace as they had in the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park last June; after they'd covered half of the mile and a furlong I was sure that neither would be in the money, and neither was. Meanwhile, Levee, who was never farther back than sixth, worked her way forward—Broussard, who rode her, said later that he had been lucky to have racing room—and took the lead in the stretch, going on to win by half a length from Amoret, with Searching, Blue Sparkler, and Rare Treat heads apart behind. It was quite an achievement for Levee, who is owned by Mrs. Vernon G. Cardy, and it certainly made amends for the filly's defeats in the Test and the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga last month. Amoret was a bit unlucky; she started off slowly, got into close quarters on the backstretch, and was carried wide on the turn for home. Blue Sparkler, who had the top weight, deserves credit for a good try. In fact, everybody ran well.

Someone who was looking the animals over as they went to the post for the Beldame wondered how much the lot would bring at auction. Colonel Martingale's guess was that the sum would be well into seven figures, and this reminded him that, just before the 1949 Beldame, a member of the Jockey Club had remarked to the groom leading Miss Request around the paddock that if a fellow had all those mares he'd

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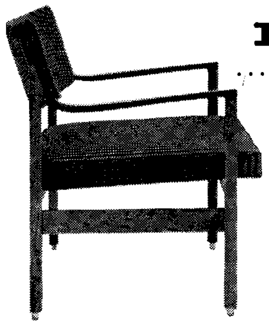

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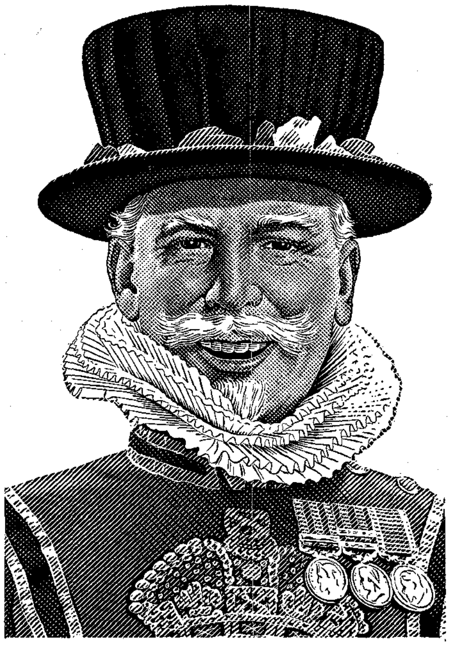

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be pretty well fixed in the horse-breeding business. "Yes, he would," said the groom, "and while you're wishing, why don't you wish for Bull Lea, too?"

THERE was quite a batch of noteworthy races at Belmont last week. Nobody, I suppose, will soon forget the daily double brought off by Ghan Fleet and Pester. It paid $2,121.60. A paddock spy reports that when Anderson, who rode both horses, was asked if he had had a ticket on them, he said, "All that money? Gosh, I'd never be that lucky." Reneged, a good colt who bowed a tendon a year ago, continued his comeback, beating Riley, Oh Johnny, and nine other three-year-olds in the Discovery Handicap. Blessbull, another racer whose tendons aren't especially sound, won his second race at the meeting, too, and Missile, who hadn't done much since he took the Flash Stakes at Saratoga, showed the way home to eleven two-year-olds in the Babylon Handicap. In this, Gannet, who finished so fast in the Hopeful that King Hairan had to do his best to beat him, was down the course. Perhaps he didn't like the track. Then, there was the Broad Hollow Steeplechase, which was by far the best jumping race I've seen in months. Montpelier's Shipboard took the lead in the stretch and won by a neck from Basilia, with Ancestor and Landscaping, the favorites, a dozen lengths behind. It was the third year in a row that Shipboard, who is six, has won the Broad Hollow. Incidentally, the combined ages of the eight starters came to forty-four years. What steeplechasing needs is younger blood.

TONEY BETTS, who covers racing for the *Mirror*, has put together a most interesting account of his life and times on the turf, called "Across the Board" (Citadel). He doesn't care for the hierarchy of the sport and how it conducts things at the New York tracks, and people who do probably won't like the book. And they won't approve of the fascinating anecdotes he tells about some former clubhouse patrons. Anyway, the work will delight lots of unregenerate horseplayers. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"THE HAPPY EXILES," by Felicity Shaw (Harper. 280 pp. $3), reports on life as it is lived in a British colony. Faubion Bowers, our reviewer, has lived, on and off, for a number of years in and out of British colonies.—*The Saturday Review.*

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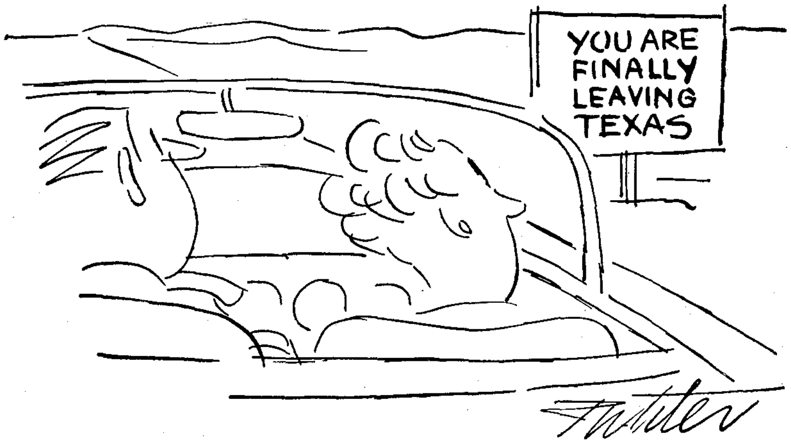
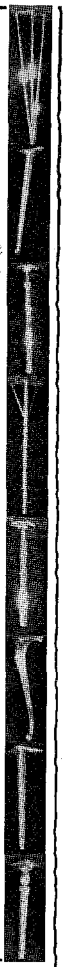
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 20

DURING most Presidential campaigns, this city wears something of the desolate aspect of Jones Beach in January and is reviled from a distance much as the shady part of a town is reviled during a reform wave. This year, for a novelty, it is the scene of great commotion and the object of remarkably little abuse. The politicians of both parties, far from abandoning it, are flocking in from every corner of the country, making showy arrivals and departures at National Airport, holding news conferences, getting free television time on panel shows, and holding well-publicized meetings with the campaign managers, none of whom were here in 1952 and all of whom are here now. The rival headquarters, which four years ago were in New York City and Springfield, Illinois, are within a stone's throw of each other on Connecticut Avenue, and the satellite organizations—Citizens for Eisenhower and Nixon, Volunteers for Stevenson and Kefauver, and the rest—are clustered about them. This puts the directors of all these enterprises only a short cab ride from Capitol Hill, where a number of them will be testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, headed by Senator Gore, of Tennessee. These hearings may become one of the campaign's most picturesque features, for it is Senator Gore's plan to keep a running audit on political expenditures from now to November. He maintains that this will advance the general cause of political rectitude, but it is the belief of the Republicans that it will be a running advertisement of the Democrats' need for funds; in the early stages of its investigation the subcommittee determined that the Republicans had six hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars in the bank and that the Democrats were in debt for thirteen thousand.


YOU ARE FINALLY LEAVING TEXAS

Today the President is to leave by air for Newton, Iowa, where the National Plowing Contest is being held and where he will advise the farmers on hand for that event of his concern for their welfare and his plans for improving it. The day after tomorrow Mr. Stevenson leaves for the same place on the same mission, and he will go on to tour several Midwestern and Southern states. For the past week, however, both men have been here—the President attending to large affairs and meeting with important people, and Mr. Stevenson, as one of his aides put it, "mostly thinking." (Between thoughts, it is known, he has been making short films for showing on television later.) Since this is home base for both candidates, both will return—Mr. Stevenson in whatever interludes provide an opportunity for further cerebration, and Mr. Eisenhower immediately after his session with the farmers. Though a good many addresses outside Washington have lately been scheduled for the President, the White House continues to insist that the recent Democratic successes in Maine and elsewhere have not altered Mr. Eisenhower's determination to stand on his dignity and on his record and to do most of his standing here; he will mount the offensive only now and then, and chiefly, it is said, for the purpose of giving a hand to the weak sisters on the ticket. This, of course, is the attitude almost always struck by incumbents seeking reëlection. Actually, they have no choice but to strike it; there could be no better portrait of a man making a virtue of necessity than that of the public servant declaring his readiness to be judged by what he has done. In Mr. Eisenhower's case, though, there is a kind of double, or reinforced, foundation for the ancient strategy. In Washington this fall, he not only will be standing on his record but will, in a real sense, be making one. The truth is that in years gone by he has not been a familiar autumnal figure here, and the suspicion will not down that he is in residence now because he and his associates, stung by the Democrats' talk about him as a "part-time President," think it important to have him appear before the country as an alert, busy, and all but desk-bound chief executive. In previous years, it was the position of the White House that when Congress was not in session, there was no great need for the President to be in Washington; thanks to the telephone and the airplane, there was no problem that could not be dealt with as readily from Denver or Augusta or wherever as from Washington. The argument for this point of view is as strong now as it was last year, when the President left town hard on the heels of Congress in early August and spent several relaxed weeks in Denver prior to his heart attack. But the argument is not being pressed this year, for it has become a matter of some urgency—or so, at any rate, it appears—to have the country think of Mr. Eisenhower as a man who lives and works in Washington. Suddenly, the White House news conference has turned into a highly favored instrument of public enlightenment. Since the recent Republican National Convention, at which precedent was broken when the President held his first meeting with reporters ever to be carried live on television, these gatherings have been called more frequently than ever before—so frequently, indeed, that the correspondents have had a hard time thinking up new things to talk with Mr. Eisenhower about. And his White House appointments—even excluding those directly connected with the campaign—have become more numerous than ever. On occasion, he has taken a most un-Presidential initiative in arranging interviews. Last Friday, for example, which was two days after the Republican festivities on his farm in Gettysburg, he interrupted his long weekend there to make a surprise trip to Washington and play host to Prime Minister Menzies, of Australia, who was in town for the purpose of talking business with the Secretary of State. In announcing the trip, Mr. Hagerty, the President's press secretary, explained that Mr. Eisenhower would also seize the opportunity to spend a little time with twenty-two travelling members of the French Parliament and with an unstated number of delegates to the World Methodist Conference. When asked if there was any special reason—



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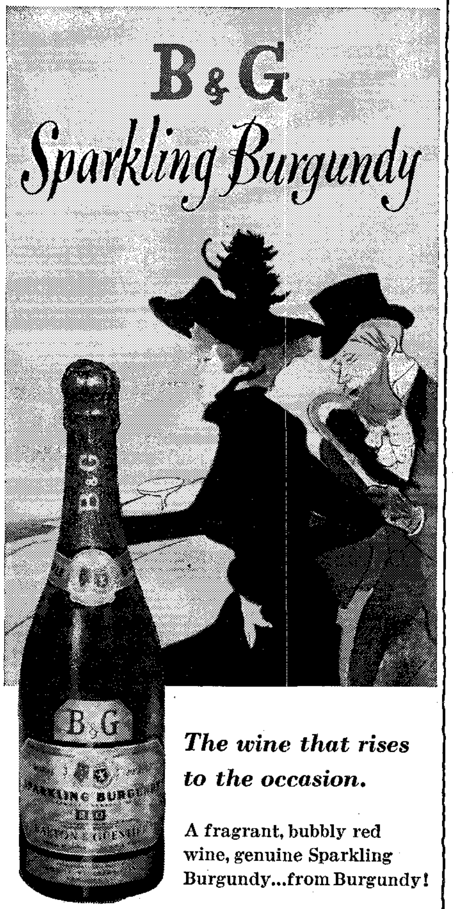

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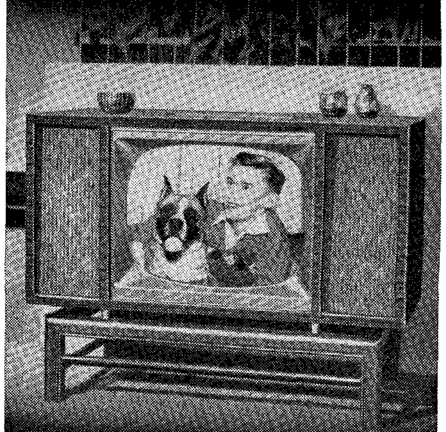
perhaps some new turn of events in the Suez crisis—that made it important for the President to see Mr. Menzies just then, Mr. Hagerty said, "No Mr. Menzies is coming to see the Secretary of State, and when the President heard about it, he said he would be happy to see him also."

NOT only is there plenty of stir and bustle here but a certain amount of excitement and suspense has sprung up in the wake of developments that are widely believed to point to a close election. These make the campaign a lot more interesting than it promised to be in midsummer, when most people took it for granted that we were in for a heated debate about nothing, climaxed by a smashing victory for Mr. Eisenhower over Adlai Stevenson or anyone else the Democrats chose to name. Since the Maine elections and the primaries in Wisconsin and Washington, one encounters very few people who feel confident that the President will have an easy time of it. The Gallup Poll reveals no serious diminution in his personal popularity; by its findings, he can count on about fifty-six per cent of the vote. Even if Mr. Stevenson were given the full benefit of the margin of error in the Poll's most famous fiasco—its 1948 forecast of a Republican victory—Mr. Eisenhower would nevertheless come out on top. Still, there are knowledgeable people here, as the Democratic fund-raisers are no doubt beginning to learn, who believe that as of now Mr. Stevenson has a fair chance of winning. They feel that the Democrats have a stronger and more flexible organization than the Republicans, and that the Republicans will probably fail, as they apparently did in a number of the primaries, to get full political value from Mr. Eisenhower's popularity. They say that the issue of the President's health is very much on the voters' minds, and that a number of citizens who express a preference for Mr. Eisenhower now will stay home on Election Day and spare themselves the sense of guilt they would have if the President, reëlected with their help, died in the course of his second term. And on top of everything else, these knowledgeable people say, there is the steady Democratic trend that has been apparent in most sections of the country since 1953 and that has strengthened the Party in Congress and in many state capitals; this trend, they think, is certain to be accelerated in a Presidential year. It has yet to be reported that any reputable independent observer of politics regards



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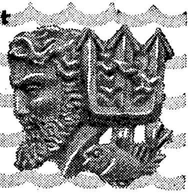

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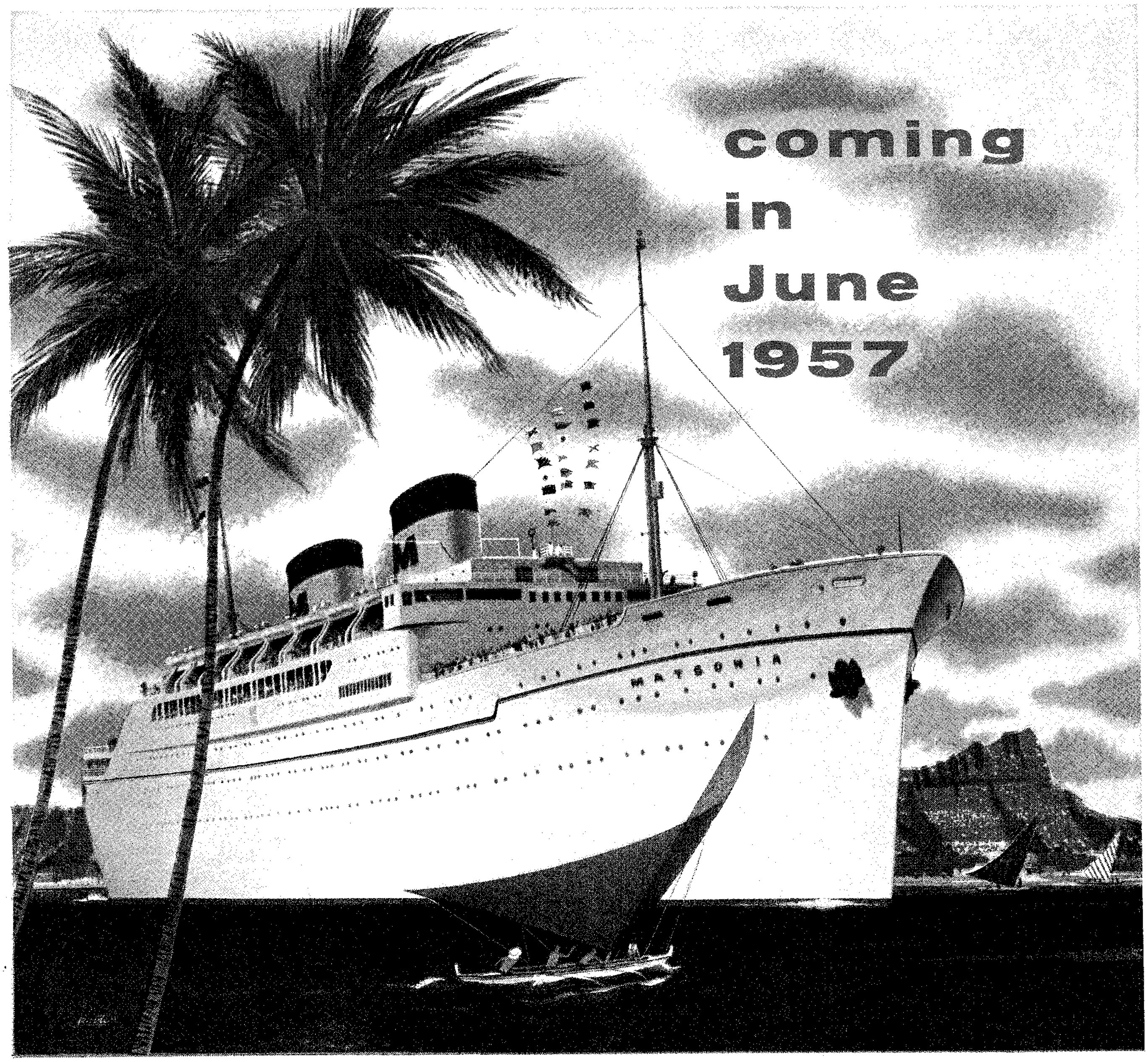

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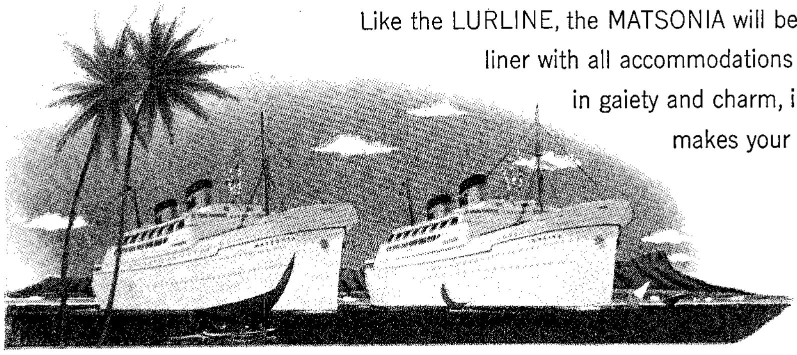

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Mr. Stevenson's chances of winning as more than fair, but the odds for the Democrats are getting more favorable by the day.

The debate between the principals, however, still seems to be about nothing of much substance. Not since 1924, when John W. Davis delivered some elevated talks on political morality and Calvin Coolidge didn't bother to campaign at all, has there been a contest for the Presidency that offered so little in the way of contrasting ideas and policies. In its early stages, at least, this campaign has provided far less conflict than the match between the same candidates four years ago. In 1952, Mr. Eisenhower gave relatively free rein to his conservative instincts and attacked the New Deal and the Fair Deal for both their theory and their practice. Mr. Stevenson, though he was not the most aggressive champion of the welfare state, defended his party's performance over the preceding twenty years and promised to continue it. In 1956, Mr. Eisenhower disdains attack of any sort and instructs the Party orators to dwell on the "peace, prosperity, and progress" of the last four years, and Mr. Stevenson, forced to meet the administration on its own ground, can do very little but quarrel over definitions, pointing out that the peace is uneasy, the prosperity flawed by patches of poverty, and the progress supererogatory. And if the exigencies of campaigning gradually force the candidates to be more concrete and assertive than they have been up to now, their views will very likely turn out to look even more alike. For, as Walter Lippmann has observed, both men are this year forced to perform within a very narrow ideological range, since both are directing their appeals mainly to the ten per cent or so of the electorate that provided the President with his majority in 1952 but that is believed to be basically Democratic in its sympathies. "The central contest," he has written, "is for the vote of the Democrats and of the independents with Democratic leanings who in 1952 voted for Eisenhower but did not vote for other Republican candidates." The President, hoping to keep these voters from reverting to type, is talking of a Republican "party of the future" that sounds a bit as if it were an invention of Rexford G. Tugwell's, and Mr. Stevenson, knowing that there must have been something about the Democratic administrations of the past that made the Republicans attractive, or at least acceptable, in 1952, is promising a Democratic Party free of its historic defects and ready to take "a new look" at

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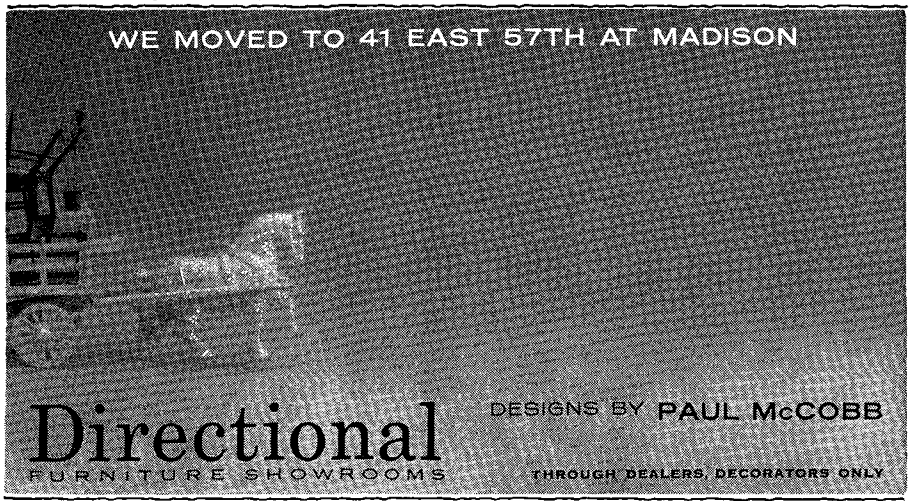
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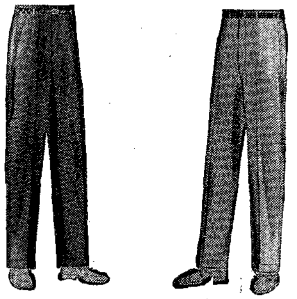

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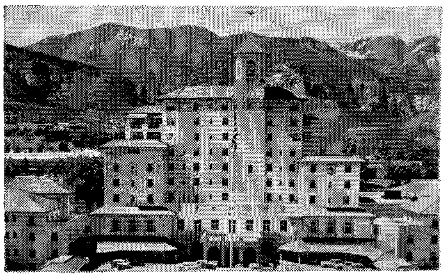
almost anything. On no foreign or domestic issue of consequence, apart from farm subsidies, does the record now show the candidates to be standing any measurable distance apart, and on subsidies the measurable distance is still two and a half per cent of parity. In the opinion of many people here, no one has characterized the campaign more aptly than the young comedian Mort Sahl, who, during the recent Republican Convention in San Francisco, performed at a place of entertainment called The Hungry I and observed each night, "Eisenhower stands for 'gradualism.' Stevenson stands for 'moderation.' Between these two extremes, we the people must choose."

In a sense, of course, it was ever thus. The man in the middle is the voter the vote-seeker invariably wants, and in every campaign there is a tendency for the candidates to move closer and closer together on questions of policy, even when they become more and more intemperate in their attacks on each other. In 1956, Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson are free to concentrate on the gradualists and moderates in a way that neither one was four years ago. In 1952, both men were new to party leadership and were not altogether trusted by the orthodox. Mr. Eisenhower was viewed with great suspicion by the Taft wing, and Mr. Stevenson was faced with the almost impossible task of justifying his ways to President Truman, on the one hand, and the Southern leaders, on the other. In that campaign, both candidates had to establish their right to be leaders of their respective faiths; they had, in effect, to catechize themselves to prove that they knew the holy texts and accepted them. Over the last four years, however, they have established their own views as official party doctrine. Today in the Republican Party there is an aura of heresy around those who still profess the views of Senator Taft, and what used to be known as the Taft wing is so badly disorganized that a man like Mr. Nixon, who once represented it and owed his power to it, can safely ignore it and talk as if he had always been the scourge of reaction. In Chicago last month, Mr. Stevenson achieved an almost total victory over Harry Truman; he has not yet come fully to grips with the Southerners, but then they have not yet shown any inclination to come to grips with him. To be sure, both candidates continue to be regarded with indifference, and even with contempt, by many members of their own parties, and both must do what they can to get the whole



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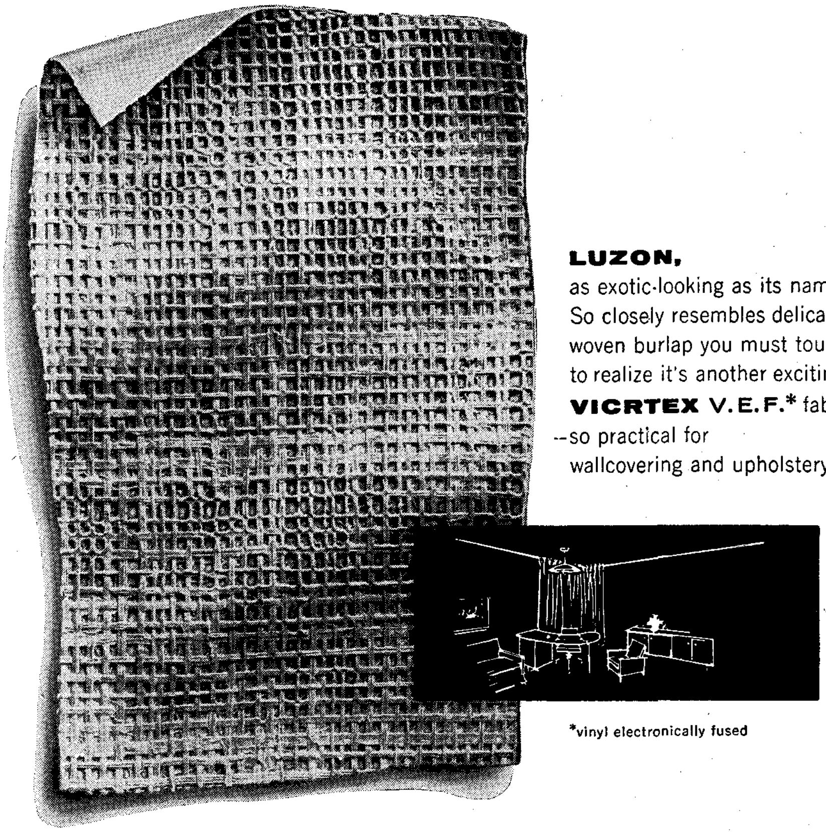
strength of their organizations behind them. But since neither one any longer has to prove his doctrinal purity, both are free to cast about for the votes of the uncommitted—or, if Mr. Lippmann's analysis is sound, of the detachable Democrats.

Not only are they casting about for them with very nearly indistinguishable policies but they are couching these policies in almost identical rhetoric. Apart from a few opening lines about inner peace that seemed to show the influence of the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, there was nothing in the form or content of the President's televised address last night that might not have been composed and spoken by Mr. Stevenson if Mr. Stevenson were speaking from the White House. Any assessment of who has been stealing whose thunder, though, would show the guilt of the President and the administration party generally. What is new about the "new Republicanism" is the employment of the kind of liberal rhetoric that seems to be becoming the lingua franca of politics throughout the Western world. ("Liberalism's infected all the other parties," the hero of Graham Greene's "The Quiet American" says. "We are all either liberal conservatives or liberal socialists." And in "A Republican Looks at His Party," Arthur Larson, a new recruit to the President's speech-writing team, has explained that "the objective of any true American conservative must be to conserve . . . liberal traditions.") But liberal rhetoric can be used by everybody only because the ideas on which it rests have been pretty widely accepted. There has been some slight movement of what is generally regarded as the American Left toward the Right in recent years, but the really important movement has been that of the American Right toward the Left. Four or five years ago, it would have been inconceivable for a Republican candidate to boast, as the President did last night, that "in the whole area of human welfare, every major federal program affecting social security, health, and education has been improved or expanded."

Mr. Stevenson can argue, as he undoubtedly will, that some of the expansions have not been improvements, but he will have a hard time pointing to differences of principle. He more or less acknowledged this in his opening speech at Harrisburg last week, suggesting that if there really were no issues of consequence, it might be well for the electorate to accept the fact and simply decide which of the two parties and the two candidates it would prefer to have



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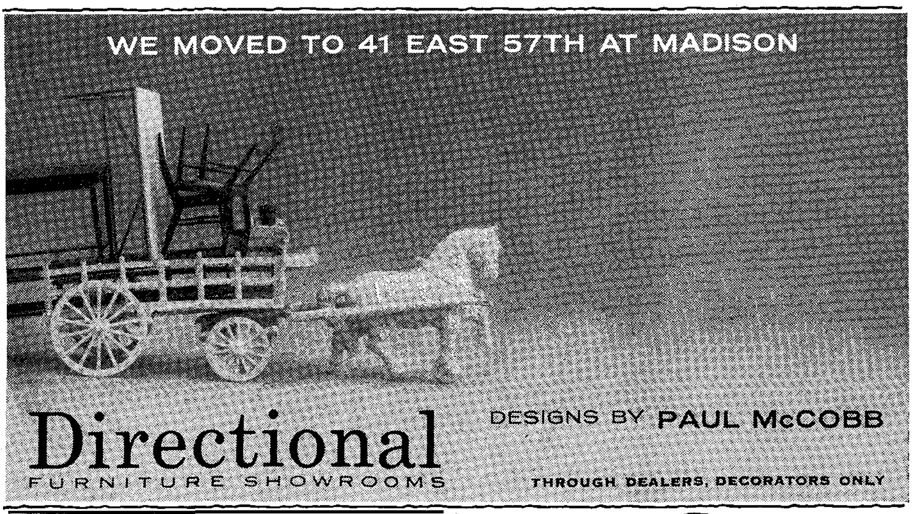

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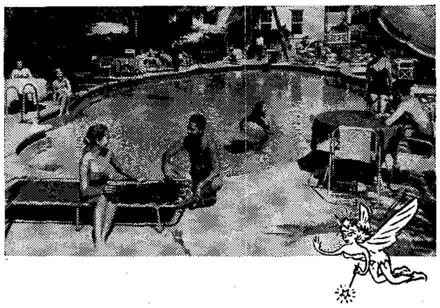

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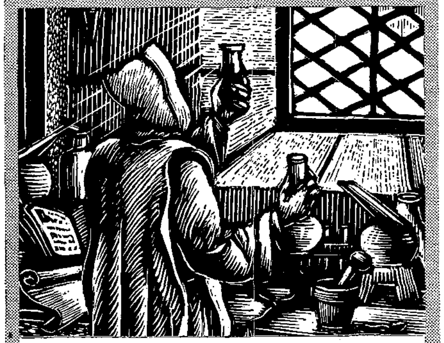

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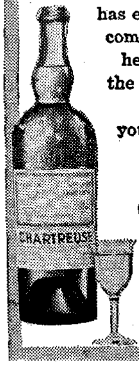

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in charge of things. He seemed to be urging the people to accept the campaign for what at the moment it appears to be—a personality contest. This is not to say that nothing hinges on the outcome; in politics, personality is very often of the essence.

THE Secretary of State is still in London, and the fate of his program for a syndicate of the mercantile powers that formerly made heavy use of the Suez Canal is still in doubt. It is possible that Mr. Dulles has not employed American power with a maximum of effectiveness, and it is possible that all the talk here about the cost of rerouting oil traffic around the Cape of Good Hope has scared off some of the nations that might have been enlisted; in the Suez crisis there seems to be quite enough blame for everyone. But the general feeling here is that Mr. Dulles's handling of the situation since Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Canal, on July 26th, has been, by and large, a credit to the administration and to American diplomacy. It may be going too far to say that he pulled the world back from the brink of war in early August, but it is undeniable that he played the role of peacemaker, and that if war was a real possibility at that time, some of the credit for averting it belongs to him. It has been slyly suggested by the Washington *Post* that the Secretary's role in restraining the British and the French from massive retaliation against Nasser was broadly analogous to the role of British and French diplomats in restraining the Eisenhower administration when American tempers flared so heatedly over Korea and Formosa that a war with China seemed in prospect. It did not appear to many people here that war was ever really close at hand back then, but there is no doubt that the pressure of our allies strengthened the President in the controversies he is reported to have had with some of his military advisers and, in some versions of the story, with Mr. Dulles as well.

Whatever the facts of the Suez crisis may be, there are some interesting conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Dulles's performance. One is that American diplomacy may gain, rather than lose, flexibility when the country is absorbed in domestic politics. In the past, the rule of thumb has been that when a first-class crisis develops in an election year, the party in power finds it all but impossible to pursue the course dictated by its concept of the national interest. This year, however, the country's preoccupation with politics liberated Mr.

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Dulles, making it possible for him to take any action that conscience and intelligence seemed to recommend. The rule of thumb must thus be modified to make a distinction between crises that engage American passions and crises that don't. The Suez crisis has been one that engaged no American passions—or, at any rate, very few—and in this respect the American position was quite similar to the British and French position during our recent troubles in the Orient. A sense of disengagement breeds objectivity and coolness and a willingness to accept the solution that seems to have reason on its side. Another modification, related to this one, is that the lack of a clearly perceived national interest can be an aid to sound and effective diplomacy. American passions are not engaged in the crisis over Suez because most Americans do not regard our interest there as vital. In the view of our leading authorities on matters of this sort, we actually do have a great deal at stake, but this view is not widely accepted, and if diplomats function best when they function with the greatest latitude, it is a good thing that the informed view is not the prevailing one. With no guidance from public opinion, and unburdened by any established concept of the national interest, Mr. Dulles has had an opportunity to weigh his own informed view of the American stake along with the concerns of our allies, and to pursue the strategies that seemed to him the most hopeful and prudent. He may not at all stages have used his advantages well, but the feeling here is that at most stages he did, and that his course in general has been honorable and wise.

—Richard H. Rovere

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[*From the Times*]

Rather than change the color of Leslie Nielsen's hair, which is blonde, Universal has engaged Jay Livingston and Ray Evans to write a special song for Debbie Reynolds to sing to the actor in "Tammy." The studio originally had intended to use a folk song, "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair."

•

The bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Teams, will greet guests and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Colleen West, will register them. Mrs. J. L. Lumley, the bridegroom's cousin, and Mrs. George Elliott, the bride's aunt, will register at the punch bowl. Frank Tutzauer will say goodbye.—*Greensboro (N.C.) News.*

For Mrs. Lumley and Mrs. Elliott?

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To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

HORTENSE CALISHER'S account, in your issue of September 8th, of her struggles with phonetics and the French language must have struck a responsive chord in many of your readers. My own vibrations reached a crescendo at the point where she relates how a group of Frenchmen, sitting in a Paris café on New Year's Eve, mistook the name "Pearl Buck" for some sort of toast and convivially intoned it as they raised their glasses.

I am all for these out-of-the-ordinary toasts, especially in view of the recent ukase issued by Nancy Mitford, the U-and-non-U lady, to the effect that the old standby "Cheers!" is now dreadfully non-U. At the time I read "Noblesse Oblige," that curious compendium of commandments and dissents Miss Mitford has been instrumental in bringing down from some linguistic Mount Sinai, I wondered why she was so worked up about "Cheers!" It now occurs to me that she may somehow have heard about Miss Calisher's experience, and that her petulance stems from the fact that no merry bunch of topers have ever clinked crystal with ringing and affectionate shouts of "Nancy Mitford!"

Anyway, in view of the ban Miss Mitford has sternly imposed on conventional toasts, I am happy to pass along to tongue-tied tipplers a possibly useful substitute that a friend of my wife's—while seated, like Miss Calisher, in a Paris café—created a few years ago. She and my wife had travelled together through England, where they had been much taken with the pub jargon they overheard. They had decided that, all things considered, "God bless, lovey!" was their favorite British toast. And when they crossed the Channel, they resolved to acquire at once a suitable indigenous replacement. My wife's companion, alas, had a pitifully small grasp of French—so small that on first being exposed to "*A votre santé!*" she was obliged to ask for a translation. When she was furnished with one, she rejected the phrase; in her experience, she declared, alcohol and health had always been mutually exclusive.

Soon after their arrival in Paris, the two ladies were invited to have a drink

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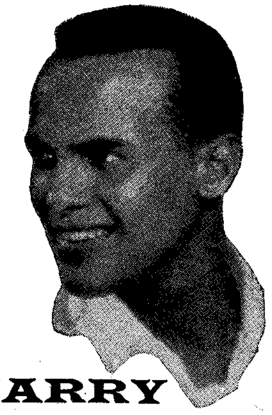

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by an American gentleman long resident there. He called for them in his car and, en route to the café he had selected, noticed that his tires needed air. As he pulled in to a gas station, my wife's companion happened to be asking him to tell her some colorful native toast. Preoccupied with his tires, he didn't hear her, and the next words he spoke—addressed to a filling-station attendant who had sauntered up—were "*Gonflez nos pneus.*" The lady didn't repeat her question, and when they reached their destination and were served their first apéritifs, it became evident why she hadn't. Lifting her glass, she smiled all around and cried, "*Gonflez nos pneus!*"

My wife later told me of the incident, and in our opinion the exclamation had such an agreeable ring that we have continued to utter it, from time to time, at random family bacchanals. It may not be U but it's utile. I commend it highly to anyone who wishes to borrow it. If you get tired of it, you can always switch to something else—to, say, a loud and fervent "*Noblesse oblige!*"

Cheers!

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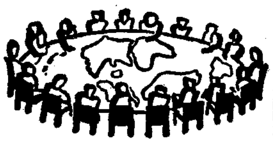

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Central Presbyterian Church, 64 St. & Park Ave.
Community Church, 28 E. 35
brklyn : Brooklyn Polytech. Institute, 99 Livingston St.
Midwood Public Library, 975 E. 16 St.
queens : Vleigh Pub. Library, 14 Vleigh Pl., Flushing
Bryant Adult Center, 48 St. and 31st Avenue
levit'n : Division Ave. School, Faculty Rm., Levittown
mt vern'n: Free Synagogue of W'chester, 500 N. Columbus
ossining : Scarborough School, Albany Post Road*

10 Tuesday Eves • Begin Oct. 2 • 8:00 pm

manh'n : English Speaking Union, 19 E. 54 St.
Henry George School, 50 E. 69 St.
YMHA, 92nd at Lexington Ave.!
Church of Epiphany, York Ave. at 74 St.
brklyn : New Utrecht Public Library, 1743 86 St.
mamar'neck: Methodist Church, 546 E. Boston Post Rd.

10 Wedns. Eves • Begin Oct. 3 • 8:00 pm

manh'n : Foreign Policy Association, 345 E. 46 St.
Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., Rm. 313*
YMHA, 92nd at Lexington Ave.*
brklyn : Borough Park Public Library, 1265 43rd St.
King's Highway Library, 2115 Ocean Ave.
brxville : Sarah Lawrence College, McCracken Hall*
portchester: Jewish Center, 258 Willet Ave.*

10 Thursday Eves • Begin Oct. 4 • 8:00 pm

manh'n : Foreign Policy Association, 345 E. 46 St.
English Speaking Union, 19 E. 54 St.
Hunter College, Park Av. & 68 St, Rm 313
brklyn : Pratt Institute, 221 Ryerson St., Faculty Rm.
The Union Church of Bay Ridge, 201 80 St.
queens : Steinway Public Library, 21-45 31 St.
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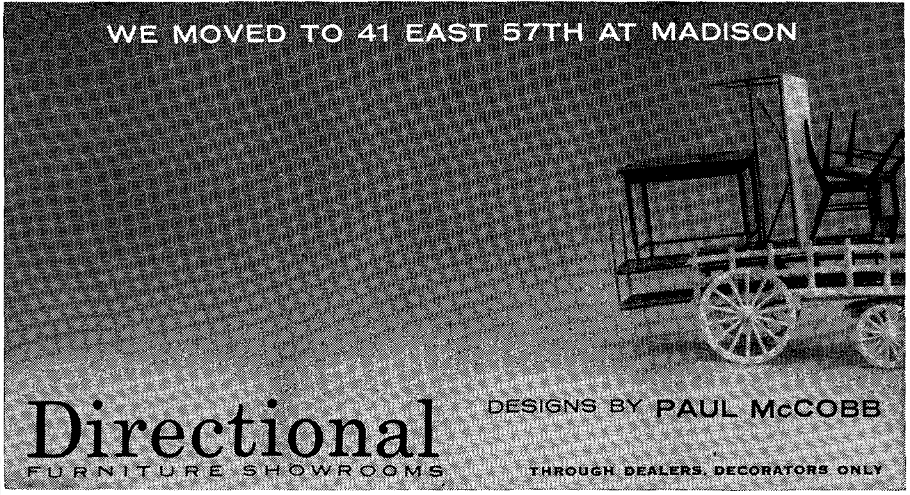

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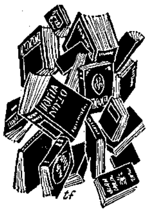
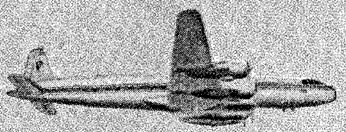


“THE NUN’S STORY” (Atlantic-Little, Brown), Kathryn Hulme’s simple true story, told in the form of a novel, of a young woman’s entrance into the cloistered life, and of what befell her thereafter, is a book of great beauty. The volume, the Book-of-the-Month choice for September, tells the tale, in what seems effortless prose and almost certainly is not, of Gabrielle Van der Mal (that is not her real name), who, at the age of twenty-one, became a postulant in one of the holy orders of the Catholic Church in Brussels. The order is not named. It was not a wholly contemplative one, and it was not enclosed, for many of the nuns, like Gabrielle, who took the name of Sister Luke, went out into the world as nurses, teachers, and missionaries. But it was an order in which the “grand silence” was observed from vespers until dawn; it enjoined poverty, along with chastity and obedience, and it was strict. I know of no other example of the considerable literature on this subject that conveys the *idea* of the dedicated life, and the grinding demands that are made upon those who would profess it, with such force, clarity, and conviction. And yet the author, although she is a recent convert to the Roman Catholic faith, maintains a complete objectivity.

Gabrielle Van der Mal entered the convent some thirty years ago. Her father was one of the leading chest surgeons in Belgium, and she had always been fascinated by the medical arts and had aspired to be a surgical nurse. Her decision to become a nun seems to have been partly the result of an unhappy experience (her father forbade her to marry a young man who had insanity in his family background), but on the other hand she was genuinely religious. During her novitiate she got a nursing degree in tropical medicine—her objective in her religious life was to become a missionary in the Belgian colonies—and a diploma in psychiatry. After her investiture, she worked in an insane asylum maintained by her order in Belgium and then went out to the Congo. She returned on leave in 1939, and the German occupation of Belgium made it impossible for her to go back to the Congo. That is the outer framework of the book; the interior is the subtle story of a struggle to attain perfection in the life of the spirit. At times the story is terrifying in its intensity, at times moving and human, but never is there a touch of sentimentality.

We go through Sister Luke’s first years as postulant, novice, and nun step by painful step. Her goal, like that of all her sisters, is to become a Living Rule, a disciplined perfection of obedience. “You are entering a life against nature,” the Superior General tells the novices. The life of a nun, Sister Luke is further informed, is “an ordinary life lived extraordinarily.” A convent is a fabric of rules, governed by a Mother Superior behind whom are two thousand years of experience, wisdom, and observation of human beings under this discipline. Sister Luke must learn that there is only one way to walk—a gliding motion that produces no swing of the hips. There is a way to comport the hands, a way to hold the Little Office, which must be read seven times a day, so that its pages do not become soiled, a way to use the eyes, a way to use the voice, which must be modulated so that it just reaches the ears of the person addressed and goes no farther. One does not say “my” or “mine,” for one has taken a vow of poverty and will never again own anything. One is never alone, day or night, for privacy is renounced. No friendships can be made between nuns; when one is permitted “recreational speech,” at least four persons must be present and the subject must be of interest to all four. “The nun dies a little every day,” an old nun says to Sister Luke, and she soon finds out what this means: the nun searches her mind for the small desires and the solaces that comfort her in her aloneness, and then she sacrifices these things to please God. But she does not find gratification in these sacrifices—“there is no heroism in the convent” is one of the maxims of the cloister—because self-congratulation, like excessive humility, is a sin of pride, to be confessed at the weekly



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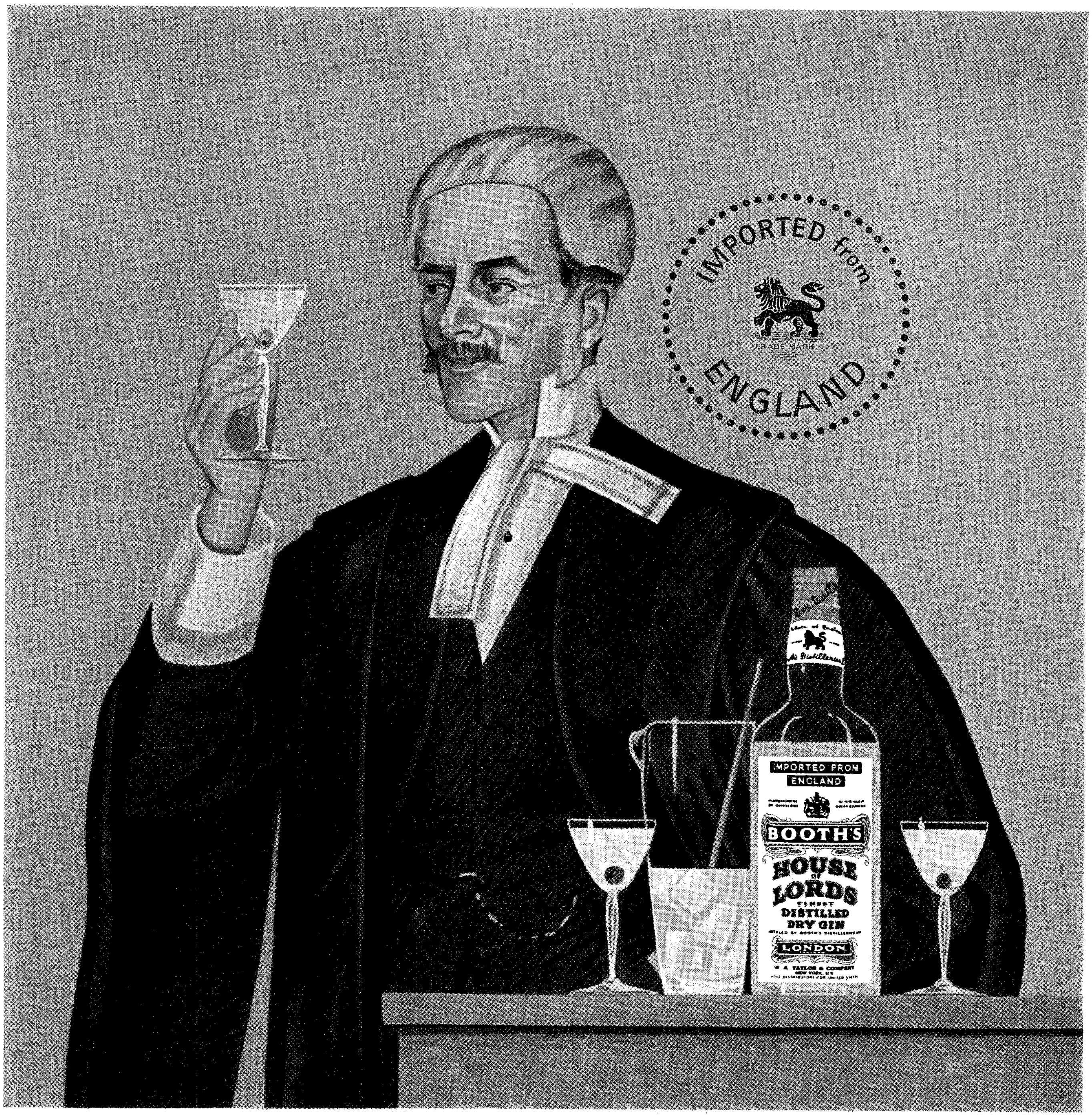

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culpa, when the sisters convene to examine their lives over the past seven days, to ask forgiveness, and be given penances for their shortcomings. Sister Luke dreads these culpas, and most of all the humiliation of public penance:

> The first time she was penanced to beg her soup, her entire past rose up in outrage. Years of impeccable service at her father's table flashed in her memory as she placed her pottery bowl on the left of the Mother Superior, knelt, clasped her hands, and waited until two spoonsful of soup had been put into her beggar's bowl, then on to the next oldest and the next, until the bowl was filled. Six nuns putting two spoonsful each could have filled it, but that first time there were three who thoughtlessly doled out a single spoonful and then resumed their own eating. She arose and took her bowl on down the table, remembering the Meissen soup tureen at home and the silver ladle that put into each plate its full and steaming content with a single dip. When at last her bowl was filled, she returned to her place and swallowed the soup, as she knew she must, down to the last drop.

Many persons may be made uneasy by the austerities Sister Luke encounters. There is something repellent, for example, about the small chains with barbed hooks at their ends that the sisters in this order are given to flagellate themselves with during the Miserere, but some of the curse is taken off when the Mother Superior tells the nuns that the chains are partly symbolic and that excess in this mortification would be an imperfection. Sister Luke's thought, when first she sees these devices after her investiture, is "I can use that to good advantage. . . . I can use that on my sudden hungers for oysters, on the flare-ups of carnal desire that sometimes torment my body by day and my dreams by night, on my nagging longings for the latest medical books, theatres, symphonies, mountain-climbing in the Ardennes. . . . Those little chains and sharp hooks will give me something else to think about." She has a difficult time; she finds the way of the dedicated as hard as that of the transgressor, and she tries not to imagine the outburst of contempt from her father if he were a witness to this ceremony: "Neurotic women flailing themselves to take their minds off the natural life that God intended for them."

There are those who may agree with him that taking the veil is a neurotic escape from life and responsibility, but the argument does not stand up. The nun gives herself to God, or her idea of God. The neurotic is centered on himself. The nun willingly faces a life of deprivation and hard work in the serv-

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ice of others, and she observes the rule that never by a display of peculiarity, or even by a display of brave or noble behavior, must she "singularize" herself by standing out. Her name must be unknown outside the cloister; she must be anonymous. The reader soon realizes that there is nothing simple-minded or fanatic about the devotion and striving of such women. There are, no doubt, persons of not especially high intelligence in cloistered life. But there were in this particular order women of first-rate minds, ability, culture, and character. Sister Luke was one.

Her wish to be sent to the Congo as a missionary is fulfilled, but she comes very near missing the opportunity. Her class in tropical medicine, in which she is one of the most brilliant students, includes a number of men. It also includes another sister from her order, who resents Sister Luke's excelling her and reports to the Mother Superior that she fears Sister Luke is showing off—singularizing herself. The Mother Superior thereupon suggests to Sister Luke that it might be pleasing to God and good for her soul if she failed her examinations on purpose and sacrificed her chance to go to the Congo. Sister Luke, although she searches her soul and conscience, is unable to do this, and she finishes fourth from the top of her class of eighty. It is after this ordeal, however, that she has an intimation she will never make a perfect nun—a feeling that is to haunt her years in Africa and the years after.

Sister Luke's visit to the Congo, which is the core of the actual narrative, can only be suggested here: her voyage out, in company of old Sister Augustine, walking the deck of the luxurious liner, avoiding the leaps of the deck-tennis players and trying to avoid the thoughts that importune her when she watches, covertly, the beautifully dressed wives of the colonials and their handsome, boldly staring men, or when she hears, in bed at night, the old familiar waltzes and the whispers and giggles of lovers outside her cabin; the *évolués*—the converted black boys who serve as Sister Luke's operating assistants (for her success in training them into a crack team, she is censured because she is singularizing herself); and the hospital—one for white people, not for black, as she had wanted—where she is surgical assistant to a raucously irreverent Italian doctor who teases her about her religious vocation but admires and values her. (She nearly falls in love with him—another cause for a crisis of self-analysis and doubt.) Then comes the procession

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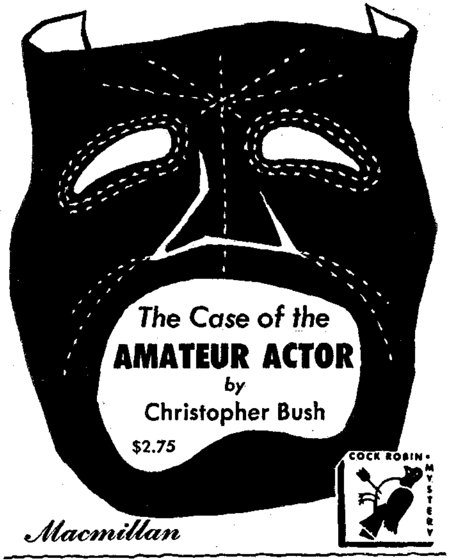

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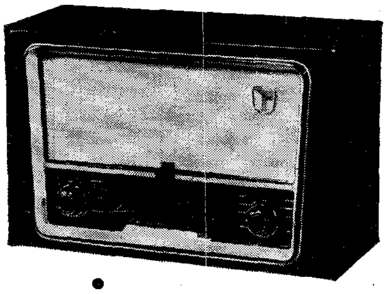

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of the years of working sixteen hours a day, in tropical heat, at one of the world's most exacting trades, and trying at the same time to live the exemplary life of a nun. Inevitably, her health breaks down; she gets tuberculosis, which is almost always fatal in the tropics, but, assisted by her medical knowledge and skill, she cures herself. Her Mother Superior orders her back to Brussels, at the secret instigation of the doctor, who wishes to save her health and also to test her to see if, denied the work she loves, she will find satisfaction in the purely religious life.

After the prescribed rest for returned missionaries in the mother house, she works in a hospital near the Dutch border, and it is there, on the morning of May 10, 1940, that she sees the first Nazi paratroopers floating down out of the sky over Holland. Remembering the other war, when, a small child, she had seen her mother and grandmother trembling as they served German officers in their own house, Sister Luke feels hatred at the sight of those parachutists—the stirrings of her final disobedience; hatred is alien to the good nun. Later, when she reads in a clandestine newspaper—another act of disobedience—of her father's heroic death at the hands of the invaders and is asked to aid the resistance, she begins leading a double life that can have only one outcome for a nun.

"I can never see Christ in a German, Father," she tells her confessor, "not if I stay a hundred years in the convent." She asks release from her vows and, after an agonizing contest with two Mothers Superior, it is granted. In a little room, with two doors, provided for the final humiliation—the humiliation of both the departing nun and the order she is leaving—she divests herself of the habit she has worn for seventeen years. She goes alone out of the room, by the door she did not use to enter it, and onto the street, in the shabby, outmoded clothes of some sister who had shed them on entering the convent, and back into the world to seek a new life, if it can be found.

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MADAME SOLARIO (Viking). The mainspring of this stately anonymous work is the discovery by fashionable society that an unnatural affection apparently exists between Mme. Solario, a mysterious but unquestion-

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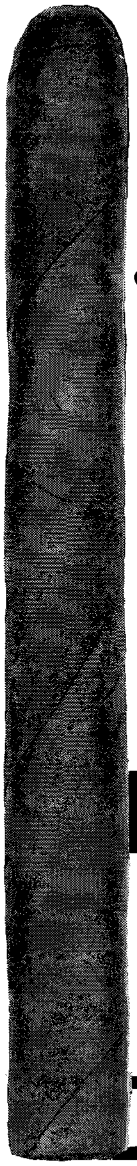
ably upper-class widow, and her brother. The scene is a splendid watering place in Italy, and the time is the early nineteen-hundreds. Because of the setting—leisured and picturesque—and because of the period, with its wonderful clothes and mannered behavior, the book has elegance and a good deal of artificial charm, but it loses conviction when the mood starts to darken, and the wretched, handsome pair seem more disgraced than doomed. Perhaps it is their lack of great sums of money that makes this brother and sister strike one as untidy, a pair more willful and disreputable than driven; certainly there is no evidence of the emotional undertow that destroys slowly by paralyzing the will, and neither does there occur one of those avalanches of feeling that cannot be avoided and can hardly be weathered. The demon is spoken of, and shouts and gestures proclaim his approach. But he does not appear—does not even cast his shadow over the perfectly arranged scene—and not all the breast-beating and fearful side glances in the world can make his presence felt where he is not, has not been, and will not be.

THE SACRIFICE, by Adele Wiseman (Viking). Abraham, a middle-aged Jew from Eastern Europe, arrives in a Canadian city where he hopes to make a home for his wife and their youngest son. Their two older sons are dead, killed in a pogrom that has numbed their mother's senses and left her vague, withdrawn, and almost indifferent in her suffering. In slow and measured prose that is as natural and as real as the ordinary moments of daily existence, Miss Wiseman describes Abraham's life with his family and with his friends during the first years in his new home, when he lives peacefully enough, except for the tragic memories that torture him and the premonition of tragedy that already hangs over his future. This is a huge and powerful first novel, so concentrated and so well balanced inside the domestic circle that the time could be now or forty years ago.

THE FACTS OF LOVE, by Stanley Baron (Harcourt, Brace). Paris and London in 1951. Lucy, a very pretty, very sharp young girl from Virginia, takes the men by storm; Isobel, an attractive New York actress who assumes toughness where Lucy assumes naïveté, takes the London theatre by



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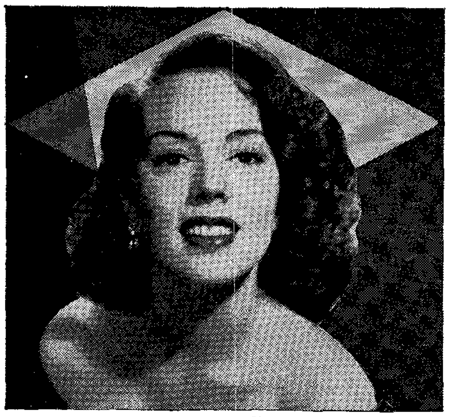

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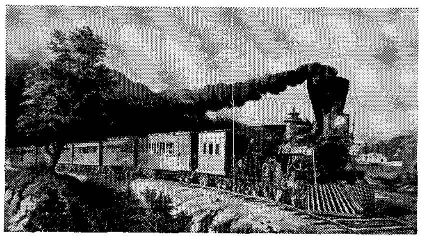

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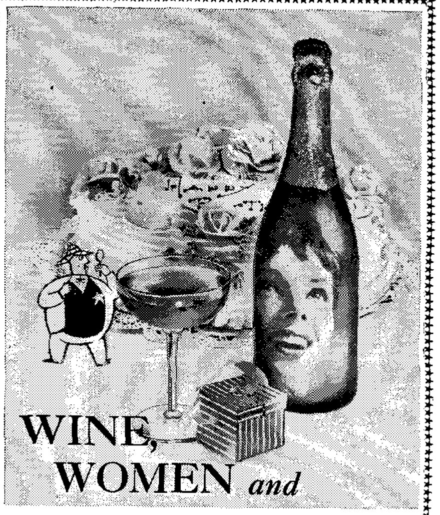
storm. The narrator, a junior American diplomat stationed in London, wants one of these girls but settles for the other. The author's tone of bittersweet sophistication would be more effective if his people had more to offer than their simple-minded assurance that because they are young, well dressed, and unattached in a foreign city, they need only smile or cry to be fascinating.

THE PROSECUTOR, by Bernard Botein (Simon & Schuster). In this stiffly written but entertaining story of affairs inside the office of a District Attorney of New York State, almost all the parts—heroes, villains, and victims—are played by lawyers.

GENERAL

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR, by George F. Kennan (Princeton). A study of Russian-American relations during the fateful months between November, 1917, when the Bolsheviks arrested the members of the Kerensky government and assumed power, and the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, in March, 1918, when Lenin and Trotsky took Russia out of the war and left Germany free to concentrate on the Western fronts. This is a vexed chapter in history; up to now, no one has had much to say about what happened then, possibly because no one who participated in the frenzied diplomacy of the time seems to have known exactly what was happening—least of all the various Americans who were in St. Petersburg, charged with preventing, at all costs, a Russian deal with the Germans. Mr. Kennan, of course, has had an immense amount of experience with the Russians, both as a diplomat and as a student of their history, and he has here written a narrative of these momentous events that, considering the complete inaccessibility of the Soviet archives, is remarkably lucid and comprehensive. With substantial literary skill, he has brought the whole sombre picture marvellously to life, and he has been particularly successful in portraying the personalities of the men who appear in it—David R. Francis, the somewhat bewildered St. Louis businessman who was our Ambassador to Russia; the dynamic Raymond Robins, of the American Red Cross Commission; the talented and slightly perverse John Reed; and Lenin and Trotsky. This book is the first in a projected series that will chronicle the whole story of our relations with the young



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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH, by Frank Freidel (Little, Brown). Volume III of Professor Freidel's biography of Roosevelt, which continues to give promise of being the most scholarly and objective study we are likely to get in our time. This book begins in Albany on January 1, 1929, when Roosevelt was inaugurated as Governor of New York and let his predecessor, the avuncular Al Smith, know that he intended to be his own man; covers the rise of Roosevelt as a leader of the defeated and very glum Democratic Party; and ends with Election Night in 1932, when, with forty-two states in his pocket, he met his mother at the door of his house on Sixty-fifth Street and said, "This is the greatest night of my life." The story of the emerging statesman is brilliantly presented, with no scanting of the political opportunism that Roosevelt freely used in winning elections. The fact that the pre-1932 Roosevelt was no world thinker and certainly no radical is made extremely clear, as is the fact that by the time he was elected President, his long, arduous apprenticeship in statecraft had turned him into a man able to face up to any crisis, foreign or domestic, and keep his head, his humor, and his sense of noblesse oblige. The book is thoroughly documented, and is illustrated with photographs.

JAMBO MEANS HELLO, by Olle Strandberg (Houghton Mifflin). Despite the whimsical title, this is one of the best travel books in some time. Mr. Strandberg, a Swedish journalist, and Rune Hassner, a photographer, drove sixty thousand miles through Africa, and flew where they could not drive. Their adventures are lighthearted—from being kissed by a native in French West Africa who had lived on nothing but frogs for four days to being taken for lemurs on the plane out of Mauritius—but beneath the deceptively effervescent surface Mr. Strandberg is an excellent reporter. Here is the new Africa in a Chagga agricultural coöperative, the old Africa in a sporty hunt for Mau Maus, and a curious blend of the two in a Nairobi factory that makes umbrella stands out of elephants' feet. Mr. Strandberg's buoyant and literate prose has been handsomely translated by Maurice Michael; Mr. Hassner's photographs are superior

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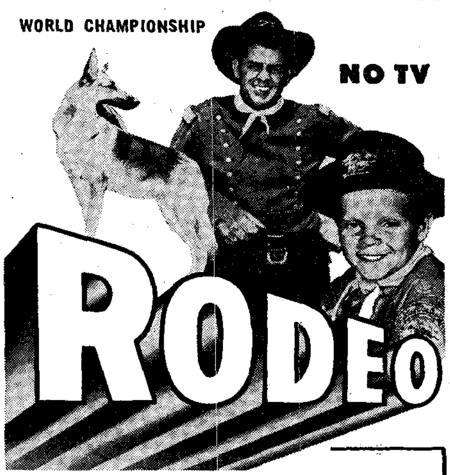

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art, rather than the usual blurry ethnology; and altogether the book is a delight.

THE RAPE OF THE MIND, by Joost A. M. Meerloo (World). A study by a Dutch psychiatrist of thought control and brainwashing or, as he calls them, "menticide." During the trial in Washington of Colonel Frank H. Schwable for collaboration in a North Korean prison camp, Dr. Meerloo, who believes that "psychology has delivered to man new means of torture and intrusion into the mind," shocked a roomful of officers by stating that any one of them could be broken down and made to sign, willingly, anything his captors wanted him to. The book explores many aspects of these chilling new methods of subjugating the will and overpowering the mind, some of which should be uncomfortably familiar to the gentlemen on Madison Avenue, and it discusses ways of defeating brainwashing in advance, by education and preparation. A revealing and stimulating book.

THE LYCIAN SHORE, by Freya Stark (Harcourt, Brace). A taste for the evocative convolutions that characterize both the manner and the material of Miss Stark's extraordinary travelogues is not acquired without a certain effort, but in this excursion along the history-baked coast of western Asia Minor, as in her other Middle Eastern rambles, the pleasure that rewards our exertion can hardly be exaggerated. Many first-rate photographs, along with decorative drawings by the author and three maps.

NOTE: "Should It Gurgle?," a collection of cartoons by Alan Dunn—all of which first appeared in this magazine—has been published by Simon & Schuster. There is a preface by Wolcott Gibbs.

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NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 29 (AP)—The world's longest bridge—twenty-four miles—opens to traffic tomorrow. . . .

The bridge will save twenty-nine miles or forty minutes' travel time by direct access to highways north to Jackson, Memphis and Chicago and west to Baton Rouge and Texas and east to Poplarville, Mass.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

And Millinocket, Maine.

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[*Room card in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia*]

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NEW CANAAN OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT
September 29-30

The second annual showing of Fairfield County artists will take place on the streets of New Canaan from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. on both days. Works of art from many different fields will be exhibited.

The New Haven Railroad will run a special Art Exhibit train ($1.87 round trip) Lv. Grand Central Station 10:02 A.M. dst., due New Canaan 11:00 A.M. Returning: Lv. N.C. at 3:45 P.M., due GST 4:47 P.M. on Saturday, September 29 only.

Train tickets may be purchased at Grand Central Station at NYNH&H windows or by calling MU 6-9100. By automobile, use Merritt Parkway exit 37. If rain prevails, showing will take place October 6 and October 7.

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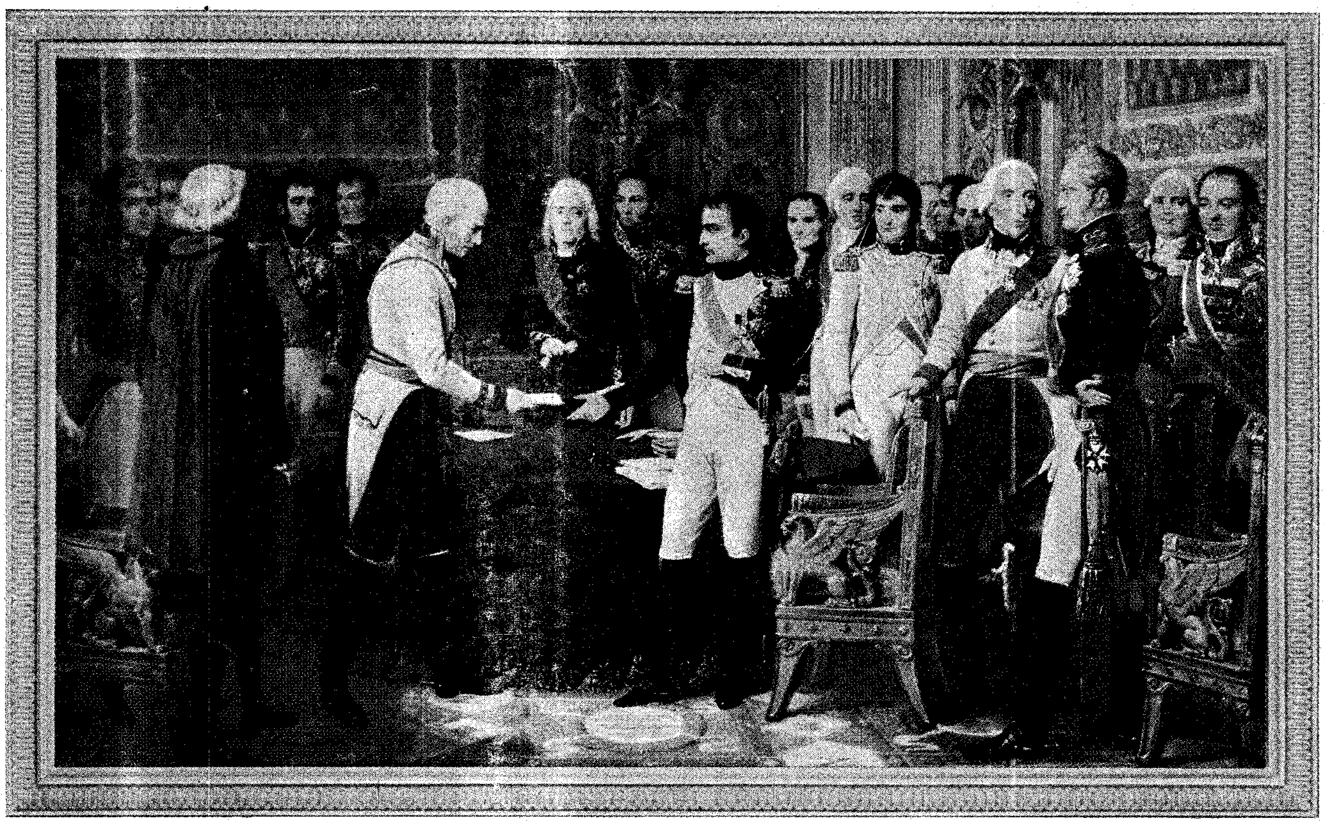

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